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Darlington Memorial Library

"This gavel was made from the tree to which John Harris was tied by the Indians, when they attempted to burn him in 1720."



"Presented to Harrisburg Chapter, D. A. R., by Caroline Pearson, one of his descendants, December 16, 1896."

Historical Papers

Written by Members of the Harrisburg Chapter
Daughters of the American Revolution
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

AND

Read at the Regular Chapter Meetings from the Organiza-
tion of the Chapter, May 19, 1894, to February
22, 1904



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Harrisburg Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution

Harrisburg, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania

Date of Organization, May 19, 1894.

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Historical Papers

JANE M'CREA.

The valley of the Raritan is one of the most beautiful in New Jersey, and was early settled by most excellent people, principally Holland Dutch and Scotch-Irish, whose descendants were true patriots during the Revolutionary war.

But the tragic fate of one of the most beautiful daughters of this valley exercised a more powerful influence upon the war than the blood of its sons, shed on so many battle-fields.

The Rev. James McCrea was for many years pastor of the Presbyterian church of Lamington, one of the small towns of this valley. He married Mary Graham, and took her to live in the house he had erected on his land, which on the one side sloped down to a beautiful mountain stream, and on the other commanded a view of the public road.

Over this road the prisoners taken at Trenton and Princeton, those memorable battles fought by men, who, as the British commander in New Jersey said, "have neither shoes nor stockings, nor blankets, are almost naked, and dying of cold and want of food," were marched to their place of confinement in the old Lutheran church of Pluckemin.

But before these eventful years, in 1769, the pastor died, and was buried in the old Lamington churchyard, leaving three sons, who were all true patriots, and remarkably handsome men, and two daughters, Mary, and Jane, who was the heroine of the famous Revolutionary story.

Some years before the war, one of the Rev. Mr. McCrea's sons had left the old home and settled on the banks of the Hudson, a few miles below Fort Edward; and some years after the father's death, Jane, who

had grown to be a most beautiful and charming girl, went to live with him.

A very prominent family by the name of Jones lived in the neighborhood, and between the son, David, and Jane McRea a warm attachment sprang up which culminated in an engagement. But just at this time the war broke out, and friendships and closest family ties were often rudely broken, according as loyalty to the King or a determined love of freedom filled the heart. The McCreas were patriots, the Joneses were royalists, and soon removed to Canada—soil more congenial to faithful subjects of King George—and the lovers were separated.

But it was not long before David Jones joined the royal standard and received a lieutenant's commission in Gen. Fraser's division of Burgoyne's army.

The Americans had just been obliged to retreat from Ticonderoga, but had marched unmolested to Fort Edward with two thousand excellent Continental troops, although Burgoyne reported to his Government that the army at Ticonderoga was "disabled and totally ruined."

Making the proud boast that "Britons never recede," after a halt of a fortnight he took the short cut through a wilderness broken by streams and treacherous morasses to capture Fort Edward.

Miss McCrea was at this time visiting Mrs. O'Neil, a widow living at Fort Edward, who was a pronounced royalist and intimate friend of General Fraser. It was therefore very natural that in such a position Miss McCrea should turn a deaf ear to her brother's entreaties to return home that he might place her in safety at

Albany. The loss of Ticonderoga, and the approach of Burgoyne's army, which spread terror through the country, did not alarm her, for even if the fort should fall into the hands of the British, would not her lover be one of the conquerors?

At length, however, she reluctantly consented to leave, and was ready to embark in a large boat which was to convey several families down the river. But it was too late. The very morning when they were to start a large band of Indians, braves of the Ottawa and other tribes of the upper country, who had aided the French in the defeat of Braddock, and had lately been employed as allies by Burgoyne, were now returning to the British camp after a successful marauding expedition.

A party of them attacked the house of Mrs. O'Neil, plundered it, and carried off both the ladies prisoners, but in different directions.

When the poor girl found herself alone in the power of these terrible savages, in her fright and bewilderment, she did what no doubt seemed the only thing to be done, which was to promise them a large reward if they would spare her life and take her in safety to the British camp at Sandy Hill.

It was a fatal promise.

The party halted at a spring about half a mile from Fort Edward, and began quarrelling as to whose prize she was and who was entitled to the reward.

Their savage passions, inflamed by drink, soon rose to mad rage, until, in a paroxysm of fury, one of them sunk his tomahawk in her brain. He completed the savage act by scalping her, and bearing off her beautiful auburn tresses in triumph to the camp of Burgoyne. At the sight of this terrible witness of the fate of the unfortunate girl, horror filled every heart, and General Burgoyne, who was naturally a humane man and disliked Indian allies, summoned a council of the Indian chiefs and demanded that the murderer should be given up to receive the punishment his terrible act merited.

This demand produced the wildest agitation. The murderer was a great

warrior, a chief, and the "wild honor" of his brother sachems was aroused in his behalf. St. Luc, the Frenchman, who was the leader and interpreter of the Indians, and who Burgoyne had hoped would be able to restrain their savage instincts, took him aside and entreated him not to push the matter to extremities, for if the murderer should be executed every warrior would leave his army. The British officers also interfered, representing the danger to their own people should the Indians return through Canada maddened against the British, or, what would be still worse, go over to the Americans.

Burgoyne reluctantly yielded, but gave orders that thereafter no party of Indians should go on a foray except under the command of a British officer who would be held responsible for their behavior. Even this slight restraint upon his savage allies was resented by them so that they soon deserted by scores, laden with the spoil they had collected, so that when the decisive moment came, there remained in his camp scarcely a vestige of the savage warriors that had joined the army at Skonasborough.

But this crime against civilization in the employment of savages by the King of England in a war with his own people, and which was denounced in Parliament in the most scathing terms by Edmund Burke, Fox and Chatham, met with full retribution in the odium cast upon his cause and the determined opposition it awakened among the whole American people.

The murder of Jane McCrea aroused a feeling of horror throughout the whole country, not only against the Indians but even more against the English, who could employ such allies.

Those people of the frontiers who had hitherto remained quiet now flew to arms to defend their families and their firesides. They abhorred an army, which, professing to be civilized, could league itself with such barbarians, and they execrated a government, which, pretending to reclaim them as subjects, could let loose such fiends to desolate their homes.

The blood of this unfortunate girl, therefore, was not shed in vain. Armies sprang from it. Her name passed as a call to arms along the banks of the Hudson, resounded among the green mountains of Vermont, and brought down all their hardy yeomanry, who a few weeks after did such good service under the veteran General Stark at the famous battle of Bennington.

The capitulation of Burgoyne at Saratoga on the 17th of October, 1777, effectually crushed the British domination in the colonies, for although the war lasted several years longer, yet from that day the cause of the King was doomed.

Lieutenant Jones was completely prostrated by the terrible fate of his betrothed. He threw up his commission, and taking her long silken tresses, a melancholy but precious relic, he returned to Canada, where he lived to be an old man, but never recovered from the sorrow of his youth.

A stone, with her name cut on it,

still marks the grave of Jane McCrea near the ruins of Fort Edward, and a tree is pointed out near which she was murdered.

Mary, the sister of Jane McCrea, married the Rev. John Hanna, a minister of the Presbyterian church, although his three brothers were clergymen of the Church of England, one of them being chaplain to the renowned Sir William Johnson, who exercised such influence over the Five Nation Indians during the Revolution, John Andre Hanna, the son of Mary McCrea and the Rev. Mr. Hanna, came to Pennsylvania, and after settling in Harrisburg, married Mary Harris, the daughter of John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, and from these great-grandparents is descended the historian of the Harrisburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

CAROLINE PEARSON.

June 20, 1894.

CAPITULATION OF BURGOYNE.

After one has become a little satiated with the brilliancy and fashion of Saratoga, it is a refreshing change to make an excursion to Mount MacGregor. And it is not only refreshing but edifying also, for no more impressive sermon on the vanity of earthly power and glory was ever preached from the pulpit than speaks from the relics guarded so carefully in the cottage among the pines, where General Grant faced death so heroically for many months after he had been feted in every country in the world.

After leaving the cottage you follow the road which leads on up to the top of the mountain, which commands a most extensive view of the valley of the Hudson, and every true American thrills with patriotism at the sight of the tall shaft in the dis-

tance, which marks the scene of the capitulation of General Burgoyne on the seventeenth of October, 1777.

General Burgoyne was one of the two major generals, Sir Henry Clinton being the other, who attended General Howe when he was sent by England to bring her rebellious subjects back to their allegiance.

He had won high renown in the war in Portugal, and had all the contempt of the regular soldier for undisciplined troops, which he showed when on entering Boston on the 25th of May, 1775, he exclaimed in surprise and scorn, when the "rebel camp" was pointed out: "What! ten thousand peasants keep five thousand king's troops shut up! Well let us get in, and we'll soon find elbow-room."

But, when less than a month later, on the 17th of June, as from the battery on Copp's Hill, which kept up an incessant fire, he watched every movement of these much despised peasants, as they fought for liberty at Bunker Hill, and forced veteran battalions to shrink before them, his opinion changed, and he confessed that "it was a sight for a young soldier, that the longest service may not furnish again."

When Washington, who only two days before, on the 15th of June, had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army "at the particular request of the people of New England," because, as John Adams pointed out, "he was the man above all others fitted for that station, and best able to promote union between all the colonies," heard of the events of this great day, he was confirmed in his habitual belief that the liberties of America would be preserved.

And Franklin, with his knowledge of his countrymen and his wonderful insight into the heart of things hidden from most men, wrote to his English friends, "Americans will fight; England has lost her colonies forever."

But England would not give up her colonies without a struggle, which her pride in her wealth and power blinded her to think would be a short one. However, the precipitate retreat of General Howe from Boston on March 16th, 1776, after he had been imprisoned for nearly a year in the city he had come to punish, showed that with such a commander as Washington, who had formed "an undisciplined band of husbandmen" into soldiers, the struggle might not only be long but difficult.

The Declaration of Independence, which was signed on July 4th of the same year and formed the thirteen colonies into the United States of America, made their conquest by Britain, which by this act was now become a foreign country, still more difficult.

Want of time forbids more than a mere mention of the battles of Trenton and Princeton, fought under such great difficulties that even contemporary British historians of the war

praised Washington's "masterly conduct and daring enterprise," and which fanned the dying hopes of the patriots into an unquenchable flame—the mission of Franklin to the court of France which resulted in the material help the Americans so much needed—the coming of Lafayette at the age of nineteen to fight in the cause of freedom—and the evacuation of New Jersey by General Howe, which gave a deadly blow to British supremacy.

A new plan of campaign was now mapped out by the British minister, Lord George Germain, in concert with General Burgoyne, who had visited England the previous winter, which plan had for its object the isolation of New England from the other colonies, which would prevent the co-operation of the American forces, and thus each section could be subjugated in turn, and the war be ended in this campaign as the minister assured the House of Commons.

On the 6th of May, 1777, Burgoyne arrived at Quebec, to take command of the Canadian army, which joined to the Germans, sold by their rulers to the King of England, to serve in a war waged against the rights of man, and the savages, who were to be let loose upon the frontiers to inspire terror among the lonely settlers, made up a force which was deemed sufficient to conquer the confederate provinces before Christmas.

This northern campaign was to be carried out by the triumphant march of Burgoyne's army from Canada by the way of Lake Champlain and the Hudson river to form a junction with the army of Sir William Howe in New York.

To put success beyond all doubt, Saint Leger was selected by the King to conduct an expedition by way of Lake Ontario for the capture of Fort Stanwix and the Mohawk Valley.

On the 15th of June, Burgoyne advanced from Saint Johns, the frontier post of Canada, and by the 6th of July Forts Ticonderoga and Independence were in his possession, so that with the expedition under Saint Leger in the west, New York was "menaced in its border from the Susquehanna to Lake Champlain, and on

every part of the Hudson, so that it now became the battlefield for the life of the young republic." The first blow for its defense was struck by the husbandmen of Tryon county.

Saint Leger arrived near Fort Stanwix on the 3d of August and found a strong fortress garrisoned by six or seven hundred men under Lieutenant Colonel Gansevoort, but being informed by his Indian allies that Herkimer, with the militia of Tryon county, was coming to its relief, he planned an ambuscade of savages, so that the seven or eight hundred patriots of the Mohawk Valley unexpectedly found themselves surrounded by yelling savages. But they were undismayed and fought for an hour and a half against superior numbers until they repulsed their assailants, but with the loss of about one hundred and sixty of the best and bravest people of Western New York. Their leader, Herkimer, gave orders to the end, even though badly wounded.

"It was Herkimer," said Washington, "who first reversed the gloomy scene of the northern campaign."

He died of his wound before Congress decided how to manifest the gratitude of his country; but they decreed him a monument.

In a sally from a fort of two hundred and fifty men, half from New York and half from Massachusetts under Colonel Willet, to support Herkimer, five British flags were captured which were displayed under the continental flag.

This was the first time that a captured banner had floated under the stars and stripes, which, but a short time before, on Saturday, the fourteenth of June, had by decree of Congress, been declared to be the flag of the United States.

Information of the approach of Arnold with a large force to relieve Fort Stanwix, spread frantic among the besiegers, and they fled in haste, and thus the division in Western New York, from which so much had been expected, was a total failure.

On the sixteenth of August the victory of Bennington, "one of the most brilliant and eventful of the war," was achieved by the husbandmen of

New Hampshire, Vermont, and Western Massachusetts under the command of General Stark, over the much dreaded German veterans.

These two victories were perfectly disastrous to Burgoyne, while the hopes of the Americans rose in a corresponding degree, so that the whole surrounding country seemed rising to assist in repelling the King's forces, instead of being favorable to them, as his Tory counsellors had led him to expect. Then, too, the employment of Indian allies had proved a failure, for after so many of the chief warriors of the Senecas had been killed in the fierce fight before Fort Stanwix, the Indians deserted in great numbers, while those who remained were so unmanageable, and the cruelties they perpetuated were so terrible (among them being the murder of the beautiful Jane McCrea, whose sad fate had such an important bearing on the war,) that they were as much dreaded by their allies as by their foes. Burgoyne's position was now almost desperate, for the road to Albany was covered with felled trees, broken bridges and other obstructions, the work of General Schuyler, to delay the approach of the British forces.

At length, after five weeks of incessant toil, one hundred and eighty boats, laden with one month's provisions for the army were hauled by relays of horses over the two portages between Lake George and the river at Saratoga, and on the thirteenth of September, with his army reduced to less than six thousand rank and file, Burgoyne crossed the Hudson at Schuylerville by a bridge of boats, determined to force his way to Albany.

His army was divided into three columns. On the nineteenth one of the divisions was attacked by the Americans, and a desperate battle ensued, in which Burgoyne would have been completely routed had not General Riedesel with his Brunswick troops come to his relief.

The heroes of this conflict, which the British acknowledged was the most obstinate and hardly fought they had ever experienced in America, were Morgan, of Virginia, and Scam-

mel, of New Hampshire, and the British were so irretrievably crippled, that there was now no possibility of escape from utter ruin but by a speedy retreat, which was almost impossible under the watchful eye of General Gates, who was strongly posted near the mouth of the Mohawk river. But Burgoyne now received word from Sir Henry Clinton that his long delayed promise of a division on the Hudson river was to be fulfilled, and he answered that he could maintain his position until the 12th of October.

Sir Henry fulfilled his promise in part, succeeded in taking Fort Clinton and Fort Montgomery, so that the river was open to Albany, and the enemy could have gone there without opposition, but the commander merely garrisoned Fort Montgomery and returned to New York, leaving Vaughn with a large force to ascend the Hudson, but he merely plundered and burned Kingston and set fire to the mansions of patriots along the river, so that Burgoyne was as badly off as ever. On the 7th of October he agreed to make a grand reconnoissance, and if the Americans were too strong to be attacked with his greatly diminished force, he would think of a retreat, in accordance with the advice of some of his officers. Burgoyne led in person with his best generals, and most thoroughly trained soldiers, for the fate of the army hung on the event.

Gates sent out a large force to attack the enemy on both flanks, and again Morgan won laurels with his Virginians, fighting side by side with

the men of New York and New England, all fighting with one spirit for one cause.

This decisive battle raged until 10 o'clock at night, when Burgoyne ordered a retreat.

Arnold's bravery on this occasion gained for him from Congress the rank he had claimed.

The following night Burgoyne retreated to within two miles of Saratoga, and on the night before the 10th forded the Fishkill and made his last encampment in a very bad position at Saratoga.

Early on the morning of the 11th an American brigade, under cover of the fog, broke up the British posts at the mouth of the Fishkill, captured all their boats and almost all their provisions.

On the 12th the British army was entirely surrounded, every part of their camp exposed to cannon or rifle shot, and all hope was gone, so the next day Burgoyne called a council of war, and it was agreed unanimously to treat with General Gates for a surrender on honorable terms.

On the 17th of October, 1777, the capitulation was signed, and by this act, as all historians agree, British domination in America received its death blow.

So that the monument on the field of Saratoga may be as justly said to mark the high water mark of the Revolution, as the monument unveiled a few years since on the battlefield of Gettysburg marks the high water mark of the Rebellion.

CAROLINE PEARSON.

October 17, 1894.

TWO BATTLES.

Late in 1776 the outlook was bad for the Americans. New York city was in the hands of the British, and they were rapidly acquiring New Jersey, as Washington retreated across it with the little army left him after the losses in the battle of Long

Island and the surrender of Fort Washington. When he had retired behind the Delaware the situation was desperate. The British could not follow, for he had collected all the boats for seventy miles along the river, but it was already December,

the freezing of the river was only a question of time, and both sides knew it.

So the English commanders, their men in New Jersey, with the advance of Hessians at Burlington and Trenton, the main body at Princeton, the rear guard and stores at New Brunswick, sat down to wait. Howe and Cornwallis went back to New York, sure that things were ended. So sure that Cornwallis thought he would not be needed, and arranged to spend the winter in England.

But on the other side of the river things were very dark. Even after Lee's troops set free from their disobedient commander by his capture by the British, and those under Gates joined Washington, he had only 6,000 men. These were half trained, poorly armed and clothed, and worse yet, the time of enlistment of the veterans would expire on the 1st of January. That would reduce his little force more than half. If anything was to be done it must be at once. The Hessians across the river were reported secure and preparing to keep Christmas in true German style. Washington had all the boats, and if he could cross before the floating ice became too thick, he might surprise them. His plan was to have three expeditions; Gen. Cadwalader was to attack the lower posts; Gen. Ewing to cross below Trenton, and prevent the Hessians from joining forces, and he himself would cross above Trenton and attack that town.

They started on Christmas eve, at sunset, but there was so much floating ice that it was not till 4 o'clock that the artillery was landed, and they began their march to Trenton, nine miles away. The Hessian commander, Col. Rahl, was warned of the attack, secret though it was, and was ready; but a little skirmish in the woods early in the evening deceived him into thinking the whole affair over, and the night being bitterly cold he allowed his men to get under shelter and devote themselves to Christmas feasting. Washington sent Sullivan down the river road while his own division went around and at 8 o'clock the startled Hes-

sians heard firing all around them, as it seemed. Confused, they did not know which way to turn. Col. Rahl at last succeeded in getting his infantry out of the town, but instead of retreating to some place where he could make a stand, he returned, charged the Americans, and was himself killed, and his whole force taken prisoners. The light horse escaped to Burlington, the other two expeditions having failed to get across, owing to the ice.

Washington could not stay in New Jersey; he had only 2,400 men, exhausted by hard fighting and badly provisioned and equipped; 1,000 prisoners to guard; 10,000 British and more Hessians down the river. There was nothing to do but recross into Pennsylvania. A few days later Reed and Cadwalader found that the other Hessians had fled and suggested an expedition into Jersey. With the help of money raised by the exertions of Robert Morris, Washington persuaded his veterans to stay, and kept his army together for a few weeks longer. So he crossed again into Jersey, but owing to the increase in the ice it took two whole days to cross, and they were soon confronted by the British.

The effect of the battle of Trenton had been most marked on the enemy. Howe stopped Cornwallis on the eve of departure and sent him back into Jersey. He hurriedly assembled the army and marched toward Trenton, coming up with the Americans at Asunpink creek. One of his officers urged him to attack that night, but he decided not. "The men were tired, by morning the rear guard would be there, and besides there was no hurry, they had him safe."

It was an anxious time for Washington. Nothing but that shallow creek between his raw soldiers and the British veterans; behind him was the Delaware, and they would all be killed or captured before they could get back to Pennsylvania. To stay was to be destroyed, and a bolder scheme, even if it failed, could hardly be worse. He decided to try to get around Cornwallis and attack the rear guard at Princeton. Perhaps, if successful, he might even get to New

Brunswick and capture the military stores left there with a small guard. They would be a great loss to Cornwallis, and almost priceless to the Americans.

So the army started noiselessly along the "Quaker Road," as it was called, leaving a few men to keep up the camp fires, dig trenches, relieve guard, and keep up the usual camp noises till daybreak, when they, too, took the "Quaker Road," leaving only an empty camp and dying fires for the astonished British to capture. Near Princeton the Americans met first one and then the other regiments left there, coming to join Cornwallis. After a short, but sharp struggle, they were either dispersed or captured, and Washington was master of the field. New Brunswick was temptingly near, but after a council of war it was decided not to attempt it. The Americans were worn out by a night march and hard fighting. Cornwallis would come up with his whole force before they could get there, and they had better seek a safe place while they could. In Morristown they could not be as-

saulted easily, they could command the Highlands and the great roads from New York to Philadelphia, and protect New Jersey and Pennsylvania. So it was decided to go into winter quarters there.

These two victories, small though they seem, had a great effect on the spirit of the Americans. The little army that seemed to be almost hunted off the face of the earth, had turned and inflicted two heavy blows on their dreaded opponents. They had taken about 13,000 prisoners, fifty of them officers, and some cannon. Howe had lost all the fruits of his six months' campaign, except the city of New York, and he and Cornwallis were so closely watched by their sleepless foe that hardly a man dared venture out, and supplies were hard to get. When we see what Washington accomplished with such small means, we see the truth of the saying that while other men were important, Washington was indispensable, and that the War of Independence could hardly have succeeded without him.

MARTHA WOLF BUEHLER.

December 17, 1894.

THE ARMY AT VALLEY FORGE.

During the summer that preceded the surrender of Burgoyne, October 17th, 1777, Washington conducted a long and tiresome campaign in New Jersey.

Philadelphia was at this time the objective point of the British. General Howe, by land, Admiral Howe, by sea, were planning to join forces, so as to attack our troops in overwhelming numbers, hoping to defeat them and cut off their communication with the South; thus making for themselves an easy pathway through New Jersey to Philadelphia. To prevent their co-operation, and to defeat their purpose, was the object of our army, as well as to save the country, then smiling in all the beauty and verdure of summer, from devastation. Many of the inhabitants of the coun-

try through which they passed were indifferent to what looked like a losing cause, others warmly sympathized with the British.

Under these circumstances, not knowing upon whom they could depend it was most difficult to obtain news of the enemy. General Howe was known to have embarked troops at New York, July 23d, but their destination was a matter of conjecture only. Following apparently correct reports of their whereabouts, our troops marched back and forth, becoming discouraged and dispirited with efforts wasted. While their patriotic souls were burning for action and victory, the enemy constantly eluded them; petty and harrassing skirmishes, and disheartening re-

treats, alone, engaged their time and energies.

The latter part of August, animated by the same object, which had been followed through the summer as a forlorn hope, Washington and his troops left the Jerseys and passed into Pennsylvania in order to meet the British, who had, at last, landed at the Head of Elk, now Elkton, Maryland, August 26th. The battle of Brandywine followed September 11th. Our troops fought with bravery and determination, but were overpowered by numbers and forced to retreat, which they did in good order, leaving to the British the battlefield and an empty victory. The battle, called "Massacre of Paoli," on the 20th of September, while a defeat, was fought by the enemy with such cruelty and barbarity as to deepen the hostility already felt, and to arouse the whole of that part of the country.

In pursuance of his original purpose, General Howe now resumed his march to Philadelphia, entering the city September 26th. "Marching in like a conquering hero, surrounded by a brilliant staff and escort, and followed by splendid legions of British and Hessian grenadiers, stepping to the swelling music of the band playing 'God Save the King,' their scarlet uniforms a striking contrast to the poor patriots, who had recently passed through the same streets, weary and wayworn, yet proud and happy, if they could cover their raggedness with a brown linen hunting frock, and decorate their caps with a sprig of evergreen." Although Washington was unable to prevent our ruthless invaders from seizing upon one of the finest and most important cities in the country, he was not willing to allow them undisturbed possession of their prize, and on the 4th day of October he attacked the British at Germantown with the fond hope of obtaining a signal victory. Of this engagement Wayne writes: "For full three hours fortune smiled upon us, and we ran away from the arms of victory, held open to receive us." Though worsted in this encounter, as well as in the preceding ones, much was gained by the moral effect

on the army, the country and foreign powers. The impression made by the audacity of the attempt upon Germantown was greater, we are told, than that caused by any single incident of the war, after Lexington and Bunker Hill. A British historian says, though repulsed with loss, they proved themselves a formidable adversary, brave and resolute. The Count Vergennes tells the American Commission at Paris that nothing struck him so much or gave such promise for the future, as General Washington's attacking and giving battle to General Howe's army.

Such was the spirit of our army at this time, such the encomiums, in spite of reverses, which it deservedly received; yet now, as during the whole campaign, Washington was the subject of much adverse criticism. Especially was this the case after the surrender of Burgoyne had thrilled the heart of the whole country. Comparisons were made between the two armies deeply derogatory to Washington. He took no public notice of this, but in a "noble and characteristic letter to his friend, Patrick Henry," he makes an apology for his army, showing how much better equipped was the army of the North, noting the fact that his difficulties had been increased by the loss of the Continental troops, who had been spared to meet its necessities. "But," he adds, with true patriotic feeling, "if the cause be advanced, indifferent is it to me where or in what quarter it happens."

While censure and detraction were the portion of Washington, Gates was the theme of popular eulogium, and was held up by the disaffected in charge of affairs as the only one capable of retrieving the fallen fortunes of the South. Letters were written him by friends in Congress urging him to hasten "to take his seat at the head of the Board of War, assume the management of military affairs, and save the country." Carried away by flattery and adulation, he did not hesitate to wound the noble heart of his general by failing to accord him the honor and obedience which were his due.

Thus, while victory perched upon the banners of the north, misrepresentations, misunderstandings and reverses crowned the efforts and followed the footsteps of our great commander-in-chief, who, though so deeply wounded in the house of his friends, continued with unabated courage and patriotism, his endeavors to satisfy the demands made upon him. The eyes of the whole country were turned in expectation towards Philadelphia. The recent victories at Saratoga had dazzled the public mind and produced a general desire for something striking and effective. Some of the general officers thought this a good time for an attack upon the city, as some of the British troops had been sent to join Lord Cornwallis.

With this end in view, Washington on the evening of the 24th of November carefully reconnoitered the lines and defenses about Philadelphia. Everything in the neighborhood of the enemy's line is described as bearing traces of the desolating hand of war.

Several houses owned by noted patriots had been demolished, others burned; villas stood roofless, their doors and windows and all the woodwork had been carried off to make huts for the soldiers, only the bare walls remained. Gardens, too, had been trampled down and destroyed. The gathering gloom of a November evening heightened the sadness of this desolation. Washington found the defenses very strong. A chain of redoubts extended along the most commanding ground from the Schnylkill to the Delaware, in the construction of which all of the apple trees as well as many of the forest trees of the neighborhood had been sacrificed.

After this survey and a consultation with his generals in solemn council Washington decided to give up the meditated attack. Although he saw that there was an opportunity for a brilliant blow that would satisfy public impatience, and silence the sarcasms of the press, he also saw that it must be struck at the expense of a fearful loss of life. While Washington's judgment, patriotism and humanity forces him to abandon an at-

tack upon Howe, that General assumes a threatening attitude, preparing, as he says, to drive Washington and his army "beyond the mountains."

He passed several days in vain attempts to draw Washington from the strong position that he had taken; but without success, for Washington and his best generals agreed that they were not strong enough to meet in open field an enemy so formidably equipped.

On the 7th of December there was every indication that Howe meditated an attack, to meet which Washington made careful preparations, riding through each brigade—giving orders, inspiring their enthusiasm and ardor by word and demeanor. Calm and determined in his attitude, he exhorted them to deeds of valor. Two days of suspense and waiting passed. On the evening of the eighth the enemy were again in motion, but after lighting up a long line of fires on the heights, they retreated quietly and silently behind this glowing screen, marching back into Philadelphia almost before Washington was apprised of their departure.

Winter had now set in with unusual severity. The troops, worn out by long and hard service, needed repose. Poorly clad, and destitute of blankets they required warmer shelter than tents could afford.

Much anxiety and alarm was felt by the Pennsylvania Legislature at this juncture, and they earnestly protested against the army's going into winter quarters. This called from Washington warm and indignant remonstrances, and General Read writes to them "to keep the field entirely is impossible, and so would you think did you see the plight we were in. If it is not doing what we would it is doing what we can, and I must say that the general shows a truly feeling and patriotic respect for us on this occasion." The plan adopted by Washington after weighing the discordant opinions of his officers was to put the army for the winter at Valley Forge, Chester county, than which no fairer scene could have been chosen for the enactment of a story at once so full of pathos and of he-

roism. Years ago, when visiting this milestone of Revolutionary times, I remember of being deeply impressed with the quiet beauty and peacefulness of the landscape, which gave so little token of the sufferings it once witnessed, or of the presence of thousands who endured them with such admirable fortitude. Then, as when last September, I stood at Jeffrey's Ford, one of the crossings of the British before the battle of Brandywine, and looking across the river beheld the valley of Chester, a perfect vision of beauty, I wondered how it seemed to their eyes, and whether to any British soldier came the thought of our Northern poet:

"Fair as the garden of the Lord."

An answer, in amusing contrast to my thought, comes to me in a quaint old narrative of the times, where it is recorded, that the British officers were enthusiastic over the beautiful country, and one expresses himself to that effect in language more forcible than polite. "It is a hell of a fine country, sir, and so I have found it ever since we landed at the Head of Elk." Valley Forge, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, is a deep, rugged hollow at the intersection of Valley Creek and the Schuylkill river. An ancient forge established by one of the Potts' family, of Pottsgrove, had given the place its name. Upon the mountainous flanks of this valley, which overlook all the adjacent country, Washington established his army.

"Sad and dreary was the march to Valley Forge, uncheered by the recollection of any recent triumphs, as was the march to winter quarters the preceding year. Hungry and cold were the poor fellows who had so long been keeping the field. Provisions were scarce, clothing worn out, and so badly were they off for shoes that the footsteps of the soldiers could be traced in blood."

Yet, at this time hogsheads of shoes, stockings and clothing were lying at different places in the woods and on the roads, wanting money and teams for their transportation.

The army arrived at Valley Forge

on the 17th of December. They set to work at once to construct their own habitations, which were disposed in the order of a military camp. Each hut was sixteen by fourteen feet. One was assigned to twelve privates, and one to a smaller number of officers, according to their rank. Each general occupied a hut by himself. A temporary bridge was thrown across the Schuylkill to facilitate communication with the surrounding country. The whole encampment was surrounded by entrenchments on the land side, and several small redoubts were built at different points. Some of the entrenchments may still be seen a mile from the Forge. The army remained here until the ensuing summer and the evacuation of Philadelphia.

This winter marked the gloomiest period of the Revolution. Though sheltered from the wind, the army, deprived of almost every comfort, endured extreme sufferings. They were almost destitute of blankets and clothing, and the scarcity of provisions, was so great, that, at one time, there was nearly a famine in camp; many of the men being three, four, and even seven days without any kind of meat. All this was directly due to the neglect of Congress and an ill-ordered and deranged commissariat. In view of this distress, Gen. Wayne writes: "We cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiers that ere this they have not been incited to mutiny and dispersion."

The want of wagons, and horses, too, was severely felt, and almost every kind of camp transportation was performed by the men without a murmur. They yoked themselves to little wagons of their own making or loaded their wood and provisions on their backs. Small-pox also attacked many who had not been inoculated, and quite a number fell ill of fevers. Washington stated that on the 23rd of December two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight soldiers were unfit for duty by reason of being barefoot and otherwise naked, and therefore unable to leave their huts or the farm houses in which they were crowded. To the direct

influence of Washington was due the preservation of the army under such trying circumstances. Something in his character attached his officers and men so strongly to his person that no distress could weaken their affection nor impair the veneration and respect in which they held him.

Thomas Wharton, writing officially from Congress, says: "The unparalleled patience and magnanimity with which the army under your excellency's command has endured the hardships attending their situation, unsupplied, as they have been, through an uncommonly severe winter, is an honor which posterity will consider more illustrious than could have been derived to them by a victory obtained by any sudden or vigorous exertion."

"I would cherish those dear, ragged Continentals, whose patience will be the admiration of future ages, and glory in bleeding with them," cried John Laurens, in the enthusiasm of youth. "The patience and endurance of both soldiers and officers was a miracle which each moment seemed to renew," said Lafayette, in old age.

But their noblest tribute comes from him who loved them best; "Without arrogance or the smallest deviation from truth, it may be said that no history now extant, can furnish an instance of an army's suffering such uncommon hardships as ours has done, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude. To see men without clothes to cover their nakedness, without shoes for the want of which their marches might be traced by the blood from their feet, and almost as often without provisions as with them, marching through frost and snow, and at Christmas taking up their winter quarters within a day's march of the enemy—without a house or hut to cover them until they could be built; and, submitting without a murmur, is a proof of patience and obedience, that in my mind can scarce be paralleled."

Reading this glowing tribute, we cannot but realize that Washington felt in his heart, deeply and warmly, all the sufferings of which he so feelingly writes. In little homely ways,

also, he was ready to give proof, more convincing than words, of his conviction of their common brotherhood and humanity. To this the following anecdote bears witness: The headquarters of the General were at a stone house on the lower side of Valley Creek, only a few yards distant from where the Reading railroad now is. His wife spent the winter with him. At the door rests a large flat stone, serving as a step on which, at this time, a soldier always stood guard. One very cold morning Washington, on starting away after breakfast, found the sentinel trying to keep warm by clapping his hands and stamping his feet. Said the General: "My good man, have you had anything to eat this morning?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Then give me your musket and go in and get some breakfast." And the Commander-in-Chief kept guard over his own house while Mrs. Washington within attended to the wants of the soldier. Beneath one of the window seats in this house General Washington is said to have kept his papers, and a secret door was made so as to facilitate his escape in the event of a surprise.

The churches of the neighborhood were turned into hospitals, some of these being in sight of headquarters. Washington was in the habit of paying frequent visits to his sick and wounded soldiers, thus furnishing another proof of his interest in them, their sufferings and misfortunes. This habit becoming known, a party of British crossed the river on one occasion hoping to capture him. He fortunately escaped, and the enemy vented their rage at their failure on a village in the neighborhood, burning in their retreat seventeen houses. In every way we suffered from the presence of grim visaged war. With troops numbering about eight thousand at Valley Forge and more than twice as many of the British in the neighborhood, the country was taxed to its utmost to furnish supplies. The British pillaged and plundered in every direction for twenty miles about Philadelphia and the country soon fell into the most forlorn and impoverished condition. Our poor soldiers often came home from for-

aging expeditions empty-handed, and Washington was reluctantly compelled, on one or two occasions, to avail himself of the express permission of Congress to forage for his army within a radius of seventy miles.

The winter was not spent in idleness. A committee of five, two of whom were Gouverneur Morris, of New York, and Charles Carroll, of Maryland, spent three months working with Washington to form a new system for the army. Baron Steuben, a distinguished Prussian officer, arrived in February, and took the army in charge, faithfully drilling and reorganizing the whole. This Grand Marshal of the Court of Hohenzollern was of immense service to our army. Impatient and impulsive, he often lost his temper when drilling the raw troops, swearing at them tremendously in French, German and bad English sometimes, even combining all three, till in despair he would call on his aide to come help him "curse the blockheads." But in spite of his hasty temper, his kindness, generosity and warm-heartedness endeared him to them.

In all this eventful winter what a marked contrast does our army present to the British, who spent their days not only in indolence and luxury, but in disgraceful rioting and dissipation. Even English history severely condemns, alike, general, officers and men.

We must believe, though, that the clouds were sometimes lifted which hung over this gloomy encampment, for we read of Mrs. Washington felicitating herself on the new hut built for a dining room, and the General on the unaccustomed luxury of "a goose and a dish of greens for dinner." Were we to call the long roll of those who gathered around the table, or who held converse or council with their general, within the walls of his humble quarters, imagination would picture a goodly company, adding to those already mentioned the youthful figures of that brilliant and fascinating trio, Lafay-

ette, Hamilton and Light Horse Harry Lee, not forgetting our own noble soldier, Gen. Wayne, and many others, whose names have become, and will remain with us as household words.

Returning to the sadder side of our story, it must be recorded that many of the soldiers died in hospitals and farm houses. Twenty-two were buried in the graveyard of the German Reformed church. To their memory the military organizations of Chester county have erected a handsome monument. Many were laid in nameless and unknown graves, so that year after year the grasses wave, the wild flowers bloom, the farmer turns the sod and gathers in his harvests, unconscious that beneath, in meadow and field, lies the hallowed dust of many a poor fellow who gave his life for a beloved and distressed country.

The story of Valley Forge is now told as far as time and an unaccustomed pen can carry it. It but remains to say that the prophetic words uttered by the illustrious men, more than a hundred years ago, in reference to the enduring fame which would attach to this devoted band, have been fulfilled. Time, instead of diminishing, has added to the lustre of their glory, so that to-day to speak of Valley Forge is to speak in profound admiration of Washington, his officers and soldiers. His eulogy upon his soldiers has just been read, nor could one find stronger words in which to voice our appreciation of their heroism and fidelity. Neither would time permit to give here the fitting tributes paid Washington by biography, by history, by a grateful country.

But to us, beyond all praise is the fact that, though for more than a century dead, he still lives in the hearts of his countrymen—the one, most loved, most honored—most revered.

EMILIE G. ALRICKS.
(MRS. LEVI B. ALRICKS)

December 17th, 1894.

THE DAUGHTERS.

The fourth continental congress of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which was held on February 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd, in the Church of Our Father, corner of Thirteenth and L streets N. W., Washington, D. C., was attended by a large number of members from Pennsylvania, together with representatives from almost every State in the Union. The church in which the sessions were held was simply but prettily decorated with flags, festooned from the galleries and caught with shields. Hanging from the organ loft, which was just above the platform on which the presiding officers sat was a drapery of red and yellow. A flag was twisted about the president's stand and on it resting on its top was a small facsimile of the Columbian liberty bell in the moulding of which the Daughters of the American Revolution took so much interest, contributing largely of means and materials.

Since its last meeting, one year ago, the congress has doubled in size, and now represents through its delegates forty-five States and more than 8,000 members. Of these Pennsylvania has almost 800. The gathering was typical of true American womanhood, banded together in a national body to cherish the memory of heroic ancestry, and to foster all that is best in our national life.

Owing to the recent death of her daughter, Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, president general of the society, was not present. Her absence was keenly felt and much deplored.

On Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock the recording secretary, Mrs. Burnett, called the congress to order and announced that the first thing in order was the election of a presiding officer. Mrs. Lockwood, of Washington, one of the vice-presidents general, was chosen to occupy the chair for the first day. The chaplain general offered prayer. The "Star Spangled Banner" was then sung and the opening exercises concluded.

Immediately thereafter came the calling of the roll, always a tedious though necessary process, and the distributing of badges to chapter regents and delegates. The color of the former was red, for the latter red and white. State regents, national officers, honorary and ex-officers had been supplied with badges at the informal reception of the evening before at Willard's Hotel. These were for the State regents and national officers, ribbons of red, white and blue, and for honorary and ex-officers white. After the roll call and distribution of badges, the annual address of the president general was read by Mrs. Kerfoot, State regent, of Illinois. It was an able paper, comprehensive, instructive and hopeful, and was received with continuous applause. The response was made by Mrs. D. Lathrop, regent of Old Concord Chapter, Massachusetts. The reports of the National officers and of the select committees followed, and then adjournment.

On Wednesday Mrs. Dickens, of Newport, occupied the chair. After opening exercises and preliminary business congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole to consider the reports. Mrs. Jewett, of Illinois, was called to the chair and displayed a gratifying knowledge of the duties of the position. The reports were, with some few changes, approved. Mrs. Dickens resumed the chair. Then, as far as time would admit, the reports of State regents were presented. Although the limit of ten minutes had been placed on each of these reports, several were of great length and made very tedious by reason of entering into minutiae which might be pleasing in a State conference, but was of no value to the general society, and this encroaching upon time, which should have been enough for all, forced a number of the reports into the work for other days. It is hoped that another year the gavel will fall when time is up, and that States beginning

with the last letters of the alphabet will have an equal showing with those first heard.

On Thursday and Friday, Mrs. Brackett, of the District, was elected to the chair. After opening exercises on Thursday morning nominations for president general were called for.

Miss Eugenia Washington, vice-president general national society, in fitting terms presented the name of Mrs. Julia K. Hogg, of Pennsylvania. She was greeted with rounds of applause. The nomination was seconded in a magnificent speech by Mrs. Putney, of Virginia, and by Mrs. Park Painter, of Pennsylvania. Numbers rose to follow this seconding.

Mrs. Hogg is one of the ablest women in the national society, and much admired and appreciated for her success in placing the society upon its lineal basis.

Mrs. Willbourn, of Rhode Island, nominated Mrs. M. McP. Foster, wife of ex-Secretary of State John R. Foster. This nomination was seconded by members from New Hampshire and Connecticut. Much stress was brought to bear upon the fact that Mrs. Foster was the wife of a man who had held a high political position and whose residence was in Washington, and the point was urged that, the society being a national one, a "national woman" should be elected for its highest office.

Mrs. S. A. Pryor, formerly of Virginia, now a resident in New York, was nominated by Mrs. McLean, regent of New York City Chapter, and seconded by Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton, of New York city.

The speeches that were made in all these nominations were feeling and hearty, and many of them were really graceful tributes that spoke well for the powers of feminine oratory.

Mrs. Pryor withdrew in favor of Mrs. Foster, and the ballot cast resulted in her election. The result was received with cheers, and Mrs. Hogg at once arose and said: "Madam President, I rise to congratulate the president general elected, and to tender to her the allegiance of Pennsylvania." This generous courtesy, given with a rare and sweet dignity,

was also cheered. On further motion the election was, by Mrs. Hogg, made unanimous. Then followed the election of National officers and State regents.

Mrs. Lulu M. Gordon, an intellectual and charming woman from Georgia, read an invitation from the Board of Women Managers of the Cotton States and International Exposition, inviting the Congress to attend the exposition of 1895, in Atlanta, which was received with thanks.

Invitations to various functions, receptions, teas, etc., were so numerous that no one could go to all.

On Saturday at 12.30 o'clock, Mrs. Cleveland received the Daughters and many had the pleasure of waiting upon her. A large number, however, had left the city on the Friday night and Saturday morning trains.

A pleasant social gathering at Willard's Hotel on the evening of the 22nd was a reception tendered Mrs. Julia K. Hogg, State regent of Pennsylvania, by many of her friends from different parts of the country, who desired to unite in expression of appreciation of the work Mrs. Hogg has accomplished for the National Society. The occasion was made of peculiar interest by the presentation of a jeweled insignia of the society. All the parlors of the hotel were thrown open for the occasion and felicitous speeches from ladies representing the States of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Iowa, Vermont, Minnesota, New York and the District of Columbia, with vocal music charmingly rendered by ladies from New York city and Chicago, passed the hours speedily away.

This congress, to quote from one of the city papers, was notable in more than numbers. For such a gathering of ancestored women has probably never been seen in the history of this country. There was no member but could trace her ancestry back to the Declaration of Independence. From all the thirteen coast States, where the blood of the patriot founders of the Constitution was shed, there had gone forth westward branches of the old colonial stock, which now sent back their

quota of Daughters from States that were unnamed in colonial times to celebrate in the National Capital the victory their forefathers had won and whose fruits were manifest through every foot of the country they had traversed in coming to the Capital.

It would have been a notable and an interesting gathering if only from a sentimental point of view, but the massing of the society's workers meant more than that. The Daughters of the Revolution, since their organization, have done work of historical importance, such as no single individual could have accomplished alone, and such as could not have been done without the common bond of interest furnished by the society. The collections of original manuscripts, historical facts unearthed from private correspondence and collated through the efforts of the society's historians, publications of various sorts, ranging from magazine articles to volumes of permanent biography—all these the society has to show as evidence of its usefulness

and excuse for its existence, and it was partly to do more of this very work that the general meeting in Washington has been called.

A luncheon was served each day in the church parlors, which was a pleasant feature, at which members of the society from North and South, East and West met and mingled in a most friendly intercourse.

Much practical work can be done and is being done by the Daughters of the American Revolution in the way of patriotic educational work with the younger and growing generation, the generation that is to be taught love and reverence for all the history that the society typifies. Such educational work will keep forever fresh the memory of those principles in which this country was founded, and do more to absorb and neutralize the inpouring of alien thousands than will a monument of school histories as high as the immortal monument on Bunker Hill.

MRS. FRANCIS JORDAN.

March 4, 1894.

HEROIC ANCESTORS.

While the running fight which took place between the British regulars and the militia and minute men of Massachusetts on April 19th, 1775, and which is known in history as the battle of Lexington, marks the beginning of the American Revolution, it was by no means the first act of forcible resistance to British power by the American colonists. As early as June, 1772, the British schooner "Gaspee" had been captured and burned by the hardy boatmen of Providence as she lay aground in Narraganset Bay, and in February, 1775, the expedition under Col. Leslie to Salem, Massachusetts, which had for its object the capture of military stores in that vicinity, had avoided the bloodshed of the day at Lexington only by prudently retiring before

the assembled militia of Essex county.

But in this paper to-day it has seemed best to confine ourselves to a simple narration of the events of that memorable day at Lexington and Concord.

Early in 1775 there were in Boston, under the command of Gen. Gage, ten regiments of troops, "the flower of the British army, thought to be quite powerful enough to subdue any spirit of rebellion on the part of the colonists." "I fancy severity is intended," wrote Lord Percy, one of the commanders under Gen. Gage, just before leaving England. "Surely the people of Boston are not mad enough to think of opposing us. Steadiness and temper will, I think, set things right, and General Gage is

the proper man to do it," and almost at the same moment words of encouragement came to the colonists from the mother country. "You must be firm, resolute and cautious, but discover no marks of timidity."

On Saturday, 15th of April, a detachment of these troops were encamped on Boston Common on pretense of learning some new military exercises. About 11 o'clock Tuesday evening, April 18th, eight hundred of these men quietly left Boston for Lechmere's Point, East Cambridge, to proceed to Concord, under the command of Lieut. Gen. Francis Smith, there to take possession of guns, ammunition and food supplies which the patriots had collected and stored against the coming of that struggle which all felt to be inevitable, and incidentally to lay hands on Samuel Adams and John Hancock, who were supposed to be in that vicinity. Earlier in the evening several smaller parties of officers had been sent out to patrol the intended route of Smith's detachment to prevent the possible spread of any intelligence of their movements. How the object of Smith's expedition became known to the patriots of Boston is deeply enshrouded in tradition. One tells us "they got warning from a daughter of liberty unequally yoked in point of politics," and as Gage's wife was a daughter of Peter Kemble, of New Jersey, it has been surmised that the informer may have been very near to headquarters. Another tells us of one John Ballard, a hostler at the Province House, to whom a groom imparted the information that "there would be hell to pay to-morrow." Ballard, unknown to his friend, was a liberty boy, and, pretending to attend to some forgotten errand, left the stable in haste. Not daring to go to Paul Revere's house, he went to that of a friend who carried the news to Revere; but however the news got abroad, two lights were hung in the old North Church steeple that night and Paul Revere crossed the river in his boat, under the very stern of the "Somerset." British man-of-war, mounted his horse at Charlestown, and started on his famous ride.

"And yet through the gloom and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night;

And the sparks struck out by that steed in his flight,

Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

At the same time Revere started upon his ride, William Dawes also left Boston on horseback, by another route over Boston Neck, through Roxbury, for Concord to give the alarm. With flapping hat and saddle bags, and the quiet trot of his horse, he seemed only a country man on a journey, until beyond all the sentinels; but Revere and Dawes did their work well and left in their wake, as they sped from house to house, the beat of drums, the ringing of church bells, the call to arms. Revere reached the house of the Rev. Jonas Clark in Lexington, where Adams and Hancock were staying, about midnight. The sentinel guarding the house refused to allow him to enter, and not only that, but quietly asked him to make less noise as he might disturb the family. "Noise," exclaimed Revere, "you will hear noise enough before morning; the regulars are coming!" And Hancock recognizing his voice called out, "Come in, Revere, we are not afraid of you." Soon after this Wm. Dawes arrived, and the alarm was spread through Lexington. We are told that Adams was calm, placid and happy, but Hancock spent much of his time in cleaning his gun and sword and preparing to act in hot haste with the militia. This enthusiasm and daring was heightened no doubt by the presence of his lady love, Miss Dorothy Quincy. He was finally dissuaded from his warlike intentions, however, by Adams, who remarked: "Hancock, this is not our business; we belong to the Cabinet." Having thoroughly aroused the people of Lexington to their danger, Revere and Dawes sped on their patriotic errand to the people of Lincoln and Concord. They left Mr. Clark's house between 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning. When just outside the town they were overtaken by Dr. Samuel Prescott, of Concord, who was hastening home with the

news of the regulars' approach, and the three messengers rode on together giving the alarm at every house on the way; but just outside of Lincoln they were surprised by one of the British reconnoitering parties, of which mention has been made, and Revere and Dawes were captured, but happily for Concord, Prescott escaped by jumping his horse over a stone wall after having his bridle cut. But he reached Concord in safety, spreading the news also through Lincoln on his way, so that almost as soon as the Concord men were assembled on the Common they were joined by the minute men of Lincoln.

To return to the British troops who had left Boston that evening; at 2.30 o'clock in the morning, in bright moonlight, they landed at Lechmere's Point and quietly and rapidly began their march towards Lexington. The season of the year was unusually advanced, fields were green, fruit trees were in bloom and many farmers had begun the planting, but Smith's army of eight hundred men did not find themselves among an unsuspecting set of countrymen. The ringing of bells, the beat of drums, the groups of minute men with powder horn and gun, showed the country to be thoroughly alive to its danger, and Smith, alarmed at this unlooked-for state of affairs, sent back to General Gage, in Boston, for reinforcements, and also sent out an advance guard under Major Pitcairn. As this advance guard was approaching Lexington they heard the roll of the drums calling together the minute men, and the column halted, loaded with ball and primed their guns. As they neared the village they saw assembled upon Lexington Green one hundred and twenty minute men under the leadership of Captain John Parker. Major Pitcairn rode forward and with an oath ordered them to disperse, but not a man stirred. Enraged at this, he gave the command to fire. The British guns poured forth their volley and the American Revolution had begun. Adams and Hancock having already left the house of Mr. Clark, had sought safety on one of the wooded hilltops overlooking the town, and hearing the firing, Adams exclaimed:

"What a glorious day for America is this!" From the firing of the first shot at Lexington to the order of General Smith for the troops to move on to Concord, was not over twenty minutes, for he knew that delay, with news of their coming upon the wings of the wind, would be fatal to the object of their move upon Concord. With three cheers the British forces pressed on and the provincials gathered their wounded and dead, the first sacrifice for America's freedom. Along the Concord road the march of the British forces was unimpeded. They came in sight of Concord about 7 o'clock in the morning, following the road which enters the village from the southeast. From the summit of a high ridge overlooking the town, the one hundred minute men of Concord saw the approach of the British eight hundred strong. Since 3 o'clock in the morning, Concord had been awake and alive in its preparation to meet the enemy and in removing the military stores to surrounding towns for greater safety. The Americans were overwhelmed at the number of the enemy's forces and, retreating a short distance along the ridge, gave Smith's forces an opportunity of entering the town without a conflict. In this second position many of the Americans were for immediate action and in this they were encouraged by their beloved pastor, Rev. William Emerson, who said, "Let us stand our ground; if we die, we die here." But the significant remark of Orderly Sergeant Brooks, "No, it will not do for us to begin the war," decided the leaders in favor of more prudent action and Colonel Barrett, seeing the British army entering the town, ordered the Americans, now numbering about one hundred and fifty, to retreat over the North bridge of the river to Punkatasset Hill, there to await reinforcements, which were now coming in from every side. In the meantime, Smith's forces halted in the town, encamped on the old Burying Ground Hill, from which could be seen, coming by highways and through fields, the hurrying minute men. The two detachments numbering about six hundred men, were detailed to find and destroy the stores

and to guard the north and south bridges crossing the Concord and Sudbury rivers and in that way to cut off some of the forces hastening to join the Concord men on Punkasset Hill. The British forces remaining in the town, began the destruction of such stores as could be found, and the smoke arising from the burning of the gun carriages and wheels led the Americans on the hill top to think that the enemy had set fire to the town. Now numbering about five hundred men, they resolved to march against the enemy and "defend their homes or die in the attempt." Placing themselves under the command of Col. Barrett and with strict orders not to fire until fired upon, two by two they marched down the hill and advanced to the north end of the bridge, the British retreating across the bridge to the east side of the river as they approached. When but a few rods from the bridge, the British on the other side drew up in line and fired a volley direct upon them which instantly killed Capt. Isaac Davis and Private Abner Hosmer. Major Butterick immediately gave the order: "Fire, fellow soldiers, for God's sake fire." The Americans responded with such aim and promptness that the British broke and fled in confusion and alarm back to the town, the Americans following and taking up their position on a high hill to the north. The spirited statue of the minute man, the work of a boy born and raised in Concord, now marks the spot "where once the embattled farmer stood and fired the shot heard round the world," and a simple stone monument on the opposite side of the stream, the place where the British fell at the American's fire.

Smith's forces now awaited the return of the two detachments which had been sent across the North and South bridges in search of stores, and upon their return it became clear to him that his only safety lay in the immediate evacuation of Concord. Throwing out flanking parties to occupy the high ridges bordering the road over which the main body must pass, at twelve o'clock he began his retreat toward Lexington, the Americans following at a distance.

At a point in the road, about one mile out of Concord, the hills disappear and the flanking parties could no longer act as a protection to the main body. Losing this advantage, it seemed as if "men came down from the clouds" upon the retreating troops. Each militia man became a commander unto himself and attacked the enemy from any point and wherever he chose. To the British, unfamiliar with all the cross roads and byways, this was most destructive, and over the remainder of the road they were "driven like sheep before the Americans." On again reaching Lexington, revenge for the morning's slaughter was heaped upon them by the infuriated people.

About 10 o'clock in the morning eleven hundred men, with two field pieces and provisions, left Boston under the command of Lord Hugh Percy, and this relief was awaiting the worn-out besieged red coats who, as Stedman, the historian accompanying Percy, says, sought the protection of the hollow square formed by the fresh troops and lay down upon the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths like dogs after a chase. The two field pieces which Lord Percy had planted on two neighboring heights kept the Americans at bay while the exhausted troops of Smith rested themselves and prepared for the eventual return march to Boston. At 3 o'clock they took up their march again, and this was a signal for the immediate renewal of the attacks of the Americans on the retreating British. From behind every tree and stone wall the fire was poured upon them. Each house along the roadside seemed changed into a miniature fort from which blazed the guns of the enraged country people. Each cross-road brought its little company of minute men to harass the flanks of the retreating regulars, and after the passing of the column to join that ever increasing cloud of men who hung upon the rear of the hunted red-coats. The deeds of bravery which were performed on that day can never be known, but enough has come down to us to show that the undisciplined unrestrained farmers of Massachusetts showed themselves

worthy sons of their forefathers. The active part which the ministers took that day in encouraging their people to resist the British aggression should not be passed unnoticed. We have already seen how the Rev. William Emerson, at Concord, had been the first to advise an attack upon the invading force and a letter recently received describes how the minister of Weston, a neighboring town, showed, by his example, where every true American should be on that eventful day. "My grandfather," writes Col. Lampson, of Weston, "commanded the Weston company April 19th. They gathered at our house upon receiving the 'alarm.' Parson Woodward offered a prayer, and taking a gun, fell into the ranks with the men." He then describes how the company hurried off to Concord, and finding the British already on the retreat, took a short cut across the country and coming up with the enemy, joined the fast assembling militia in their pursuit. From Lexington to Charlestown was one continuous succession of skirmishes, the Americans constantly in-

creasing in numbers and boldness, and the British replying with less and less spirit to the sharp fire which was poured upon them from every side. At length the heights of Charlestown and the sheltering guns of the men-of-war appeared before the weary eyes of Percy's grenadiers, and Heath and Warren, who, late in the afternoon had assumed nominal command over the American forces, called off their men. Night fell and the day of Lexington was over. The events of that day, viewed from the standpoint of the number of men engaged or the military skill displayed, are of little moment, but if considered as the day when the Americans first withstood King George's regulars, returning them shot for shot and blow for blow, and proving with their life's blood their readiness to maintain the principles they were contending for, then few days of history can compare in importance with that 19th day of April, 1775, one hundred and twenty years ago.

MRS. EDGAR C. FELTON.

April 19, 1895.

BUNKER HILL DAY.

The part that women bear in the day of battle is not to reason about the causes of conflict, but to be help-meets to those who stand a human wall between foes to their happiness and the ways of peace. What is a battle, aside from its necessary bloodshed and maiming? The doubt on the other side of the river, now overgrown with trees, shows where a line was made to resist an enemy to the comfort of our homes. The men that built it are many of them dead—the women who looked over this placid Susquehanna river then and with us now can remember their thoughts. The expected battle never took place; had it, beyond that intrenchment would have been a thin row of men withstanding the approaching forces. Where the ranks

stood makes the battlefield. After the combat that plain country road becomes historic; that little rivulet becomes historic; that commonplace barn with its little wooded knoll in the background becomes famous, from the heroism of those who offer their lives for all they hold dear. Whom do they "hold dear?" We, their daughters; we, their wives, and we, their mothers; woman's place in such stormy times must be to mend the broken in spirit by encouragement, and the broken in body by that most unctious of all remedies—loving sympathy.

"See them, their fears well in hand,
Tearless besides their loved ones
stand;

With deftest fingers buckling tight,
To some dear form the sabre bright;

Praying above the faithful gun,
For husband, lover or for son;
That they might ever faithful be,
First, to their God; then Liberty!"

The historic association of this day, the seventeenth of June, 1895, is the anniversary of that battlefield first adorned by a monument on the continent—Bunker Hill. At the time of its dedication Daniel Webster lent the strength of his intellect and the force of his more impressive eloquence to stamp the incident with similes that stir one's patriotism to its sources.

Living so far away from the actual scene of this event it is difficult to do more than refresh our minds by its story. The little triangular patch of land extending into Boston Bay known as Charlestown peninsula presents four points: The neck by which it is joined to the main land and three hills, Bunker's, Breed's and Morton's in their order from "the neck," the whole surrounded by water in which were the British war ships "Lively," "Falcon," "Cerebus," "Glasgow," "Symmetry" and "Somer-set" with a supporting army in Boston. The Americans were in Cambridge beyond "the neck." The British General Gage determined to become aggressive on the seventeenth day of June, 1775. Colonel Prescott, of the American forces, wanted anxiously to stop the movement and was reluctantly allowed to. He took with him 300 of Prescott's (his own Middlesex) regiment, 290 of Knowlton's (Connecticut) regiment, a detachment of Frye's regiment, a detachment of Bridge's regiment, in all 1,000 men, two light field pieces with wagons and tools, at seven p. m., on June 16, 1775. He was directed to fortify Bunker's Hill, 110 feet high, instead marched further on to Breed's Hill, sixty-two feet high. He got there at midnight. Through the advice of Engineer Gridley he fixed a place for the redoubt and had it nearly completed by daylight. The "Lively" then opened fire, the provincials worked on for all that. By noon Prescott received re-enforcements of Colonel Stark's (New Hampshire) regiment, Colonel Reed's (New Hampshire) regiment, 150 of Little's regiment, seventy of Brewer's regi-

ment, sixty of Witcomb's (Lancaster) regiment, fifty of Willard Moore's (Paxton) company and fifty of John Nixon's company. They went down on the left of Breed's Hill and made there a breastwork defence of hay, rails and stones, known as "the rail fence." It was extended to the swamp on the Mystic river. Prescott had then in all a command of about 1,500 men. The British hurried forward at 8.30 a. m. ten companies of grenadiers, ten companies of light infantry, some artillery, the Fifth, Thirty-eighth, Forty-third and Fifty-second regiments of the line. Subsequently they were re-enforced by the Forty-seventh regiment of the line, three more companies each of grenadiers and light infantry with a battalion of marines, making in all about 2,500 to 3,000 men, besides the ships spoken of. They landed at Morton's Hill and disposed themselves for attack on "the rail fence." But General Howe was deterred from assaulting without re-enforcement. By this delay the defense at this point was perfected. The American general, Artemas Ward, was an old man, unable to secure obedience through discipline because much of his command obeyed him only through courtesy. When they were convinced that it was the proper thing they were directed to do, they did it with all their might. Not only was this the case but the supplies of the army had to be endorsed by several committees of civilians, who were exceedingly jealous of each other, consequently delayed urgent business. The system was the outgrowth of personal liberty and the composite responsibility of a republican form of government, weak in civil administration and pre-eminently so in militant force. Upon the other hand the organization and authority of the English was stable and recognized. General Ward, while the battle on Charleston Neck was in progress, remained inactive at his house in Cambridge unable to rise to the importance of the occasion. When it was nosed abroad about the British general's intentions, the army clamored to do something and were sent as detailed; they built works splendid for resistance in front, but

on the contrary very bad in a retreat. They had no idea of being defeated. The individual enthusiasm of all concerned had much to do with the efficiency and bravery of the undrilled contingents. Can we realize what they accomplished? Marching until midnight, working until four a. m. and continuing to work through eight hours of cannonading, succeeding in erecting works and so capable of opposing trained troops as to oblige the British leaders to call for more soldiers. They rested at noon while the "Falcon," "Cerebus" and "Somerset" with the battery on Copp's Hill, at Hudson's Point, played on their breastworks to demoralize their devotion. What water could they get on that hilltop? What food had they?—but that they brought with them the evening before. The day was fearfully hot even for that time of year. The flank on the Mystic was tried, repulse followed the gallant defense—then the British sent for more men. At 2.30 p. m. the general assault took place with Lord Howe attacking "the rail fence," and Colonel Pigott leading on the redoubt. Three times did these columns charge before they drove the Americans from their works. The latter retreated slowly and carefully to Bunker's Hill and they only did so when every bit of ammunition was used up. The British did not follow the retreat. The battle lasted about half an hour and was fought under the flag of New England. The weakness of the Americans lay not in the lack of comprehension of their position, but in the lack of supplies and ammunition. Their strength lay in their surprising endurance and determination. The provincial movement was extremely hazardous, the wonder now is that the whole party were not captured without much conflict. The British generals were evidently ignorant of both the ground and of correct information concerning the American army. The preceding affair at Lexington stimulated the personal valor of every patriot, at the same time it created in the thoughtful the true nature of the crisis at hand. How could successful resistance to one of the foremost military nations on the globe?

The ways were plenty, but the means scanty. Should this outburst of pure love of country suffer repression it would instantly vanish. Haste to use this gratifying popularity was essential, delay meant much to the cause of liberty.

"The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,

The fair fond bride of yester eve,
And aged sire and matron gray,

Urg'd the loved warrior haste away."

However, General Ward hesitated in the solution of the problem the impulsive Putnam saw it, Ward temporarily complied and the battle was fought. Just before this forward movement General Washington, of Virginia, was chosen general. He was on his way to Cambridge when he heard the result of the battle. Its effect upon the Americans was fraught with much moment.

In the midst of the early hours of that fateful seventeenth of June, 1775, before nine a. m., General Gage stood with a field glass viewing from Copp's Hill in Boston the new redoubt on Breed's Hill across the river Charles. He asked Colonel Willard, a brother-in-law of Colonel Prescott, as he saw him encouraging his men: "Will he fight?" "Yes! until the last drop of blood," was the reply, and Prescott did until there was no more powder. Then he tore the cannon powder out of its cartridges and loaded his muskets with buttons on top of it, hence the stubborn resistance to the repeated charges. This battle gave the army rest: it bivouaced on Bunker Hill until the next day, then returned to Cambridge, without harassment. It encouraged the army to prepare for war. It helped Washington on his assuming command a few days afterward. It gave the European powers notice of the failure of Great Britain to crush the rebellion and that a struggle for the rich possibilities of a continent was on the side of the Americans. This was realized by the English, for General Gage wrote to Lord Dartmouth "such victories are worthless."

The British loss in killed and wounded was 1,054, including thirteen officers killed and seventy wounded.

The total loss of the Americans was 450. The personal losses of the patriots were great; among those who fell was Joseph Warren, a physician, whose actions on the records for the principles of this struggle of the colonies were prominent. He was killed just as he was leaving the redoubt on Breed's Hill, being but thirty-five years of age. His wife had died some time before, his children were by this bereavement total orphans, but a grateful community cared for them through the influence of Samuel Adams. A few days before his death he was made a general. In this battle he nevertheless fought as a private although outranking Colonel Prescott. Bancroft speaks of him as one in whom "were combined celerity, courage, endurance and manners which won universal love." The enemies of his country estimated his

worth by their great rejoicings at his death.

When this battle of Bunker's (Breed's) Hill took place we were in very truth rebels against the government of Great Britain for it was more than a year afterward that the Declaration of Independence was given to the world and we received recognition as belligerents by France and Spain; our place as a nation was insecure until later. The part that women took in this engagement was doubtless that of passive activity always essential to their success. She suffers as much as he who is accounted brave. Her glory lies not in printed page, but is enshrined in the heart of him who loves her so that he gives his life for her home and her children.

MRS. HUGH HAMILTON.

June 17, 1895.

BRANDYWINE.

The Brandywine Creek, on whose banks the battle which we to-day commemorate was fought, is composed of two branches called the East and West, which unite in one stream, flowing from west to east about twenty-two miles and emptying itself into the Delaware river about twenty-five miles below Philadelphia. It has several fords; one called Chadd's Ford which at that time was the most practicable, and in the direct route from the enemy's camp to Philadelphia. Several days had been passed by Washington, the commander-in-chief, almost continually in the saddle, reconnoitering the roads and passes and making himself familiar with the surrounding country. He had now made up his mind to risk a battle in the open field. Hitherto according to Lafayette the army had fought combats but not battles. Still those combats had given the raw recruits experience and they had considerably improved in military tactics. Besides public

impatience called for a battle, and it was expected even by Europe.

Washington's force at this time was about 15,000 men, but from sickness and other causes the effective force, militia included, had been reduced to 11,000, and these were indifferently armed and equipped. The strength of the British was thought to be 18,000, but not more than 15,000 were brought into action. On the 8th of September, 1777, the enemy advanced in two columns, one prepared to attack the Americans in front, while the other extended its left up the west side of the creek. Washington suspected now that Sir William Howe intended to march by his right flank, suddenly pass the Brandywine, gain the heights north of that stream, and cut him off from Philadelphia. A council of war was, therefore, hastily summoned that evening, at which it was determined immediately to change the position of the army and move to the river in question. By 2 o'clock in the

morning the army was under march, and by the next evening was encamped on the high grounds in the rear of the Brandywine.

The enemy on the same evening moved to Kennett Square, about seven miles from the American position. As the principal attack was expected at Chadd's Ford, Washington made it the center of his position, where he stationed the main body of his army, composed of Wayne's, Weedon's and Muhlenberg's brigades, with the light infantry under Maxwell. An eminence immediately above the ford had been intrenched in the night and was occupied by Wayne and Proctor's artillery. Weedon's and Muhlenberg's brigades, which were Virginia troops and formed Gen. Green's division, were posted in the rear on the heights as a reserve to aid either wing of the army. With these Washington took his stand.

Maxwell's light infantry were thrown in the advance, south of Brandywine, and posted on high ground on each side of the road leading to the ford.

The right wing of the army, commanded by Sullivan, and composed of his division and those of Stephen and Sterling, extended up the Brandywine two miles beyond Washington's position. The light troops and pickets were distributed quite up to the forks. A few detachments of ill-organized and undisciplined cavalry extended across the creek on the extreme right. The left wing, composed of the Pennsylvania militia, under Major-General Armstrong, was stationed about a mile and a half below the main body, to protect the lower fords, where the least danger was apprehended.

The Brandywine, which ran in front of the whole line, was now the only obstacle, if such it might be called, between the two armies. Washington's army anxiously awaited some movement of the enemy. Early on the morning of the 11th of September a great body of troops was discovered advancing on the road leading to Chadd's Ford. A skirt of woods concealed its force, but it was supposed to be the main body of the enemy; if so, a general conflict was

at hand. The Americans were immediately drawn out in order of battle. Washington rode along the front of the ranks, and was everywhere received with acclamations. A sharp firing of small arms soon told that Maxwell's light infantry were engaged with the advance guard of the enemy. The skirmishing was kept up for some time with spirit, when Maxwell was driven across the Brandywine below the ford. The enemy, who had advanced but slowly, did not attempt to follow, but halted on commanding ground and appeared to reconnoiter the American position. About 10 o'clock a heavy cannonading commenced on both sides. The enemy made frequent dispositions to force the ford, and so brought on frequent skirmishes on both sides of the river, over which detachments of the light troops occasionally crossed. One of these skirmishes was more than usually severe: the British flank guard was closely pressed, a captain and ten or fifteen men were killed, and the guard put to flight; but a large force coming to their assistance, the Americans were again driven across the stream. There was the noise and uproar of a great battle, without much reality so far. Towards noon an express came from Sullivan, with a note received from a scouting party, reporting that Gen. Howe with a large body of troops and a strong force of artillery was pushing up the Lancaster road, doubtless to cross at the upper fords and turn the right flank of the American position. Washington startled by this information instantly sent off Col. Theodorick Bland with a party of horse to reconnoitre above the fords and ascertain the truth of the report. He resolved in the meantime to cross the ford, attack the division in front of him with his whole force and rout it before the other could arrive. As Sullivan was preparing to cross Major Spicer, of the militia, rode up, just from the ford, and assured him there was no enemy in that quarter. Sullivan instantly sent word to Washington, whereupon the movement was suspended until positive information could be obtained. After a time a resident of the neighborhood, Thomas Cheney, by name,

his horse in foam, and himself out of breath, dashed up to the commander-in-chief and informed him that he must instantly move, or he would be surrounded. He had come upon the enemy unawares; had been pursued and fired upon, but the fleetness of his mare saved him. Washington at first doubted him, but another dispatch assured him it was only too true. Col. Bland had seen the enemy two miles in the rear of Sullivan's right marching down at a rapid rate. Gen. Howe had ordered Gen. Knyphausen to make a feint of crossing at Chadd's Ford while he sent Cornwallis with a strong column to pass the creek higher up at another ford, and turn the American's right flank.

Finding that Cornwallis had thus gained the rear of the army, Washington sent orders to Sullivan to oppose him with the whole right wing, each brigade attacking as soon as it arrived upon the ground.

Wayne, in the meantime, was to keep Knyphausen at bay at the ford. So much time had been lost in transmitting intelligence, receiving orders, and marching, that Cornwallis had ample time to choose his ground and prepare for action. Orders were accordingly given for the whole American line to move to the right; and while in execution of this order, Cornwallis advanced rapidly, with his troops in the finest order, and opened a brisk fire of musketry and artillery. The Americans made an obstinate resistance, but being taken at a disadvantage the right and left wings were broken and driven into the woods. The center stood firm for awhile, but being exposed to the whole fire of the enemy, at length gave way also. The British in following up their advantage became entangled with the woods. The Americans rallied on a height to the north of Dilworth and made a still more spirited resistance than at first, but they were again obliged to retreat with heavy loss. Gen. Knyphausen learning from the heavy firing that Cornwallis was engaged, made a push to force his way across Chadd's Ford in earnest. He was, however, vigorously opposed by Wayne with Proctor's artillery, aided by Maxwell and

his infantry. Green was summoned by Washington to the support of the right wing which the commander-in-chief found to be in great peril. He advanced to the aid of his chief with such celerity, that it is said, on good authority, that his division accomplished the march or rather run of five miles, in less than fifty minutes. He arrived, however, too late to save the battle, but in time to protect the broken masses of the left wing, which he met in full flight. Opening his ranks from time to time for the fugitives and closing them the moment they had passed, he covered their retreat by a sharp and spirited fire from his field pieces. His stand was made about a mile beyond Dilworth, a place which Washington had pointed out to him, as good for a second position, should the army be driven out of the first; and here he was overtaken by Colonel Pinckney, aide-de-camp of the commander-in-chief, ordering him to occupy this position and protect the retreat of the army. These orders were implicitly obeyed. Weedon's brigade was drawn up in a narrow defile, flanked on both sides by woods, and perfectly commanding the road, while Green with Mühlenberg's brigade passing to the right, took his station on the road; the British came on impetuously, expecting but faint opposition. They were met with a desperate resistance and were repeatedly driven back. It was a bloody conflict with the bayonet; deadly on both sides and lasting for a considerable time. Weedon's brigade maintained its stand obstinately, and the check given to the enemy by these two brigades allowed time for the broken troops to retreat. Weedon was at length compelled by superior numbers to seek the protection of the other brigade, which he did in good order, and Green gradually drew off the whole division in face of the enemy, who, checked by this vigorous resistance and seeing the day far spent, gave up all further pursuit. The brave stand made by these brigades had likewise been a great protection to Wayne. He had for a long time withstood the attacks of the enemy at Chadd's Ford, until he found the right wing had been

routed. He now gave up the defense of his post, and retreated by the Chester road. Knyphausen's troops were too fatigued to pursue him and the others had been kept back by Green's division. So ended the varied conflicts of the day. Had not Washington been deceived by the statement of Major Spicer that no enemy was threatening his right, and so left in ignorance of Cornwallis' movement until it was too late to prevent it, we might to-day tell of the battle of Brandywine being a victory instead of a defeat to the

Americans. Notwithstanding the forced retreat the troops were in no wise disheartened. They seemed to consider it a check rather than a defeat, and although Philadelphia soon afterwards fell into the hands of the enemy, it served only to stimulate them to those still greater efforts which resulted finally in the surrender of the same Cornwallis at Yorktown and the full success of the colonies in their contest for liberty.

MRS. ROBERT SNODGRASS.

Sept. 13, 1895.

ANTHONY WAYNE.

General Wayne was descended from ancestors who loved liberty better than life. His father distinguished himself in expeditions against the Indians, and his grandfather had commanded with great gallantry a troop of dragoons at the "Battle of the Boyne," that memorable battle where the House of Stuart with its tyranny went down in ignominy before King William, "the Protestant King," and his army composed of soldiers from almost every persecuted church and Protestant nation, all drawn together so strangely, speaking many languages, but all animated by one spirit, as they fought for constitutional liberty, and "the Protestant religion in the remotest island of the West."

For some unknown reason this grandfather of the General who had left Yorkshire to settle in Ireland, left his estate there in 1722 and came to Pennsylvania, settling in Chester county; he had brought with him considerable wealth, and at his death left a large estate to be divided among his four sons. By a strange coincidence his youngest son Isaac, the father of the future general, received, as his share, five hundred acres very near the spot celebrated in after years as the scene of the Paoli massacre. His only son, Anthony, was born at Waynesborough,

in the township of Easttown, in Chester county, on the 1st of January, 1745.

Anthony Wayne, like many other great soldiers, notably Napoleon, showed in his early boyhood the bent of his genius. His uncle, whose pupil he was, wrote to his father that "he had distracted the brains of two-thirds of the boys under his charge by rehearsals of battles, sieges, etc." During the noon recess, in place of the usual games, he had the boys employed in throwing up redoubts and skirmishing.

As there was no opening in the British army for a provincial unless he had powerful family influence, his father sent him to the academy in Philadelphia, hoping that a love for classical studies would be developed in him, but in vain.

His proficiency in mathematics and his love of adventure led him, as all hope of becoming a soldier vanished, to adopt the profession of a surveyor, as life in the trackless wilderness, where hostile Indians were always to be met, gave the spice of danger to every day life, and his training, both of body and mind, was splendid preparation for his future work as a soldier. His great chief, Washington, was trained in the same school.

Wayne acquired such a high reputation as a surveyor that, before he

was twenty-one years old, he was employed by Dr. Franklin to survey and colonize two vast tracts of wild land owned by himself and other Philadelphians in Nova Scotia.

But the controversy between the mother country and the colonies put an end to this plan of colonization, and Wayne returned home, and married in May, 1766, Miss Penrose, of Philadelphia.

During the following troublous years which preceded the actual outbreak of the Revolution, he cultivated his farm at Waynesborough, but he was by no means the commonplace country farmer. He was very handsome, he had gained a wide knowledge of the world in his adventurous life, and was so utterly fearless in the expression of his political opinions that he was acknowledged to be a leader among a population of unusual intelligence.

What increased his influence was the knowledge that he was perfectly disinterested; for he, like General Washington and the Marquis de La Fayette, left a large private fortune to risk all in the cause of his country.

The immediate cause of the breaking out of the Revolution was the harsh measures taken by the British Ministry to punish the town of Boston for the destruction of the tea sent thither in December, 1773, and the refusal of the people to make any compensation to the East India Company for their loss.

All of the colonies felt that Boston was suffering in the common cause, and while the rest of the country had not yet actually felt the hand of oppression, yet the abiding reverence for law and hatred of tyranny, in the descendants of those who had resisted oppression in the old countries, banded the people together to repel the attempt of the British Ministry to gain absolute control over the colonies.

Wayne, like many others, felt that the only way to secure redress of their grievance was to extort it with arms in their hands as their ancestors had done, consequently we find him, although an active member of the Provincial Convention, Committee of Safety, and engaged in all the oth-

er methods used to organize the opposition to the Ministry, recruiting a regiment in Chester for the Continental service, of which he was appointed colonel on the 3rd of January, 1776, and Francis Johnston, lieutenant colonel.

Many of his subordinates who began their military career as officers of his regiment became famous for their gallantry during the Revolution as officers of the Pennsylvania Line. The names of Johnston, Wood, Robinson, Frazer, Moore, North, Church, Lacy, Vernon and the four heroic Butler brothers, should not be forgotten by the country for which they suffered and the State they made glorious.

The expedition to Canada in the spring and summer of 1776 was the first campaign in which the regiment of Colonel Wayne was engaged. It was sent by order of Congress to reinforce the army which had been commanded by Generals Montgomery and Arnold, but which had been lately repulsed at Quebec, where Montgomery had fallen so gloriously, wept and honored by foes as well as friends.

Wayne met the miserable remnant of this army, half starved and wasted by smallpox, at the fort at the mouth of the Sorel, and at the Three Rivers he fought his maiden battle against the British.

His troops were for the first time under fire, but as they had been well disciplined, Wayne being noted throughout his career for the strictness of his discipline, we read that they were undismayed by the cannonade of the enemy from their ships in the river, and not discouraged as they struggled for four hours through a thickly wooded swamp, above their knees in mire and water. As soon as they reached open ground Wayne formed his troops and led them against the enemy, but in spite of the greatest bravery they were obliged to retire, being outnumbered more than three to one.

This defeat at Three Rivers was the climax to the disastrous campaign in Canada, in which so many noble lives had been sacrificed in vain.

As Colonel Wayne's superior offi-

cers had been either taken prisoners or wounded at Three Rivers, it devolved upon him to lead the difficult retreat of the Pennsylvania troops to Ticonderoga closely pursued by Burgoyne; his coolness and readiness of resource in this trying position showed that he had the true stuff of a general in him, and led to his appointment by General Schuyler, on the 18th of November, to the command of the fort at Ticonderoga, the second most important military post in the country.

His letters at this time to his wife, Dr. Franklin, Dr. Rush and others show the tenderness of heart, and at the same time give a pitiable picture of the condition of his troops, he writes: "We have received two days' fresh provisions and our people begin to recruit in health and spirits, but are still destitute of almost every necessary fit for a soldier; shoes, stockings, shirts and coats, all articles not easily done without—yet they cannot be obtained." He writes to the Council of Safety that "their condition is shocking to humanity," and to General Gates, begging him to use his influence with Congress to have their sufferings relieved. At the same time his faith in the success of the struggle is unwavering; he writes to his wife, "the British Rebels may be successful for a time, but they will never subjugate the free born sons of America. The day is not far off when we shall produce a conviction to the world that we deserve to be free."

While Wayne was still in command of Ticonderoga he was on the 21st of February, 1777, made a brigadier general in the army, and to his great joy was given active service under Washington, who was encamped at Middlebrook near the Raritan, where he was watching Howe, in order to prevent his advance on Philadelphia, or his junction with Burgoyne on the Hudson. When it became certain that the enemy intended to approach Philadelphia by way of Chesapeake Bay, Washington's army moved to the eastern side of the Brandywine and there prepared to meet him in open battle.

The conduct of Wayne at the battle of Brandywine was, in the judgment

of the military critics of the time, admirable; he stood his ground firmly the whole day, repelling successfully until sunset every attempt of Knyphausen to pass the creek, and on the retreat of the army, his division saved the remnant of Sullivan's force.

The eight Pennsylvania regiments suffered severely in the hard-fought battle, and some of them highly distinguished themselves.

A few days after this defeat, Wayne was ordered to attack the rear guard of the British, and if possible capture the baggage train, but unfortunately the position of his camp was betrayed to the English by Tory spies, he was attacked by an overwhelming force, and what is known in Revolutionary history as the "Paoli Massacre" followed. The cruelty of the enemy on this occasion, who were deaf to all cries of mercy, was never forgotten, and the words "remember Paoli" became a rallying cry that led many a desperate charge.

At the battle of Germantown, which followed in a few days, Wayne led the attack, and if he had been properly supported the half-won battle would have been a complete victory.

In these three engagements on the soil of Pennsylvania, Wayne's division, which was so conspicuous, was composed entirely of Pennsylvania troops. It is to be lamented that the records tell chiefly of the heroic deeds of the officers, but there must have been many true heroes among the rank and file, albeit their names are unknown to fame.

During the terrible winter at Valley Forge that followed this campaign in Pennsylvania, we find from General Wayne's letter that all of his energies were directed to relieve the destitution and suffering of his men; in one of his letters to Mr. Peters, Secretary of War, he says: "Humanity obliged me to divide what would have in part clothed six hundred men among thirteen regiments, which was also necessary to prevent mutiny. I am not fond of danger, but I would most cheerfully agree to enter into action once every week in place of

visiting each hut of my encampment (which is my constant practice) where objects strike my eye and ear whose wretched condition beggars all descriptions." No wonder he ended another letter with the words: "I am almost out of patience with this bad world."

During February, when food became scarce, he was sent with a considerable force to New Jersey to procure cattle for the use of the army, and the zeal and activity with which he performed his task earned for him from his enemies the title of "Drover Wayne."

On the 18th of June, 1777, the British army evacuated Philadelphia and took the route across Jersey with a baggage train nearly twelve miles long. General Washington followed on a parallel route, and on the 28th, although the American army had been almost starved during the march and was exhausted by the terrific heat, General Charles Lee, who had at first strongly advised against risking a battle, and then insisted on leading the detachment, was ordered, with five thousand "picked and selected men," to attack the English rear guard.

Having arrived within striking distance of the rear guard near Freehold, he assigned to Wayne the post of honor, as he called it, certainly that of the greatest danger, to begin the attack, promising to reinforce him. At first the English were driven back, but their numbers swelled until Wayne was almost surrounded, and when he looked for the promised reinforcements, saw Lee in full retreat.

With great difficulty Wayne made his way to the parsonage, near the "Tennant Church," where he met General Washington in a great rage at the retreat of Lee. The whole force of the enemy had had time, owing to Lee's treachery to form and pursue the fleeing Americans, but Washington, whose presence and example at once stopped the retreat, with the true instincts of a great general rallied his troops and directed Wayne to form a force that could be relied upon to check the assault of the enemy, while he hastened to the rear to bring up the main body of the army. The regiments which

were called upon at this time, one of the most critical moments in the history of the Revolution, to defend the most dangerous post of honor, were those of Colonel Walter Stewart, of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania; Colonel William Irvine, of the Seventh Pennsylvania, and Colonel Thomas Craig, of the Third Pennsylvania, aided by a Maryland and a Virginia regiment. They held the advance post at the well known orchard of Monmouth until the reinforcements came up. The British grenadiers, officered by the sons of the noblest English families, who had for more than eight months led the fashionable society of Philadelphia, were at last to meet foemen worthy of their steel. They rushed on furiously with fixed bayonets, but the withering fire of musketry from Wayne's regiments drove them back in confusion. For hours after this futile attempt to penetrate Wayne's column the battle raged, and at last the enemy, finding they could make no impression upon the American army, retired with great loss.

"The repulse of the bayonet charge of those guards and grenadiers, the elite of the British infantry, and regarded by their countrymen ever since the days of Crecy and Agincourt as the most formidable warriors in the world when armed with such a weapon, by a body of American yeomen, most of them Pennsylvanians, under a Pennsylvania general, was a great event in the progress of the Revolution," and fills our hearts to-day with honest pride in the deeds of those heroes of our own State.

The battle of Monmouth had a great effect on the public mind, destroyed the belief in the invincibility of the well disciplined British troops and taught the councils of war that we need not fear to meet the enemy in the open field; the fame of General Wayne was established, and the whole country resounded with the praises of Washington. Congress unanimously thanked him "for his great good conduct and victory." Nor should it be omitted to record that among the "revolutionary patriots" who that day risked their lives for their country were more than seven hundred black Americans.

The next year we find General Wayne in command of the Light Infantry Corps, which was famous for its discipline and illustrious for its valiant deeds, notably its assault on Stony Point. It was composed of the choicest Pennsylvania troops under Colonel Richard Butler, two Connecticut regiments under Colonels Putnam and Meigs, and a Virginia regiment under Colonel Febiger. Serving under them were some of the bravest officers of the Revolution, while the soldiers came from widely separated States.

The fort at Stony Point commanded a strategical point on the Hudson, built upon a high promontory, surrounded on three sides by water and on the fourth by a swamp which was not passable at high tide, and strongly garrisoned, it was considered almost impregnable.

General Washington planned the assault, which was carried out in the dead of night with such bravery and success that it has always been considered one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. General Wayne was wounded but as soon as he recovered consciousness he raised himself on one knee and shouted, "Forward, my brave fellows, forward," and then begged his aides-de-camp to carry him to the interior of the fort, where he wished to die should his wounds prove mortal. The success of this most hazardous enterprise of the war made a great sensation throughout the whole country, for "the glory of the English bayonet was again eclipsed."

Wayne was flooded with congratulations from all sides. Congress adopted resolutions of thanks for his "brave, prudent and soldierly conduct," including all of his force, and mentioning by name several of the officers, and commended "the coolness, discipline and intrepidity exhibited by the troops on the occasion."

For once the voice of the people and the opinion of the highest military authority coincided; "no adverse criticism was ever made in the army on the conduct of General Wayne in the storming of Stony Point."

The next year Wayne was in command of the First brigade of the Pennsylvania Line, stationed near Haverstraw, and it is gratifying to our State pride to know that after Arnold's treason, which had struck such a terrible blow at the confidence felt in all the leaders, Wayne and his subordinate officers, all Pennsylvanians, were so implicitly trusted that they were ordered by General Washington to guard the defile and to reinforce the garrison at West Point if necessary.

During the winter of 1781, Wayne was ordered with a detachment of the Pennsylvania Line to reinforce General Green in South Carolina. He established his headquarters at York, but it was several months before he was able to reorganize the men and procure the necessary supplies for the expedition.

At length on the 20th of May he marched southward from York, but on account of the position of Lord Cornwallis he was ordered to reinforce Lafayette, who commanded in Virginia, before proceeding to South Carolina.

The main object of this combined army was to check the raids of the English into the interior of the country, and also to prevent the retreat of Cornwallis into North Carolina; this involved much tedious marching and countermarching, but had the desired effect of confining the operations of the enemy within a small territory.

At length on the 6th of July, at Green Spring, about eight miles from Jamestown, Wayne had an opportunity to perform one of his brilliant feats so characteristic of his military genius, for having gone with a small force across a swamp, passable only by a narrow causeway in order to carry off a field piece of the enemy, he was suddenly confronted by a force five times his own, and only his complete presence of mind and desperate charge saved him from being surrounded and captured.

After the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Wayne was sent by General Green into Georgia to reestablish the authority of the United States in that State.

The people were so entirely demoralized that no taxes could be collected, so that the Legislature passed a law authorizing the Governor to seize the first ten negroes he could find, sell them and appropriate the proceeds to pay his salary.

Wayne began his campaign by persuading the Governor to offer pardon to all Tories who had been aiding the British, if they would submit by a certain date, and thus the power of the enemy was weakened. He succeeded in preventing a junction between the Creek Indians and the English in garrison at Savannah, and induced a great many Indians to become neutral.

But the vigilance necessary for all this was such that he writes: "For more than five weeks not an officer or soldier has undressed for the purpose of changing his linen." He declared that the duty in Georgia was more difficult than that imposed upon the Children of Israel. "They had to make bricks without straw, but we have to procure forage and provisions without money, to build boats and bridges without materials except that taken from the stumps, and more difficult than all to make Whigs out of Tories."

His battles with the combined English and Indians were very fierce, and they decided the fate of Georgia. "Savannah was evacuated on the 11th of July, and Charleston in December of that year, and Wayne was at the head of the forces which took possession of both places."

This campaign in Georgia which Wayne directed entirely alone was regarded as most brilliant in its results, and as showing great generalship and military skill. Georgia looked upon him as her deliverer, and showed practical gratitude by raising money to purchase as a present for him the confiscated rice plantation of Sir James Wright, the last royal governor of the colony; he was also elected president of the Georgia State Society of the Cincinnati, July 5th, 1790.

In the month of July, 1783, General Wayne embarked at Charleston for Philadelphia and returned to his native State enfeebled by the low fever from which he suffered.

But the soldier was again to take up arms, for in April, 1792, General Wayne was appointed by President Washington commander-in-chief of the army of the United States at a time when the greatest military and diplomatic skill was required by the commander. Upon his conduct would depend whether the United States was to be in perpetual war with the Indians of the Northwest as well as with the English, who still refused to comply with the treaty of 1783, especially that part relating to the evacuation of the forts northwest of the Ohio.

The atrocities committed by the Indians on the inoffensive settlers had become unbearable; it was evident that it was the fixed determination of the Indians that the whites should never occupy the country west of the Ohio.

Treaties had been made with them only to be broken and one armed force after another had been sent against them; some of the bravest officers of the Revolution lost their lives in vainly attempting to conquer the wily foe.

The skill with which General Wayne managed this most difficult campaign cannot be too highly extolled, but want of time forbids entering into the interesting particulars of the way in which he conquered the difficulties under which his predecessors had sunk, until the 28th of August, 1794, he so signally defeated the Indians at the Falls of Miami that henceforth the great West was opened up by the sword of General Wayne to the peaceful occupation of settlers.

After the adoption of Jay's treaty, which closed another critical juncture in the history of the West, the English posts on our northern frontier were ordered to be surrendered to the Americans, but an agent who understood the policy of our Government, and who knew the English on the border and their allies, the Indians, was needed for this work.

General Wayne was appointed by the Government as being the person best qualified for the position; he was ordered to visit the posts and

take possession of them in behalf of the United States.

He performed his mission with great tact, was received by the English officers who commanded the posts with great courtesy, and even the Indians, his former foes, whom he met in great numbers at Detroit, paid him the tribute they never withhold from a brave man, even though he be their conqueror.

One fort after another was transferred to him as the representative of the American Government, and on the 17th of November he sailed from Detroit for Presque Isle, the site of the present city of Erie, which was the last post he was ordered to visit.

But before he reached it, he was in a dying condition from an attack of gout. He was removed to the quarters of the commander of the fort, and everything was done to relieve his sufferings, but after several weeks of intense agony on the 15th of December, 1793, he breathed his last in the arms of Dr. Balfour, the surgeon of the post.

He was buried according to his wish, at the foot of the flagstaff on a high hill called "Garrison Hill."

In 1809 his son removed his remains to Radnor, where they were reinterred with very impressive ceremonies in the family burial ground attached to St. David's Church at Radnor.

The summing up of the character of this great man can best be done by quoting verbatim the opinion of

Charles J. Stille, president of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, whose life of General Wayne has formed the basis of this sketch.

"Thus died in the full maturity of his powers, and with undiminished capacity for further usefulness, Anthony Wayne, true type and exemplar of that lofty virtue, of that unflinching constancy, of that perfect disinterestedness of purpose, and of that knightly valor with which we love to invest the memory of our Revolutionary heroes. His whole active life was given ungrudgingly to the services of his country. From the snowy battlefields of Canada to the burning sands of Florida, there is no region which is not full of his labors in his country's cause. Amidst all the trials and sufferings and dangers of the Revolution he never faltered.

"He began his work when the colonies were feebly struggling against ministerial oppression, and he did not finish it until twenty years later, he had laid the solid foundation of an empire. As he lay a dying, and looked back over his checkered career, full of difficulties and dangers through which he had been safely led until that hour, he may well have thought, as he knew his work was done, that the history of his country must ever be resplendent with the glory of his achievements, and that the hour of his death was the hour of his complete and assured triumph."

CAROLINE PEARSON.

September 13, 1895.

LAFAYETTE.

In writing a personal sketch of the graceful and attractive young Frenchman, who was one of the most remarkable and picturesque figures of the American Revolution, and in considering the sources from which was formed and developed a character so admirable, it seems to me it will be interesting to consider not only the social, domestic and educational influences which surrounded his in-

fancy and early manhood, but also to trace through the shining deeds of his illustrious ancestors, his goodly inheritance of noble qualities and virtues.

The family of Lafayette came from one of the most ancient houses in France. They took their name and title from a male fief in Auvergne, where their landed possessions lay; it was mentioned in an old document

of the eleventh century as *Vicca Faya*.

At that remote period, the ancestors of Lafayette had established their local importance in the Province of Auvergne, and had begun to form the alliances which, through succeeding centuries, were to connect them with the most powerful families in the kingdom.

They were a military race. From the time of the crusaders on numerous battlefields, representatives of the family proved their courage and their loyalty to France.

The family name was originally *Motier*. In the middle of the thirteenth century the head of the house was *Pons Motier*, *Lignews de la Fayette*. The elder branch becoming extinct, the name became the now familiar *de Lafayette*.

Extraordinary precautions were taken for centuries to keep intact the family and title. Frequently the inheritance fell to younger brothers, or was continued in a collateral line. This was necessary in a family in which every man was a soldier, and which was often threatened by the ravages of war with extinction. It came to be traditional for a Lafayette to die young, and in battle.

In 1717 a cousin dying, without issue, the father of our Marquis, *Michel-Louis-Roch-Christophe-Gilbert Motier de la Fayette*, became the head of the house; uniting the titles of *Baron de Yusac* and *Marquis de la Fayette*.

From the family records it is easy to glean the fact that from early times they were distinguished in war. Their name appears at the siege of *Acre* in 1250, one fell in battle at *Poitiers*, in 1356. *Gilbert de la Motier*, a Marshal of France in the Wars of Charles seventh, is still remembered in the annals of his country as one of the celebrated leaders of the century.

Succeeding generations heaped honors upon them. Governors of provinces and cities, generals in battles and sieges, formed a long and glorious record, which was continued through the brilliant career of the grandfather of our general.

The father and uncle encountered

the destiny of their race. Both were killed in battle, the latter at the age of 23, the father in his 25th year.

Among so many brave and distinguished men were many women, full of virtues and attractions. Two, especially, by charm and beauty, grace of manners and brilliancy of intellect, added luster to the name. *Louise Motier de la Fayette*, a famous beauty in the court of Louis thirteenth, and *Marie Madeline*, Countess de la Fayette, the celebrated author, in the days when women authors were rare, of *Zaide*, and the Countess de Cleoes, an account of whom, by a French writer, has made an attractive addition to the literature of the day.

The father of Lafayette, like his forefathers, further increased his wealth and influence by his marriage with the daughter of the Count de la Rivere, at the age of 22. On this occasion he was presented with the cross of St. Louis and was made a colonel of the Grenadiers of France.

His short married life was spent in the old castle of *Chavaniae*, which stands in one of the loveliest valleys in Auvergne. Its quaint and curious architecture, its crenelated terraces, arrest the eye of the traveler. From its windows one discovers a beautiful country, and higher above, on the hills, the old ruined castles of *Vissac* and *Romaine*, once the feudal residences of the two branches of the family. "The fresh green of the valley, set like a gem, and the mountain ranges, whose barren crests arise in outline, one after the other, along the sky, combines with the severity of mountain scenery, and the color and softness of the distant background, to make a very attractive picture."

"To-day the surroundings are little changed. The railroads have penetrated its solitudes, but the old house stands there yet; somewhat, perhaps grizzled by time, still looking out over the Auvergne Mountains, undisturbed by the lapse of a century or more, since the days when it cradled a boy, whose career was destined to win the gratitude of a nation, and to make its ancient walls the object of affectionate interest across the seas in the new world."

In it was born on the 6th of September, 1757, the Marquis de la Fayette of the American Revolution.

His baptism on the following day, in the old church of Charaniac, gave to this atom of humanity the ponderous name of Marie-Joseph-Ives-Gilbert Motier de Lafayette.

The father died nearly two years afterwards falling at the head of his Grenadiers at the battle of Minden, not having yet completed his 25th year.

Thus, the young Marquis, left alone under the protection of his mother became not only the head of the house, but the last male representative of the long line of ancestors from which he sprang.

His early years were spent at the old castle of Chavanac, where his grandmother still lived, a woman of strong character and excellent principles, a descendant of one of the sturdy mountain races of Auvergne. She, with his mother and two aunts, guarded his early years with the fondest solicitude.

They trained him to manual exercise, so as to develop a vigorous constitution. While accepting it as inevitable, they dreaded the approach of the day when he, also, should become a soldier, for it seemed to them the only way in which a Lafayette could work out his destiny, and fulfill the duties and obligations of his station.

Here they lived quietly and with great frugality, for persons of their rank. Though holding immense estates, their income was small. The large revenues hitherto drawn by the heads of the house for military or court services had ceased with death. This gave Lafayette the advantage of a simple and natural life, which, with plenty of exercise and pure mountain air, laid the foundation of a strong constitution, which enabled him later to endure fatigues and hardships with the utmost cheerfulness and ease.

From infancy his heart thrilled with the romantic story of his father's death, and the glorious deeds of his ancestors filled him with enthusiastic pride.

His mind, naturally active and re-

ceptive, was early trained to think and to form opinions of his own. A deep and lasting impression was made upon him by reading Voltaire's little book of "Letters on England," in which was attractively set forth the advantages which Englishmen had achieved and were then enjoying. He described their freedom of thought and speech, the liberty of the press, the Exchange at London, where men of all denominations met and transacted business together. All this was strange and captivating to a boy who lived in a country so despotically governed as was France at this time. "This," said Lafayette, in later years, "was my first idea of a free people, and I became a republican at nine."

When at school and in college his boyish dreams followed him, and no studies charmed him like tales of republics. When 11 years of age he began his education in Paris at the popular school of the day, under the Abbe Fayon. At the same time his name was placed by his uncle, the Count de Reviere, on the army lists, and he was enrolled in the *Mosque-taires*, an occasional holiday being granted him to see a review.

In the meantime, his mother, anxious to secure for him all the advantages to which his connections entitled him, had been presented at the court. So that in the next few years the young Marquis, who had grown to be a large-framed and somewhat ungainly and diffident boy, acquired through contact with the polished society of the court, the graceful address and cultivated manners, which distinguished him through life. When about 13 his uncle and his mother died, leaving him with but one relative in the world, his old grandmother, who still lived in Auvergne.

He was, however, no longer poor, his uncle's death having left him heir to a very large estate. Richly endowed with all a young man could possess, both as regarded himself, his fortune and position, he became at once an object of interest to the society of Paris, as a possible future husband. The prospective was, however, soon merged into the actual, as he was married on the 11th of April,

1774, to Marie Adrienne de Noailles, the daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, afterwards the Count de Noailles, one of the most distinguished men of his day.

Thus again good fortune attended Lafayette, not only as regarded his increased power and influence, but in the lovely character of the woman of his choice, between whom and himself affection and respect soon ripened into a deep, passionate and lasting attachment.

Madame de Lafayette, writing of her lover's proposal, says, speaking of herself and her sister Louise: "We were scarcely 14 when the Marquis de Lafayette was proposed as a husband for one of us, he himself being at that time just 15."

Strange to say, the proposed alliance caused a violent quarrel between the parents, which lasted for nearly three months. The Duke favored Lafayette, but the mother, looking only to the happiness of her daughter, feared that so young a man in absolute control of an immense estate, with no one to guide or direct him, might not prove a desirable husband. On his promising to defer the marriage two years and to spend the first year of marriage in his father-in-law's house, the affair was at last satisfactorily arranged.

Madame de Lafayette says: "From the time of our betrothal my mother accepted him as a dearly loved son, whose sterling values she learned and justly appreciated from the first moment she knew him. Her joy in this event cannot be expressed in words, and the memory of that day, September 21st, 1772, will never be effaced from my heart and mind."

She remained through life a fond and devoted wife, adorning with youthful grace the triumphs of his early success, and passing with him through the storm of the French Revolution. Later in his days of grief, disappointment and captivity, her tenderness and sympathy were his strongest supports.

In the family mansion of the Duke d'Ayen, which was on the Rue Honore, near the Tuilleries, Lafayette lived during the first years of his married life like one of the children of the

household; like them pursuing his studies, having exchanged the instructions of the good old Abbe for that of a military school. There he received the practical training of a veteran officer, and had his mind prepared for the active career of a soldier.

"Nothing could exceed the beauty and gentleness of the character of the Duchess d'Ayen, who now became the mother of Lafayette, nor the charm of the domestic life which she created for her husband and daughter." Her social and court duties were fulfilled with scrupulous care, yet she found time to direct and influence the education of her children by her beautiful example, leading them all to become high-souled and excellent women.

She was, indeed, a shining example of virtue and high principle, amid the surroundings of the dissolute court of Louis XVI. Her influence on the mind of Lafayette was very great. Her wise counsel, her tenderness and just appreciation were of infinite benefit to him.

So, also, was the atmosphere which surrounded him in their ideal home. It developed the best and noblest traits of his character as well as those lighter and social graces which made him ever a welcome guest and a charming companion, winning him universal affection and esteem. Bitterly he mourned her loss, when, during the reign of terror in France, she was led an innocent victim to the guillotine.

The first years of his married life passed merrily in the society of the young people who frequented the salons of Marie Antoinette. He and his wife were admitted freely to this gay and exclusive circle, where balls, theaters, and dinners made one round of pleasure.

For all this, Lafayette seemed to care but little, being naturally diffident, and inclined more to be serious than to be lively. He speaks, at this time, of his shyness of manners, which did not properly adjust themselves to the graces of the court.

He seems to have found more amusement among the young men of his acquaintance, who met at a cafe

called the *Epee de Bois*, where they entertained themselves by burlesquing some of the older members of the court, inventing and introducing exaggerated styles of costume which illly suited elderly gentlemen on public occasions.

They went even further than this mild form of ridicule, by actually acting a travesty of the Parliament, then sitting after a long interval. Lafayette took a prominent part in this escapade, which gave grave offense, and came near making serious trouble for the whole party, who, however, escaped with no worse punishment than being sent back to their respective regiments.

This incident shows the disrespectful and independent attitude of the young men of the period, and the longing they felt for freedom from the arbitrary rules and restrictions of the old regime—a state which foreshadowed the dark events of the future. Of this time it has been said, "freedom seemed to be in the air."

Lafayette scorned the intrigues of the court, and declined to assume the duties and daily life of a courtier. When his uncle wished to attach him to the suite of one of the princes afterward Louis XVIII he preferred to offend that prince, who never forgave him, rather than be a candidate for an office so distasteful to his high and independent spirit.

While his mind was in this slightly rebellious frame an incident occurred which changed the whole course of his life. In the month of August, 1776, he was stationed with his regiment at Metz. Here as governor was his father's old friend and commanding officer, the Count de Broglie to whom Lafayette was warmly attached. His profound grief at the loss of the father had found some solace in the care and tenderness which he had bestowed upon the son, and in winning his boyish love and confidence.

So, almost as a son of the house, Lafayette came with some of his brother officers to a dinner, given at the home, by the Count, to the Duke of Gloucester, then travelling in France.

We are inclined to think of English people, in connection with our struggle for independence, as being bodily arrayed against us, in thought and feeling, whereas, the fact is, that the strongest possible sympathy for us there prevailed. It extended even to the brother of King George the Third, from whose lips at this dinner Lafayette first heard of the uprising of the colonists in America. News travelled slowly in those days, and it is supposed that up to that time, he had heard nothing of the American cause, and their struggle with the mother country.

The Duke had received news at Dover of the retreat of the British from Concord, and the surprise and capture of Ticonderoga. With his interest and sympathy freshly aroused he told the thrilling tale of the uprising of the yeoman soldiery of New England, and the whole wonderful story.

Lafayette listened with breathless interest. His enthusiasm was at once aroused. He asked eager questions, to which the Duke freely responded.

At once, the men of Concord and Lexington had gained a volunteer in Lafayette, for, before he left the table, he had determined to go to America to offer his services.

The quickness with which he embraced this idea shows how spontaneous was his interest in us, and how unselfish were the motives which led him to act in our behalf.

"The realities of life had now brought before him something more wonderful than the brightest of his visions." His highest conception of "heroism" was reached by the spectacle of a youthful nation, insurgent against oppression, and fighting for their rights.

Years afterward, in speaking of the American cause, he says: "Never had so noble a purpose offered itself to the judgment of men. This was the last struggle for liberty. Its defeat then would have left it without refuge and without hope."

From that time, he could think of nothing else. He at once obtained leave to go to Paris, where he en-

countered grave and unexpected difficulties. The news of his intentions met with disapproval at Court, and aroused a storm of opposition in his family, who, he says, were all violently angry with him.

His young wife, alone, sympathized with him and approved his scheme. With the spirit of a typical French woman she seems to have entered heartily into the very difficult business of getting her husband across the seas, to win glory for both of them.

It was easier to control and evade the opposition of his family than that of the ministry. They were decidedly in sympathy with America, even to the point of rendering them secret service, but outwardly they preserved with care, an appearance of neutrality. It did not suit this attitude to have so prominent a person as Lafayette pose before the world as a champion of the rights of England's rebel colonists. In fact it would have seriously compromised the French nation, and possibly have precipitated a war for which they were unprepared.

Lafayette saw this, but it did not deter him from his purpose, although it made him move with more secrecy and caution. To his most intimate friends, Count Lequr, and the Marquis de Noabless, he first confided his wishes, at once arousing their enthusiastic ardor, and eager desire to serve our cause.

But the Count de Broglie, when he was approached, used all his powers of persuasion and argument to deter him from his purpose. He said: "I have seen your uncle die in the wars in Italy. I witnessed your father's death at Minden and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family."

His young friend, Count Lequr, says of him at this time, "his exterior, apparently so cold to one who merely saw him, concealed, in reality the most active mind, the most determined character, the most enthusiastic spirit."

In the fall of 1776 the wildest enthusiasm prevailed in France in consequence of the news of the Declaration of Independence. The danger

of an outbreak in Paris was so great that the discussion of the war was prohibited in the cafes and other public places.

This state of affairs made it necessary for Lafayette to act with the greatest secrecy in his attempt to hold communication with the American Commissioner, Mr. Silas Deane, for the British Ambassador had eyes on every side. He finally eluded their vigilant watch, and was introduced to Mr. Deane, whose keen mind quickly saw how valuable an adherent was offered to our cause, and at once entered into an agreement with him. "In presenting my nineteen-year-old face to Mr. Deane, I spoke more of my zeal than of my experience, and I tried to make all I could out of the small excitement my going away would cause."

After this conference Lafayette was more than ever determined to have his way, undeterred by the trifling obstacle of its being forbidden by the King. Instead of going back to his regiment, as was earnestly desired, he placed before himself as a spur to his own strength of purpose, the example of his long ancestral line in which no Lafayette had ever been known to turn back. He selected for the device of the arms he wore that of the old Marshal of his name in the sixteenth century, "cur non." "Why not?" choosing the words because they would serve equally well as an encouragement to himself, and a reply to others.

The Count de Broglie, finding that he could not stop him, now entered into all his plans with parental kindness, and finally introduced him to Baron de Kalb, who was in Paris seeking an opportunity to go to America. He was familiar with our country and language, and under the protection of the French Government had already made an attempt to carry arms there secretly.

When ready to sail for Havre his departure was forbidden on account of the news of reverses to the American arms.

Lafayette now desired to equip a ship and take with him a number of French officers, de Kalb among them.

The prohibition of the King, who, while complimenting the young men on their laudable zeal, told them that they must not go to America, was a blow to the two aspiring friends of Lafayette, who, for want of independent means, such as he possessed, were forced to relinquish an enterprise which to their youthful and ambitious minds looked so glorious.

Having determined to face this prohibition alone, Lafayette and de Kalb made a visit to Count de Broglie, where it was decided that the journey should be made at all hazards; that Lafayette should buy and equip a ship, taking with him twelve officers, including, of course, de Kalb. He even disregarded the fact that, after the reverses in America, which preceded the disastrous retreat through New Jersey, the American Commissioner sent him word that "in view of the uncertainty of the issue, he had better defer his undertaking."

His noble reply was "heretofore I have only been able to show you my willingness to aid in your struggle. The time has now come when that willingness may be put to effective use; for I am going to buy a ship and take your officers out in it. Let us not give up our hope yet, it is precisely in times of danger that I want to share whatever fortune may have in store for you."

The arrival of Franklin at Nantes in December, of which a secretary writes, "the good news fills the whole world here," increased the difficulties of the task Lafayette had set himself by exciting renewed vigilance on the part of the British Ambassador.

His agents jealously guarded every port, and Lafayette did not dare to gain the personal interview with Franklin which he so much desired. Through a secretary, he was obliged to gain his consent to proceed with his enterprise.

So Bordeaux, being more remote, and consequently less carefully watched, they now turned for the ship they wanted. Fortune had favored them by finding in Paris the very man they needed for an agent, Francois Dubois Martin, a young French officer on leave. His interest

in America had induced him to enroll himself as a major in de Kalb's unsuccessful expedition.

Having lately purchased at Bordeaux large quantities of uniforms and equipments for his own regiment, then stationed at Port-au-Prince, he was peculiarly fitted by his familiarity with the merchants and various business avenues to carry out his present delicate commission.

Le Petit Martin, as he was called, proceeded at once to Bordeaux, and in a short time made all the necessary arrangements. The vessel was called "La Victoire," and including cargo, cost a hundred and twelve thousand francs. One quarter was to be paid in cash, the rest in fifteen months from date.

While the preparations were being made Lafayette paid a long-promised visit to his uncle, the Count de Noailles, who was then Ambassador at the Court of St. James. Of this visit he says: "I could not decline it without exposing my secret; by accepting it I was able to divert attention from the preparations I was then making."

Here he enjoyed with boyish pleasure the attention which he received from English society, and being presented to the King against whose policy he was so soon to give an active protest.

"He danced at the house of the Minister who had the affairs of the colonies in charge; he visited Lord Rawdon, afterwards distinguished in the Revolutionary struggle; he saw at the opera Sir Henry Clinton, whom he next saw at Monmouth; he breakfasted with Lord Shelburne, a friend of the colonies."

"While I concealed my intentions," he says, "I openly avowed my sentiments. I often defended the Americans. I rejoiced at their success at Trenton. It was my spirit of opposition that secured me an invitation to breakfast with Lord Shelburne."

The knowledge of his great secret must have made all this delightfully exciting, yet he never forgot what he owed to himself as a man of honor, refusing to visit any of the seaports where preparations were being made for a war, especially Portsmouth,

where an armament against America was being fitted out.

After his visit of three weeks, Lafayette returned almost secretly to Paris for a few days in which to make his final preparations. To his disappointment, Franklin, though much interested in him and his expedition, thought that Mr. Deane had exceeded his authority in promising commissions to de Kalb and himself, and was not willing to sign the contracts. This did not, however, seriously disturb Lafayette, or delay his plans, since he had the support and comfort of knowing that he carried with him the best wishes of the great American, whom he much admired.

In the contract, signed the day Franklin landed at Nantes, December 7th, Mr. Deane says: "I thought I could not better serve my country than by granting him, in the name of the very honorable Congress the rank of Major General, which I beg the United States to confirm him. His high birth, his alliances, his considerable estates in this realm, his personal merit, his reputation, his disinterestedness, and above all, his zeal for the liberty of our Province, are such as have only been able to engage me to promise him the rank of Major General in the name of the United States. In witness thereof, I have this present, this 7th day of December, 1776.

(Signed) SILAS DEANE,
Agent for the United States
of America."

Lafayette's contract reads: "On the conditions here explained, I offer myself and promise to depart when and how Mr. Deane shall think proper, to serve in the United States, with all possible zeal, without any pension or particular allowance; reserving to myself the liberty of returning to France when my family and King shall call me. Done at Paris, this 7th day of December, 1776. (Signed) The Marquis de Lafayette."

At Bordeaux Lafayette was joined by a young brother officer, also under commission from Mr. Deane. Here an order reached him summoning him to Paris. De Kalb and Le Petit Martin were in despair, for Lafayette

decided, at once, to return and try and have the order revoked. Finally, after seeing the Governor at Versailles, that it would be impossible, and no further word coming in answer to his request, he decided that it would suit his plans to consider that their silence gave consent.

Writing the Government to that effect, they departed ostensibly for Paris. After going a short distance they changed their course and their clothes, Lafayette as post-boy, riding ahead of the coach in which his friend was seated. At an inn by the way they narrowly escaped discovery, the bright eye of the inn keeper recognizing in the post-boy the gallant young nobleman who had recently passed that way. A sign from Lafayette, quickly understood and heeded, saved them from detention, and the journey was successfully made to Bordeaux, reaching it just in time to escape an order for their arrest sent after them by the Government with rather suspicious tardiness.

Having triumphed over all obstacles at last Lafayette with his heart beating high with hope and courage set sail on the 20th of April, 1777. The journey was long and tedious, but not without excitement, as they were in constant danger from two English sloops of war by whom they were pursued. No lights were allowed on board at night for fear of attracting the enemy.

During these long weeks Lafayette's heart and thoughts turned with love and longing to his beloved France. He spent much of his time writing long, beautiful letters to his wife, which fully demonstrate his passionate attachment for her and their child, the charming little Henriette, who died in her mother's arms before her father reached America.

Landing near Charleston, South Carolina, about the middle of June, he and his party at once proceeded to Philadelphia, where Congress was in session.

Appearing before that body he surprised them by the earnestness of his convictions and his zeal in the cause of freedom; quickly winning their hearts by demanding the right in

view of the sacrifice he had already made to serve the country as a volunteer, without command and without pay. His early recognition by the country followed, and in a few months he had taken such a hold on the American people as no foreigner has ever achieved.

The scope of this paper will not allow me to follow Lafayette through his adventures in this land of his hopes and affections, to dwell upon his devotion to the cause, nor upon his love for Washington, to whom he became, at once, in spite of his youth, friend, companion and confidant.

In a word, though we may truly say that from the day when he first drew his sword at Brandywine, to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, on every field on which he was engaged he was ever a gallant and conspicuous figure, winning all hearts and displaying talents, energies and aspirations wonderful in a mind so young.

To all the military fire of youth was added an uncommon maturity of judgment. He fully deserved the praise of Congress, when it pronounced him "wise in council, gallant in field, patient under the hardships of war."

Lafayette presents, in the services which he rendered to the United

States, an almost unequalled example of disinterested devotion to principle. Its being voluntary adds to his claims to our profound gratitude.

For the sake of our happiness and freedom, alone, he left his home of elegance and ease to suffer with cheerfulness the hardships and privations of our patriot camp. He strove in every way to deserve our approbation. He said: "I am cautious even in speech, hoping not to disappoint the confidence placed in me."

His rank and high fortunes invested him then, as they do now, with a romantic interest, but to the warm-hearted young Frenchman, himself not to the nobleman, was given the heart of Gen. Washington and the American people.

His character, his deeds, illumined by the light of more than a century, stand out in the background of time a brilliant picture, which appeals strongly to the imagination, but that it touches the heart as well gives assurance that the sons and daughters of our patriot fathers will ever love and honor the memory of "the noblest son of France," the Marquis de Lafayette.

MRS. LEVI B. ALRICKS.

PAXTON CHURCH.

In a little grove of forest trees about one and one-half miles east of our city limits stands old Paxton Church and no place in Dauphin county has so much of historic interest for the Harrisburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution; for there, in God's acre, close by the old meeting house, sleep some of the heroes of the Revolution and the ancestors of some of our members. In this old church, during perilous times, they gathered, often at the risk of their lives to worship God, and it is fitting that their last earth-

ly resting places should be in this hallowed spot. Owing to the loss of of the minutes of the Presbyteries of Philadelphia and New Castle, previous to the constituting of the Presbytery of Donegal, the exact date of the organization of Paxton Church is unknown. In 1724 a small log house of worship stood near the spot where the present church now stands, and nearby were the graves of the early settlers, many with no mark but the green mound. One grave, marked by a rough limestone, bearing the date of 1716, stood as late as

1830, but has long since disappeared. We naturally reason that if there was a burying ground there at that early date, the log church may have been there also. Previous to 1732 a new Presbytery was constituted from part of the Presbytery of New Castle, and Rev. James Anderson and others preached as supplies. On the 11th of October, 1732, a new Presbytery was constituted from part of the Presbytery of New Castle and was called the Presbytery of Donegal.

The congregations of Paxton and Derry had united in a call to Rev. Mr. Bertram and the first matter of business presented to the new Presbytery of Donegal was in relation to this call. The call was accepted and Mr. Bertram installed at Derry Church November 15th, 1732. The union between the two churches does not seem to be a very happy one just at this period. There were disputes and various troubles about money matters and the church session seems to have been unable to regulate matters, as we find Mr. Bertram and one of his elders asking Presbytery, which met at Nottingham October 9th, 1735, "to appoint a committee to reason with the people and inquire into their ability to separate and each support a minister." A committee was appointed and reported to Presbytery November 20th, 1735, bringing with them a supplication from the session for a separation. Presbytery postponed the subject of separation between the two churches until September 2d, 1736, when it was agreed to. Both congregations wished to retain Mr. Bertram, but after some consideration he decided to stay with Derry. So from September, 1736, to December 22d, 1738, the congregation of Paxton was supplied by Revs. Sank-ey, Alexander, Craven and Elder. Rev. John Elder, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, was ordained and installed pastor of Paxton Church December 22d, 1738. The text of his ordination sermon was Psalms cxix, verse 165, "Great peace have they which love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them." The manuscript is still in existence. In

1740 the congregation commenced the erection of the present stone building, and as they wished to avoid going into debt the building progressed slowly and tradition says it was used as a place of worship for some time without either floor or pews. Seats made of logs hewn on one side were used by all but the pastor's family, who had the honor of occupying a settee. One remarkable thing about the building is the irregular size and shape of the stone used. There are numbers of quarries of beautiful building stone within sight of the church, but the stone used in the wall looks at though it might have been gathered from the surrounding fields. But these slow-going people builded well, for to-day the wall stands firm and strong as it did more than a century and a half ago. The work of the new building had scarcely commenced before dissensions arose in the Presbyterian Church and two distinct parties were formed. "Those who were more zealous for orthodoxy and adhering to Presbyterial rule and for a thoroughly educated ministry" were called the "Old Side" and those who approved of some departures from the old paths were called the "New Side." The spirit of the times invaded the churches of Paxton and Derry and each belief had its followers, but it was not until 1754 that the congregations agreed to separate. A large majority of Paxton with their pastor held to the "Old Side," while a majority of Derry with their pastor, Rev. Roan, who had succeeded Mr. Bertram, went over to the "New Side." September 26th, 1754, we find one hundred and twenty eight communing members of the Paxton and Derry of the "Old Side" faith presenting a call to Rev. John Elder to take charge of them. The "New Side" part of Paxton erected a church about two miles east of Paxton Church, and there and at Derry the Rev. Roan officiated until his death in 1775. For ten or fifteen years after the erection of Paxton Church the building was filled with worshipers, but emigration South and West thinned the numbers. During the French and Indian wars was

a trying time for the people of Paxton. They carried their rifles with them to work and to worship and the Rev. John Elder, with his rifle beside him, expounded to his hearers the Word of God. Once in 1736, while he was preaching, the church was surrounded by Indians, but they were evidently frightened by the number of rifles and left without making an attack. Again they attempted an attack, but arrived on Monday instead of on the Sabbath. Finding they were discovered they retreated, but not without murdering several persons on the Swatara and taking several prisoners. For some time the inhabitants of Paxton and the surrounding country were kept in continual terror by the depredations of hostile Indians, though they claimed the protection of the Government. The Government of the State of Pennsylvania was then under the control of the Quakers, who seem to have had more love for and sympathy with the red man than with their pale faced brothers. After the Indians had set fire to houses, barns, crops and everything they could burn and murdered the back settlers so that Paxton became the frontier, the Rev. John Elder was authorized by Government to organize the Paxton Rangers, which was done in 1763. The members of this company were mostly from his own congregation, Derry and that of Hanover, and their duty was to guard their otherwise defenseless settlers. During the harvests of that year the reapers of Paxton, Derry and Hanover carried their rifles to the fields to protect themselves from sudden attacks, and on the Sabbath in the various churches they worshiped and watched with rifles at hand. The action of the Paxton Rangers in exterminating the Indians at Conestoga and Lancaster made a stir and they were greatly censured by the Quaker element; but whether they did right or wrong, their object was to defend their homes and after the destruction of these treacherous foes the settlers had peace. June 22d, 1764, at a meeting of Presbytery held at Derry, Rev. John Elder and four other ministers declared their

intention "to cease from active membership in the judicatory." This was on account of some party feeling of the Old and New Sides. Not until May 19th, 1768, did Synod act upon this decision and join them to the Presbytery of Philadelphia, so that for about four years Paxton was not represented in any church court. What a strong man the Rev. John Elder must have been to have led his people through these troublous times! Trouble with ecclesiastical matters, trouble with the Indians, and now comes the Revolution, and Paxton and their pastor step to the front. Within two days after the news of the battle of Lexington had been received, all the able-bodied men in the neighborhood were organized for defense. One of the first companies raised in the colonies was that of Captain Matthew Smith, of Paxton. This company was armed and equipped ready for service ten days after the receipt of the news of the battle of Lexington. Looking over the old records we find so many names from Paxton that we wonder if there were any able-bodied men left in the neighborhood; and as we pass through the old burying ground at the present time we find on these old, worn stones the names of many who offered their lives to secure the liberty and independence we now enjoy. Paxton was joined to Carlisle Presbytery in 1786, and has remained in it ever since. Mr. Roan, pastor of Derry, died in 1775, and October 2d of that year Paxton and Derry were again united. April 12th, 1787, a petition was presented to Carlisle Presbytery, stating the desire of a number of persons of Harrisburg and the vicinity to be considered a Presbyterian congregation. The request was granted and the congregation added to the Rev. Elder's charge, as was also the "New Side" of Paxton. July 17th, 1792, Rev. John Elder was called from the Church militant to his heavenly inheritance. A large sandstone slab in the northwest corner of the Paxton burying ground marks his resting place. The slab bears this epitaph: "The practice of piety seconded the precepts which he taught and a most exemplary life

was the best comment on the Christian religion." Paxton and Derry and Harrisburg united in a call to Rev. Nathaniel Snowden, of Philadelphia. He was installed October 2d, 1793, but soon finding himself unequal to the physical strain asked to be released from Derry. The following letter sent to Presbytery, 1793, will explain the situation:

To the Revd. Presbytery of Carlisle, about to convene at Marsh Creek, in the county of York:

"Whereas, Mr. Snowden has signified to his congregation in Derry township that he is no longer able to officiate in his ministerial capacity to them on acct. of inability of body, and that he purposes to apply to Presbytery for a discharge from said congregation, which, we conceive, if he indulged in his request, would leave the congregation of Paxton in a very distressing and perilous situation; that the two congregations have lived for many years past in perfect peace, friendship and unanimity, and that we do not wish for a schism between us now; that if the union is once broken there will be no probability of us being united again; that if Mr. Snowden is rendered incapable of undergoing the fatigue of the three congregations in less than three years in the prime of life, by all probability he will not be able in a short time to attend to two congregations, and of a consequence we shall be left without a pastor and the means of giving a call to another. We, therefore, pray to be united with Derry, and that if Mr. Snowden should insist on being disunited from them, that Presbytery will appoint a committee of their body to inquire into the matter before anything decisive may take place; and that the majority of this congregation, how much soever they may be attached to Mr. Snowden, would rather he should leave us as he found us, than submit to a dissolution of the union subsisting between us.

"By order of a meeting of Paxton congregation.

"JOHN RUTHERFORD,
"JOSHUA ELDER."

The Scotch foresight of the people

showed them that when the growing church of Harrisburg would need more of Mr. Snowden's time, Paxton would be dropped, and thought it best to stand by Derry. Paxton and Derry then presented a call to Rev. Joshua Williams, which was accepted, and he was ordained and installed October 2d, 1799. Derry was to have two-thirds of his time and pay 120 pounds, Paxton to have one-third of his time and pay sixty pounds. This seems like a nice little sum for those days, but it is sad to relate that Mr. Williams had trouble in collecting his salary. He resigned June 30th, 1801, and we find him complaining to Presbytery and Presbytery reprimanding the delinquent churches, but even the threatenings of Presbytery could not bring money out of empty treasuries, and in 1805 we find Mr. Williams still unpaid. The removal of so many of the members of Paxton Church to the Harrisburg church accounts for her weakened condition. Rev. James R. Sharon was installed pastor of Paxton and Derry May 29th, 1807, both congregations making the same agreement in regard to salary that they had made with Mr. Williams. No complaints of arrears of salary in his case have been found and it is natural to suppose that the congregations lived up to their agreements, as Mr. Sharon's pastorate continued almost thirty-six years. He was greatly beloved by his people and his death was lamented. Mr. Sharon kept a record of baptisms, deaths, marriages, &c., and quite a number to whom he administered baptism are still living. One member of Paxton Church is now living whose parents were united in marriage by Rev. James Sharon. He administered baptism to her, officiated at her marriage and baptized her first son. Some of us who have entered life's portal long after it had closed on this servant of God, felt as though he had been a known friend. His name was a household word and was always mentioned with kindness. His pastorate closed April 18th, 1843. A small log house called in early days the "retiring house," and later on the "study house," stood near the church. Through the week this

building was used as a school house and on the Sabbath the pastor used it as a place of retirement between services; for in the olden time the custom was to have two services during the day and as many of the people came quite a distance, they brought their lunch with them, and the short intermission between services was occupied in taking lunch and holding friendly conversation with each other. We must remember, too, that the sermon of the early preacher was by no means a short one and the second or "long prayer" well deserved its name. Weekly prayer meetings, Sabbath schools and the different church associations were unknown, but personal visits were made by the pastor and it was his duty to see that the children were well versed in the catechism. So after the two long sermons of the day, the evenings were often spent in studying and reciting the catechism, the father taking the part of the teacher and the mother reciting with the children. Satan did not have much chance on idle time in those days, neither did the old fathers have the Sunday papers to beguile them from their duties. The Sabbath was strictly observed by the people of Paxton. All possible preparations for the day were made on Saturday. The sound of the coffee mill or the beef steak hammer were not permitted to break the Sabbath stillness, and woe to the luckless youngster who had the daring to crack walnuts on that day. The first Sabbath school at Paxton was organized during Mr. Sharon's pastorate, about the year 1820 and held its sessions at the Dauphin County Almshouse as the purpose of the school was mainly for religious work among the children of that institution. After meeting there for several years the school was removed to the church and the children of the almshouse invited to attend. The superintendent of this school was Miss Margaret Gray. Paxton at this time had but one-third of Mr. Sharon's time, consequently he and his elders were only present at the school every third Sabbath. A weekly prayer meeting was also organized about this time by Miss Mar-

garet Gray, Mrs. Elizabeth Elder and Mr. Joseph Campbell. After some years both Sabbath school and prayer meeting were discontinued and not revived until 1845. At a meeting of Carlisle Presbytery Rev. John M. Boggs received and accepted a call and was ordained and installed April 9th, 1845. Paxton was to have two-thirds and Derry one-third of his time. A Sabbath school and a prayer meeting were again organized under the leadership of Mr. Robert Elder and both closed with the departure of Mr. Boggs and Mr. Elder for other fields of labor. Both were again revived during A. D. Mitchell's pastorate under the leadership of Mr. Joshua Elder. He was succeeded as superintendent of the school by Messrs. David and James Elder.

Mr. Boggs' pastorate was short, as he left October 6th, 1847. The church, or "meeting house," had been repaired in 1808. There were at that time three entrance doors; the east, west and south sides of the building each having one. The pulpit stood along the middle of the north wall. A long aisle extended from east to west and in it stood two large template stoves. A short aisle extended from the south door to the pulpit. Each pew was built by its occupant, consequently they did not lack in variety of style. Two partitions of yellow pine boards were run up, one across the east and the other across the west end, making a vestibule at each end of the church. A ceiling of yellow pine was also put in. After the departure of Mr. Boggs in 1847, before a new pastor was called the church was again repaired. The inside was removed, the roof newly shingled, a new floor laid, the west door and a small window back of the pulpit changed from the north to the west side. A vestibule was taken off the west side and the walls and ceiling plastered. The old pulpit, pews and furniture, which had been in use since Rev. John Elder's time, were sold. The pulpit was of walnut, and parts of it, in the shape of boxes of various kinds, are still in possession of some members of the congregation. Rev. A. D. Mitchell received a call September 28th, 1849,

and was ordained and installed pastor of Paxton and Derry April 10th, 1850. Up to this time Paxton had not owned a parsonage, but the present building was erected in 1855 and 1856, and was first occupied by Rev. A. D. Mitchell and his bride. With our generation the name of A. D. Mitchell is held in the same loving remembrance as that of James Sharon was in our father's time, and it was with deep sorrow that we received the news of his death, which occurred at Fort Grant, Arizona, March, 1882. His pastorate closed February 12th, 1874, after lasting almost a quarter of a century. During his time the Civil War occurred, and it was no unusual thing to have soldiers from neighboring camps attend service at the old church, sometimes almost a whole company attending in a body, and Mr. Mitchell frequently conducted services in camp on Sabbath evening. One Sabbath morning the congregation assembled for worship but found that part of the plaster had fallen from the ceiling, making the house unfit for use. Benches were carried outside and services held under the great oak south of the church. The change was much enjoyed by the children of the congregation, who would have been willing for the ceiling to fall quite frequently for the sake of the outdoor service. At another time the congregation gathered to find the pulpit and aisles minus carpet. The thief was never found, and some years after the church was again remodeled and a neat ingrain carpet covered the platform and aisles. These repairs were made in 1867. In February, 1868, the carpet was again stolen and the loss was not discovered until Sabbath morning. Of course, the discovery made quite an excitement for a time, and a young man in the congregation who had made his first appearance at the church that day with his bride, said he felt very grateful to the thief for choosing that particular time to take the carpet, as its loss occasioned endless remarks and kept the bride and groom from being uncomfortably prominent. It was useless to get a new carpet, so a heavy cocoa matting was put down,

and was left undisturbed. In 1874 Rev. Mr. Downey was called and was installed April 29th, 1875. He resigned in 1878, and for several years Rev. Wm. A. West, then of Westminster Church, Harrisburg, supplied the pulpit, and by his gentle, sympathetic manner endeared himself to the people. June 16th, 1887, Rev. A. B. Williamson was ordained and installed and continued the pastorate until October, 1894. In 1887 and 1888 the church was again remodeled. The improvements were first talked of by the women of the congregation. In the beginning of their endeavors they found some friends who, by their encouragement and assistance, enabled them to do more than their wildest hopes had at first thought possible. Old friends and new ones lent a helping hand, and when in June, 1888, they gathered to hear the reopening sermon by the Rev. Wm. W. Downey, then the only living ex-pastor of Paxton, one could scarcely believe it was the same old mother church. This was Mr. Downey's last visit to his old charge, for, when several years later Paxton celebrated her sesquicentennial, Mr. Downey was numbered with those who had crossed the flood. September 15th, 1890, was the day chosen to celebrate the sesquicentennial. The churches descended from Paxton, six of Harrisburg, one of Dauphin, one of Middletown, and one of Steelton, all joined to do honor to the occasion, and it was a delightful event, and one long to be remembered. In the summer of 1894 the interior of the parsonage was destroyed by fire, but was soon repaired. Since Mr. Williamson's resignation the congregation has been served by supplies. During the past summer the pulpit was very acceptably filled by Mr. Esler, a native of Ireland, and a student of Princeton Theological Seminary. Deaths and removals have made a constant drain on the once flourishing congregation, but the love of the people for the old church is unchanged, and few as their numbers, they still hope for prosperous times. The burying ground close by was first enclosed by a stone wall in 1792. In 1819 a new roof was put on the wall, and in 1852 the enclos-

ure had been so filled that it was impossible to dig without disturbing the tenant of some unmarked grave. So in that year the south wall was removed, and the grounds extended ninety feet in that direction, and the new part laid out in regular lots. After years of absence, former residents, when coming back to the valley, seldom fail to make at least one pilgrimage to the sleeping place of their fathers and many others, after life's work in some distant field is over, have requested to rest there. Surely death is a "great leveler," for here on one slab we read the name of an honored pastor; on another that of a United States Senator; again we find the founder of Harrisburg, the soldier of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, of one at least, who helped to quell the Whisky Insurrection, of a number who took part in the Civil War, and while in one corner a weeping willow drops its branches over the graves of two Union soldiers who gave their lives that slavery might be abolished and the Union preserved, in the opposite corner two ex-slaves are occupying their narrow beds. One Roman Catholic also rests there. "She was a stranger and they

took her in." A yearly Sabbath school picnic is held in the grove and the children play their merry games close by the graves of their forefathers. Many changes have taken place in the valley since the stone walls of that old church were built. The little settlement on the banks of the Susquehanna a few miles distant has grown into the populous city of Harrisburg, and six Presbyterian churches within its limit claim old Paxton as their mother church. Good roads have taken the place of Indian trails, steam cars have displaced stage coaches; electricity has followed steam. Handsome homes with every convenience have gone up in place of old log houses. Telephones enable the dwellers to hold conversation with friends at a distance. Old residents have passed away, new ones come and gone, old homes changed or broken, but the church home still remains. God grant she may long remain and a way may be provided for keeping her doors open, and that Paxton may be in the future what she has been in the past—a power for good.

MARGARET S. RUTHERFORD.

December 13, 1895.

CONGRESS OF D. A. R.

The fifth annual continental congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held in Washington on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d of February with a large attendance from nearly every State in the Union. On the platform beside the president sat the Marquise De Chambrun, great-granddaughter of General De Lafayette. She is a life honorary member of the society. After an invocation and the singing "The Star Spangled Banner," with fine organ accompaniment, Mrs. John W. Foster, of Washington, president, delivered her annual address, in which she said:

"The increase in membership has been the greatest of any year since the organization, being approximate-

ly 4,000, and making the total membership over 12,000. Among the new members is Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant."

The president's address was responded to by Mrs. Wilbour, of Rhode Island. Reports of officers and committees were read.

The evening's session was a musicale at which some fine compositions were rendered by noted singers, among others Miss Sterling, of London, who gave a fine rendering of the old song, "The Pilgrim Fathers," accompanied by the orchestra of the United States Marine Band. An interesting feature was the singing of "Ballads and Songs of the American Revolution."

The most notable social event of the congress was the reception given

at The Shoreham on Wednesday evening by the Philadelphia Chapter, of which Mrs. Charles Curtis Harrison is regent. It was a very elegant affair at which the entire continental congress was received by the officers of the Philadelphia Chapter assisted by the State regent of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Nathaniel B. Hogg, of Allegheny.

Mrs. Clement A. Griscom, of Philadelphia, is one of the vice-presidents of the national society.

The Pennsylvania delegation was one of the strongest and largest in attendance at the congress.

Mrs. N. B. Hogg, the State regent, is the author of the great lineal descent amendment, which was carried through so triumphantly two years ago. There was a pretty burst of applause when Mrs. Hogg and her fine delegation arose to answer to their names at the roll call on the first day. The reports of the State regents were given at the evening sessions, interspersed with attractive musical programs.

The report of the State regent of Pennsylvania was read on Thursday evening, and was one of the most concise and most interesting offered by any State. Mrs. Hogg said, in part:

"Madam Chairman and Ladies of the Fifth Continental Congress of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution: I have again the pleasure of presenting the report of the State of Pennsylvania. Growing interest in the society is evidenced by the increasing numbers, by the thoughtful preparation of historical papers, by the zeal in educational lines manifested in several chapters such as offering prizes to the pupils in the high schools for the best essays on "Pennsylvania's Share in Revolutionary Work," and by the reverence for dead heroes and heroines displayed in the erection of monuments or the placing of tablets to their memories, and by the care taken of hitherto neglected graves. The chapter regents I have had the pleasure of seeing take up the work of organization in my State, know how truly I value their co-operation and how greatly I

appreciate and enjoy their success. The chapters now number 1,047 members, the members-at-large not being included. Among the interesting occurrences of which the State is proud is the privilege which was granted the Philadelphia Chapter of occupying the chambers of Select and Common Councils in Independence Hall."

Mrs. Hogg concluded her report by saying that "with twenty-nine of the counties aroused to patriotic endeavors, with the use of Independence Hall granted to the Philadelphia Chapter, and with the old block house of 1764 in the actual possession of the Allegheny County Chapter, Pennsylvania has much to be proud of."

Another interesting thing accomplished this year which was of general interest was the sending of a valuable collection of relics from this State to the historical exhibit of the Daughters of the American Revolution at the Atlanta Exposition. In the western part of the State, the Pittsburg Chapter took the lead, and although so many valuable and interesting things were sent to the South, enough yet remained to make a most creditable exhibit at the recent opening of the new Carnegie Library in Pittsburg.

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania ladies in the private parlor of the Arlington hotel, at which Miss Denney, of Allegheny, presided, Mrs. Hogg was again unanimously re-elected State regent of Pennsylvania. By a very complimentary action of the congress at the Tuesday session, Mrs. Hogg was unanimously nominated for first vice-president of the national society, but in a pleasant manner she thanked the enthusiastic congress and declined the honor, as her duty was pledged to her State for the year. Storms of protest arose, but she was firm, and Pennsylvania is still under her wise and successful guidance for another year.

On Saturday evening, February 22d, a reception was given at the Arlington by the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution of the District of Columbia, in honor of the national officers and the State regents of the Society of

the Daughters. The Marine Band Orchestra furnished patriotic music throughout the evening, and before the door a marine in full dress uniform, with side arms, marched up and down as sentry. A buffet luncheon was served in the spacious dining room. The rooms were beautifully

decorated with palms and greens were suspended over the front of the massive mirrors. The scene was a brilliant one, and was a fitting end to an eventful week in the history of the patriotic societies of the United States.

MRS. FRANCIS JORDAN.

February 25, 1896.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[Before the battle of Lexington, William Dawes and Paul Revere were both despatched to rouse the country, Dawes starting first.]

I am a wandering, bitter shade;
Never of me was a hero made;
Poets have never sung my praise,
Nobody crowned my brow with bays;
And if you ask me the fatal cause,
I answer only, "My name was Dawes."

'Tis all very well for the children to hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;
But why should my name be quite forgot,
Who rode as boldly and well, God wot?
Why should I ask? The reason is clear--
My name was Dawes and his Revere.

When the lights from the old North Church flashed out,
Paul Revere was waiting about,
But I was already on my way.
The shadows of night fell cold and gray
As I rode, with never a break or pause;
But what was the use when my name was Dawes?

History rings with his silvery name;
Closed to me are the portals of fame.
Had he been Dawes and I Revere,
No one had heard of him, I fear.
No one has heard of me because
He was Revere and I was Dawes.

HELEN F. MORE.

Century Magazine, Feb., '96.

A RESPONSE TO "WHAT'S IN A NAME."

By a Daughter of the American Revolution.

"Remember thee!
"Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
"In this distracted globe."

Who can read these few sad lines
Telling how a hero pines,
E'en though, by a ghostly shade,
Was the accusation made,

Without yielding to his mood;
Feeling with what bitter food
His poor mind has been distraught?
Can we blame him for the thought,

For the pain that fills his heart,
Feeling, while he did his part,
With the rolling of the years,
Knowledge of him disappears?

Oh! this shade in sorry plight,
Wandering in the cold dark night.
Hear the dismal fate he moans,
This the burden of his groans.

"Paul Revere I do not blame,
"Only, alas! his silvery name.
"No one's heard of me because"
"I am only—William Dawes."

Let us heed this ghost of Dawes,
Listen to his plaint. Oh! pause,
Think of one so lost to fame
On account of a plebeian name.

Such injustice be it far
From the hearts of D. A. R.
On them such neglect would fall
Sadly, darkly, like a pall.

Then, poor spirit, cease thy moan,
Patriot daughters will atone,
They will list to thy appeal
And will all thy sorrow feel.

Will not let thee suffer wrong,
But in thy just cause be strong.
Strong to lift thee from thy gloom,
Strong to save thee from thy doom.

Daughters! in thy name I give
Surety that his fame shall live.
Then will down the ages glide
Paul and William side by side.

Who's not heard of that wild ride?
Its fame has sounded far and wide.
Oh! let some of earth's applause
Come to gild poor William Dawes.

Ranking then with Paul Revere,
He can read his title clear;
Though a Dawes, a patriot brave,
Rode that night his land to save.

Heroes twain rode out that night,
Dawes, by Roxbury, took his flight.
History says, he rode ahead,
Onward, through the gloom he sped.

Paul Revere, of the silvery name,
Rode through Charlestown, but rode
to fame.

Both through Lexington carried the
news—

This glory to Dawes none can re-
fuse—

Boldly riding, gave the alarm,
Rousing from sleep each hamlet and
farm.

As they rode by plain and hill
Lying in the moonlight still,

Fancy how the echoes stirred
Brought to life by burning word.
Few the challenge could refuse,
Calling patriots to chose.

"Arm thee! for thy country's good,
"Though the road lies deep in blood."
Through the shadows on they fled,
Near, and yet apart, they sped,

On that ride, so fraught by fate
With the safety of a State.
Truly 'tis a little queer
We've only heard of Paul Revere.

Longfellow, our poet good
Surely has misunderstood,
When he tells in love and pride
Of that mighty midnight ride.

Plainly must our duty be
This one simple truth to see,
Two courageous men and true
Through the quiet country flew.

Give to Paul Revere his meed!
But from now, it is decreed
That we're bound by honor's laws,
Praise to give thee—William Dawes.

Let the old injustice be,
Do not let it worry thee,
Nor think that Paul is still ahead
In that a greater poet led,

The telling of his story true,
Leaving only me, for you.
Though I can't with him compete
Who ever sang in strains so sweet,

Words that in our memories float
Like haunting music's richest note;
Let the humbler verse I sing
To thy heart some comfort bring.

Pray, contented be, good Dawes,
Don't despise, though full of flaws,
The efforts made in halting verse
By one who would thy deeds rehearse.

One who, though, unknown to fame,
Tries her best to ease thy pain.
If we can't do all we will
Let what we can the measure fill.

Let philosophy impart
To thy long distracted heart
That one thought, to give thee rest;
Content thee, then, with second best.

Rest then, rest thee, poor, sad soul.
Thou wilt surely reach thy goal,
Though 'tis late, thy story's told.
William, dear, no longer scold,

For, I tell thee, it is true,
Later years will hear of you.
In our patriotic band
Stand the daughters of the land,

Who will ever while they live
Honor to thy memory give.
And, all, who love their country's
cause,
Will praise, and bless, thee, William
Dawes.

* * * * *

Having appeased this one poor ghost,
Who in our mortal sphere was lost,
I'm seized with horror at the thought
That by another we may be caught.

Let not this shadowy form arise
To fill us with a dread surprise,
But quickly make the story clear,
So we'll have nothing more to fear.

So here I go, but whispering low
Something that we all should know.
'Tis this—

I love the story of Paul Revere
William, though Dawes, my heart
holds dear;
Yet Paul, and William, together, I
fear
May have occasion to mingle a tear.

For if the whole of this tale I unfold,
By our honored historian Bancroft
told,
William Prescott riding fast,
Lightly our famous riders past.

But to them 'twas no disgrace
To be distanced in the race;
For by British, coated-red,
They were stopped, and backward led.

William Prescott saw their need,
Urging on his gallant steed,
Quickly jumped an old stone wall,
Riding without stop or fall.

Further onward, carrying the news.
Oh! gallant was the part he chose.
Now, honor the three—two Williams
and Paul,
As their brave deed we here recall.

* * * * *

But, a greater than these I have in
sight.
'Tis the spirit who rode abroad that
night;
Who sped away under sun and moon,
Rushing by night and speeding by
noon.

'Twas the spirit of '76, which afar
Beheld the birth of a wonderful star.
Oh! star of freedom, you shone that
day,
On the strife of a world, though it
seemed a fray.

Now you shine brightly, from east to
west,
O'er the beautiful land we love the
best.
And over us all, on land and sea,
Thy symbol gleams on the flag of the
free.

On which, afloat, in country and
town,
"The stars above, on her stars look
down."

MRS. LEVI B. ALRICKS.
(MRS. LEVI B. ALRICKS.)
Daughter of the American Revolution.
April 19, 1896.

LAFAYETTE.

In a previous paper, read before this chapter, was related how the Marquis de Lafayette, brave, earnest, of noble mind and generous heart, set out from France for America, impelled by an ardent love of liberty.

In this paper it is desired to give the story of his devotion to our cause throughout the War of Independence, by his services, in which he proved his right to be looked upon as an American soldier.

Sailing from Bordeaux for Charleston, April 20th, 1777, the "Victoire" after a journey of fifty-four days reached the shores of South Carolina June 13th.

Being in danger of capture from two English frigates, they kept clear of Charleston, running instead into South Inlet. They landed at night in small boats. Going up the inlet, they pressed into service a party of negroes and their oyster boats, in which they were rowed some distance until they reached the residence of Major Benjamin Huger, a noted patriot, where seeing the light and signs of habitation, they landed and announced themselves and their mission.

They were at once welcomed with a heartiness and cordiality which delighted Lafayette. He said, "I feel my ideal fulfilled of the country I had been seeking."

The surroundings, the peace and comfort of this Southern home, after his long and tiresome journey, seemed like enchantment to him. He retired, he said, to rest, rejoiced that he had attained the haven of his wishes, and was beyond fear of pursuit.

He awoke to the charm of his surroundings. Within, the novelty of everything in his room, the quaint furniture, the bed with mosquito curtains, the soft-voiced servants, with their shiny black faces, who came ready and eager to wait upon him; from the window the view of a strange and attractive country, clothed with all the beauty and verdure of a fair spring morning.

They did not linger, however, in a home which they found so restful and delightful, but very soon started for Charleston. Their hospitable host furnished horses and conveyances for as many as possible. The rest were obliged to go on foot. They arrived in Charleston in sorry plight, for elegant young French gentlemen, but in spite of dust and tatters, they were received with great courtesy by the citizens. Their errand appealed to all hearts, and Lafayette declared that the honors shown him were those usually given to a marshal of France.

Here, however, trouble came to them, a serious one in a strange land—the want of money. The Marquis had expected to realize enough from the sale of the ship's cargo to equip his party for their trip north. He now discovered that the contract, which he had signed before leaving France, required the captain to take the cargo back to that country for sale. With considerable trouble, in this dilemma, he succeeded in negotiating a loan in Charleston, for five thousand dollars.

The cargo was not destined to enrich any one in any country, for the "Victoire," which had triumphantly carried Lafayette to America, had finished her mission. Setting sail for France, she, unfortunately, struck upon the bar and was lost.

Their trip to Philadelphia began the 25th of June, and was attended with great hardships and privations—bad roads, the breaking down of their vehicles, and the giving out of their horses. They also suffered much from the intense heat.

Lafayette writes to his wife: "You have heard of the beginning of our journey, and how brilliantly I started out in a carriage. I am now on horseback, having broken the wagons in my usual fashion, and I expect to write before long that we have reached our destination on foot."

He traveled nine hundred miles, passing through the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, he

reached the capital of Pennsylvania. While he studied the language and the people, he saw agricultural products entirely new to him. The vast forests, the great rivers, everything he saw in this country impressed "him with a sense of its majesty and greatness."

Both in the army and in Congress a great prejudice had arisen against foreign officers, many of whom had flocked to this country demanding high rank and privileges and some had proved themselves unworthy of trust. This odium naturally attached itself to the Lafayette party, hasty judgment consigning them to the same category as their unworthy compatriots.

Therefore, when they arrived, the 27th of July, and presented themselves to Congress, that body did not at once give them the cordial welcome which they pictured themselves receiving, as they plodded their weary way through a strange wilderness; but accorded them such scant courtesy that they retired surprised and dismayed, feeling that their reception to which they had looked forward so joyfully to be more like a dismissal than a welcome.

Indeed, we can easily imagine the chagrin and disappointment of these spirited young men, whose ardor and devotion had led them so far, confident of being received with open arms, as champions of liberty. On their way back the outlook was made to appear still more gloomy and dispiriting. A gentleman, certainly not a very courteous one, met them on the street, and remarked that "their countrymen had a great fancy for coming uninvited to America; furthermore, that we want no more French officers."

This was pretty hard for fiery young Frenchmen to swallow, but Lafayette with moderation and good sense beyond his years, urged patience, rightly concluding that they were suffering from the sins of others, and not in their own persons.

He determined to persevere, to again present himself to Congress, and be heard. He prepared an address, which he succeeded in having read, setting forth his circumstances

and his reasons for being there. He said, "After the sacrifices which I have made in this cause, I have the right to ask two favors at your hands: the one is to serve without pay at my own expense, and the other, that I may be allowed to serve, at first, as a volunteer."

This earnest and simple appeal, so different in tone from any which preceded it, excited immediate attention. After two conferences Congress resolved, "That his services be accepted, and in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family and connections, he have rank and commission as major general in the Army of the United States. His commission was at once sent him. A request from the French Court that Lafayette should not be employed in Continental service, came too late. He was already in the army, and had become favorably known.

In a beautiful letter of thanks written to Congress, he says, "I feel myself impressed with the warmest affection for a nation, who exhibited, in their resistance, so fine an example of justice and courage."

Lafayette was not unmindful, in the fullness of his own success, of the French officers who came with him. He exerted himself generously for all, but a number met with disappointment, and returned to France with their dreams of glory unfulfilled.

Among them started also Baron de Kalb, but it was not his destiny to again behold France. He had reached Bethlehem, when he was overtaken by a messenger, carrying his commission as major general. The commission was dated, by the request of Lafayette upon the same day as his own. Three years later, August 19th, 1780, Baron de Kalb died at Camden bravely fighting in defense of the American flag.

Washington was then in Philadelphia, awaiting the uncertain movements of the English troops under Lord Howe. At a public dinner, when a number of officers and members of Congress were present, Lafayette first saw Washington. He is said to have recognized him at once, distinguishing him from those surrounding

him, by his commanding air and person. It seems to have been a case of mutual attraction, as Washington met the young man with great cordiality, complimenting him on his generous and disinterested conduct. Inviting him to make his home at headquarters, he said, "I cannot promise you the luxuries of a court, but as you have become an American soldier, you will doubtless accommodate yourself to the fare of an American army."

Shortly after this interview, Lafayette took part in a council of war, which was held just before the battle of Brandywine. He was also present at a review of the army, held at this time, where appeared "eleven thousand men, but tolerably armed, and still worse clad." "We ought to feel our embarrassment," said Washington to him, "in presenting our selves before an officer just fresh from the French army." "It is to learn, not to instruct, that I came here," was Lafayette's apt and modest reply, and it gained him immediate popularity.

Our young Marquis, although from the first a pleasure to Washington, was also an embarrassment. While admitting his youth and inexperience, he was eager for immediate employ, assuring Washington that as soon as he considered him fit to take command of a division he would be ready; offering his services, in the meantime for a smaller command.

Washington at a loss what line of conduct to pursue, wrote to Congress for instructions. They answered that he was not bound to give Lafayette a command, but was at liberty to follow his own judgment in the matter, still leaving him in a delicate position as regarded the marquis, "whose character and person inspired regard, but whose extreme youth made caution necessary."

Lafayette from the first attached himself to Washington with an affectionate reverence, the sincerity of which could not be mistaken, and he soon won his way into a heart which, with all its apparent coldness, was naturally confiding, and required sympathy and friendship. It is a picture well worthy to be hung up in history, this cordial and enduring al-

liance of the calm, dignified and sedate Washington, mature in years and wisdom, and the young, buoyant, enthusiastic Lafayette.

In the march through Philadelphia, preceding the battle of Brandywine, Washington rode at the head of his troops, surrounded by his staff, and with the Marquis de Lafayette by his side. His first military service, that of the battle of the Brandywine, left him when the action was over one of the heroes of the day. At Chadd's Ford he asked permission of Washington to go to the front with General Sullivan. Throwing himself from his horse in the heat of conflict he tried with superhuman energy to stem the tide of retreat, until the English came so near that it was inevitable. In the struggle he was wounded in the left leg below the knee, but his excitement was so great that he did not notice it until an officer informed him that blood was flowing from his boot. He, however, remounted, until weakened by the loss of the blood, he was forced to stop long enough to have the wound bandaged. Later, having been carried twelve miles in the tide of retreat, and reaching a bridge, near Chester, he took a stand and endeavored to arrest the hasty flight of the men about him, until Washington and General Greene coming up, he retired to have his wound properly dressed. Tradition says this service was rendered him by Surgeon William McGraw, of Pittsburg, whose descendants are probably known to some here present.

Lafayette's gallantry was mentioned by Washington, in that night's dispatches to Congress. He remained a few days at Chester, then was taken in a carriage to Bethlehem, by Dr. Henry Laurens, who was en route for the Congress, then sitting at Yorktown, Pa. Here he spent four weeks cared for and nursed in the home of Moravian sisters. Though suffering great pain he made himself charming, as their records testify.

Living their peaceful life, reading their books, entering with graceful interest and evident zest into their quiet pursuits, he quickly won their love and admiration.

Tradition, in my school girl days, used to point to large dark stains on the ancient oaken floor in one of the dormitories at Bethlehem as having been made by the blood which flowed from Lafayette's wounds, when first dressed by the sisters, but I imagine this was only a fiction born in some school girl's fertile imagination, as it is to be hoped that blood had ceased to flow from the wound before he reached this happy asylum.

His situation excited the interest of the nation, and in after years he speaks of the kindness and sympathy of the American people for him in the midst of their own trouble. He said, "Never was an adoption so complete. I was no longer a stranger." His earnestness of character, his honesty and sincerity won him an early recognition. "Trusty counsellor and loyal friend," there was no doubt of his personal courage from the moment he came into the presence of the enemy.

Of General Washington, he says, at this time, "His tender interest in me quickly won my heart. We live together like two devoted brothers. His friendship makes me most happy in this country. He directed his own surgeon to care for me as for his own son." This modest, loving, boast of having captured the heart of his great commander is, to me, beautiful and touching.

Again he says, in praise of his hero, "our general is truly a man made for this Revolution. It could not be a success without him. I see him nearer than any man in the world, and I see that he is worthy of adoration of his country."

In November of the same year, 1777, although not fully recovered from his wound, he accompanied General Greene into the Jerseys as a volunteer, where an encounter with the soldiers of Cornwallis still further established his reputation.

At the request of General Greene he wrote an animated account of this affair to Washington, in which he says, "I hope this little success of ours will please you. Though a trifling affair," he adds, "I found it interesting on account of the spirited

behaviour of the soldiers." General Greene himself wrote to Washington, "The Marquis is determined to be in the way of danger." Upon this Washington recommends him to Congress as worthy of a rank corresponding to the nominal one already given him. He was therefore appointed to the command of a division.

In December he went into the winter quarters with Washington at Valley Forge, as a member of his family. Here, the man, who was described as gloomy and ill at ease, in the uncongenial atmosphere of the French Court, was the life of the home circle. His kind and gracious demeanor, his gayety and light-heartedness endeared him to all. He made himself one with them. Trying to be more simple, more self-denying than the Americans themselves.

He confounded, by his earnest, upright dealings, the schemes of those who formed the famous, or infamous Conway Cabal, whose chief object was to exalt General Gates, and to displace Washington.

Gates, in recognition of his services in the North, had recently been made a member of the Board of War. Under his advice an expedition against Canada was planned. One object of this scheme was to detach Lafayette from the side of Washington. Hoping to tempt him through his military ambition, he was appointed to the command.

The first notice Washington received of the project was in a letter from General Gates, enclosing Lafayette a notice of his appointment, and requiring his attendance at Yorktown to receive his instructions.

The Cabal, however, overshot their mark. Lafayette, aware of their intrigues, was so disgusted by the want of deference and respect shown the commander-in-chief, that he wished to decline the appointment, but Washington strongly advised his acceptance.

He, accordingly, proceeded to Yorktown, where Gates already had his little court of schemers and hangers-on. The house where Gates lodged is still standing in our neighboring little city, a substantial brick building, on

Main, then High street. Here the Cabal held its meetings, and here Lafayette surprised them, causing some consternation among them, for they were rather doubtful as to how he would view their schemes.

"They were at table," I quote from Washington Irving. "Gates presiding with great hilarity, for he was social in his habits, and in the flush of recent success. The young Marquis had a cordial welcome to his board, which contrasted strongly with the sober decencies of that of the thoughtful commander-in-chief, in his dreary encampment at Valley Forge. Gates, in his excitement, was profuse of promises. Everything was to be made smooth and easy for Lafayette.

"He was to have, at least, two thousand five hundred fighting men under him. Stark, the veteran Stark, was ready to co-operate with a body of Green Mountain Boys. "Indeed," cried Gates, chuckling, "General Stark will have burnt the fleet before your arrival."

It was near the end of the feast. Wine had circulated freely, and toasts had been given according to the custom of the day. The Marquis thought in time to show his colors. "One toast," he observed, "had been omitted, which he would now propose." Glasses were accordingly filled and he gave "The Commander-in-Chief of the American armies." The toast was received, but without cheering.

Lafayette continued faithful to the flag he had unfurled. He accepted the command, but would consider himself directly under the orders of Washington. Not trusting Conway, who was associated with him, he made a point of having Baron de Kalb appointed, whose commission being of older date, would outrank Conway. To this he won from the Cabal a reluctant consent.

Thus did the loyal friendship of a youthful soldier confound and bring to naught the plans of these unworthy schemers.

He left Yorktown, with a guide, February 3d, 1778, crossed the Susquehanna packed with floating ice, and with undaunted energy and perseverance made the journey of four hundred miles to Albany. On the way

writes General Washington: "I go on very slowly, sometimes drenched with rain, sometimes covered with snow; not entertaining many handsome thoughts about the projected incursion into Canada. Lake Champlain is too cold for producing the least bit of laurel, and if I am not starved I shall be as proud as if I had gained three battles."

The forebodings were fulfilled. Upon arrival he discovered that the expedition was impossible. Instead of being met by Stark and his brave legions, only a letter came from the veteran, asking for information as to time, men and rendezvous. Evidently, nothing could be done that winter, men, money, everything being lacking.

The poor young Marquis was in despair, fearing censure, adverse criticism, and above all, ridicule, especially from his European friends, to whom he had written that he was to command the expedition.

He writes to Washington "that he would rather become a volunteer again, unless Congress offers the means of mending this ugly business by some glorious operation." Again he lays his whole heart open to Washington with the greatest simplicity, and declares that he "was never so unhappy," depicting in glowing terms the suffering it is to him to have his glory and reputation tarnished.

In this pain and mortification, which his proud young nature found so hard to bear, he is tenderly consoled by Washington, who gave him counsel and comfort, such as a father would offer to a beloved son. He tells him, "however sensible your ardor for glory may make you feel this disappointment, you may be sure that your character stands as fair as it ever did, and that no new enterprise is necessary to wipe off this imaginary stain."

Congress formally suspended the irruption into Canada, and Washington was directed to recall both Lafayette and Baron de Kalb, the services of the latter being needed at Valley Forge and, further, to assure Lafayette that nothing on his part had been wanting to make the expedition successful.

During his stay in Albany he attended a notable Indian Congress, in the Mohawk Valley. He so pleased them by his manners and appearance that they adopted him into their tribe, calling him "Kayewla." In April, he gladly returned to Valley Forge, where he heard with joy and pride of the alliance just concluded between the United States and "his most Christian Majesty of France."

May 18th Lafayette was at Barren Hill with his division, having been sent by Washington to watch the movements of the enemy, who showed signs of evacuating Philadelphia.

General Clinton, who had just relieved General Howe, hearing through his spies of the presence of Lafayette in the neighborhood, formed a plan to outwit and capture him. So great importance was attached to his enterprise that General Clinton decided to lead it in person. General Howe and the Admiral accompanied the party as volunteers, both wishing to share in the anticipated triumph.

So confident were they that Generals Clinton and Howe invited a party of ladies and gentlemen to an entertainment for the following day, "to meet the Marquis de la Fayette." The subject of this intended hospitality, being surprised and nearly surrounded by the British, extricated himself with great skill and presence of mind, drawing off his troops with an adroitness and celerity, worthy a trained veteran.

This engagement was watched by Washington and some of his officers with great anxiety from a distant hill. Fortunately, his solicitude was soon relieved. The British retired disconcerted to Philadelphia, while the youthful Marquis rejoined the army at Valley Forge, where he was received with acclamation.

It is scarcely worth while to add that the chief guest of an entertainment in Philadelphia the next day, did not make his appearance, and doubtless many a pretty young Tory who had hoped to meet a handsome young French prisoner, was doomed to bitter disappointment.

Lafayette gave a striking instance of his generosity and unselfishness,

at the battle of Monmouth, where, by request of General Washington, he turned over his command to General Lee; thereby allaying all cause for ill will or dissension on the part of that officer, by whose subsequent ill conduct the battle came near being a disastrous defeat.

His conduct on this occasion increased their confidential relations. We read that after the battle Washington, wrapped in his cloak, laid down upon the ground, talking to Lafayette of the strange conduct of General Lee. Later we have the picture of the weary, harassed commander, lying in deep and peaceful slumber at the foot of a tree, by his side his faithful young officer; around them, as though on guard, lay the forms of Washington's devoted soldiers.

When some disaffection among the Virginia troops occurred, he sought and gained their confidence, and through his sympathy, good sense and energy, the matter was satisfactorily adjusted.

He was also most wise and useful in all agreements to be made in reference to the troops and the fleet sent by France. His considerate suggestion that the French were to be looked upon as auxiliaries and as such were to take their place at the left of the Americans, on occasions of ceremony yielding to them the preference, settled amicably a much vexed question.

He acted under all circumstances honorably and sensibly, and while showing the love of his heart for France and Frenchmen, he never swerved in an impartial view of the situation from the standpoint of an American soldier.

October, 1778, he solicited leave to go to France, which was granted him by Congress. At the same time they took the unusual step of addressing a letter to the King, commending to his Majesty's special favor, one whom they had found to be "wise in council, gallant in field, and patient under the hardships of war." They also directed the Minister at the Court of France to cause an elegant sword with proper devices to be made and presented to Lafayette. This sword,

the design of Benjamin Franklin, had engarved upon it: "Brandywine, Monmouth, Barren Hill, Gloucester and Rhode Island." America, released from her chains, gave an olive branch to the young hero; on the reverse side, the same warrior dealing a death-blow to the British lion. It also bore a blazon of America in form of a crescent, the device "creascam et prosim," and beside it his own motto, which he adopted in coming to America, "Cur non." "Thus," said a contemporary writer, "in the short period of nineteen months, Lafayette, as soldier, statesman, and lover of freedom, was placed by the nation's esteem in the foreground as a leader of the Revolution, and by his conduct, equally gentle, prudent and courageous, had become the idol of Congress, the army and the American people."

On his way to New York he took a severe cold. A long, dangerous illness followed. His condition aroused great excitement and concern all over the country. He, himself, thought he would die, but he desired to live long enough to see once more his beloved France, and to hear of the success of the American Revolution.

He at last sailed on the 10th of January, 1779, and was received in France with great distinction, which he amusingly describes. "When I went to court, which had hitherto only written me orders for my arrest, I was presented to the Minister, I was interrogated, complimented and exiled—to the hotel where my wife resided. Some days after, I wrote to the King, acknowledging my fault. I received a reply a light reprimand, and a Colonelcy of the Royal Dragoons. Consulted by all the misisters, and, what was much better, embraced by all the women, I had at Versailles, the favor of the King, and celebrity at Paris."

In the midst of this popularity he thought much of America, and often wished the cost of banquets given in his honor could instead be poured into the treasury of Congress.

At this time he had in his mind a scheme for the invasion of England. Paul Jones to command the fleet and himself the army. This project, being

relinquished, he gave all his influence to Franklin, who was trying to procure from the French Government a promise of a powerful fleet and army. Having accomplished this, he returned to America. His letter announcing his arrival in Boston, April 27th, was received by Washington at Morristown, where the winter had been spent amid gloom and privations almost as great as was experienced the previous winter at Valley Forge. With eyes suffused with tears, he read the most welcome epistle. In his reply he expressed to Lafayette his earnest and impatient desire to see him, adding, "I promise to embrace you with all the warmth of an affectionate friend, and when you come to headquarters, I will have a bed ready for you."

Arriving, on the twelfth of May, he was welcomed with enthusiasm by both officers and soldiers, and with tender joy by his commander-in-chief, to whom he at once communicated the welcome news that his mission in France in behalf of the great cause had been crowned with success.

Hastening to Congress, he met a reception such as his generous interest in our cause merited. They passed further resolutions in his honor, "receiving, they said, with pleasure, a tender of the further services of so gallant and meritorious an officer."

He was at West Point with Washington when Arnold's treason was discovered. To General Knox and Lafayette Washington turned first in that dark hour. Putting the papers into their hands, he exclaimed, "whom can we trust now?" He was afterwards a member of the Board who tried and sentenced Arnold.

At this time he commanded the advance guard of Washington's army. They were better clad than the other soldiers in trim uniforms, leathern helmets and horsehair crests. The officers, as well as non-commissioned officers, carried short sabres, the gift of Lafayette upon his return from France. Always eager for active service, he commanded the warm affection of his soldiers, of whom he was justly proud. He saw much hard service in Virginia in the winter of 1780 and 1781. His last mili-

tary duty was to measure himself with the great English General Cornwallis, and in performing this service with skill and prudence helped to make a success of a campaign that ended gloriously at Yorktown.

There, too, he gave the world a fine example of loyalty in resisting the impatient demand of the French commanders engaged in the campaign. Anxious to win renown, they wished to advance upon the British without waiting for General Washington, who, with General Rochambeau and their reinforcements, was on his way.

To all entreaties Lafayette turned a deaf ear. "It were better," he said "to hasten their coming, rather than make without them a murderous attack, which, while it might add to their own personal glory, would cause much unnecessary bloodshed." In this way, by strength of will and singleness of purpose, did this faithful young soldier preserve to Washington the glory of laying out and executing the plans for the siege of Yorktown.

The day after the surrender Cornwallis said to Lafayette: "I am aware of your humanity towards prisoners, therefore, I commend to you my unfortunate army." Lafayette, alluding to Burgoyne, replied: "Your Lordship knows that the Americans are ever humane to their prisoners."

The Virginia campaign ended, Lafayette, seeing no immediate need for his services, obtained leave from Congress to spend the winter in France.

Again followed by the prayers and blessings of the whole nation, the "Alliance" crossed the ocean, carrying Lafayette to those dearest to him. A Boston paper of December 21st chronicles the departure "of a young general of twenty-four, clothed with honor and glory." The news of his achievements had preceded him, and his praises were heard on all sides, in city and at court. Truly can it be said "he was the most shining personage in France."

The King sent him a commission as marshal in the army, a rank cor-

responding to that of our major-general.

Lafayette twice afterwards returned to America, once in 1784, when he paid a delightful visit of five months. He made a tour of the Eastern States "crowned," said Washington, "everywhere with love and respect." He was present at an Indian Treaty at Fort Schuylcr, where he was a conspicuous figure, the commissioners, among whom were Mr. Madison, being put in the background and feeling themselves so. The Indians had eyes and ears for no one but the young Frenchman of twenty-seven, their brother, Kayewla, and to his voice only were they willing to listen. His tongue was ever a ready servant, and this time did not fail him, for he proved himself such an adept in the art of Indian oratory, that he was able to so impress the fiery young warrior, Red Jacket, who had called upon his tribe in the most impassioned way to continue the war, that he yielded his opinions and wishes and made peace with the white man.

Forty-one years later, this chief, worn with time and much whiskey, presented himself at Buffalo, to the notice of Lafayette, and was delighted as well as charmed from his long enmity of our race by the Marquis' kind and courteous recollection of him.

Upon his departure Washington accompanied him to Annapolis. Returning alone to Mount Vernon, he sent from there a farewell letter to Lafayette breathing the most devoted love and attachment, and expressing great grief at the separation, which he feared would be final.

In 1825 the bells of the nation rang their successive peals, as Lafayette made his triumphal progress as a conqueror of the hearts of the people whose guest he was.

During the journey he visited Harrisburg, where he was received with every mark of veneration and affection, and was entertained at the residence of the Governor. The Harrisburg Bar waiting upon him, a speech of welcome was made him by my grandfather, George Fisher. During his stay he was tendered a reception

at the Capitol, to which he was escorted by dragoons and volunteers from this and neighboring counties, commanded by Major Foster, the Dauphin county firemen joining in the procession. The toasts at the public dinners given him, both here and in York, which he also visited, voiced the national sentiment.

Gen. Lafayette. "Our fathers hailed him as a defender, we rejoice to welcome him as a guest."

He, in his turn, everywhere, gave proofs of the esteem and affection in which he held us. Remembering everyone whom he had met, especially remembering where a service had been rendered him. Many simple hearts were gladdened by his graceful and grateful remembrance.

In Chester county he turned aside to pay a visit to old Gideon Gilpin, in whose house he made his headquarters at the battle of Brandywine. The old man, lying on his deathbed, deeply felt the honor shown him.

In Philadelphia he visited an old colored woman who had cooked for Washington and himself. To the burden of her hundred years was added a mortgage on her house. This debt Lafayette paid before he left the city.

At Wilmington tradition tells of his asking for an old German woman whom he called the "angel of the scissors," who had taken the bullet from his wound on the field of Brandywine with this unwieldy instrument, and who was full of proud delight at his remembrance of her.

Upon Dr. McGraw presenting himself, Lafayette at once recognized, not the name, but the face of the surgeon who dressed his wound in 1777. Wherever he went he asked for old friends. Many had passed away, others were unable from age and bodily infirmities to pay their respects. In no case where it was possible did he fail to visit the sick or aged in their weakness, or the widows and fatherless in their bereavement.

His kindness and courtesy were as great as when a young man after long and weary marches through Virginia, he traveled all night to pay his

respects to the mother of Washington at Williamsburg and to visit the home of Washington at Mount Vernon.

His purse, too, was as freely used as when in the old days it opened wide to relieve the necessities of our soldiers.

Congress during his visit voted him two hundred thousand dollars in "recognition of his services and expenditures during the Revolutionary War."

In September, after receiving an ovation in all parts of the country, he returned to France in a new frigate named in his honor, "The Brandywine."

Lafayette has been called the hero of two continents. In addition to all he did for us in his youth he played a conspicuous and perilous part in the French Revolution. For years he seemed to have reached the pinnacle of earthly glory. Then came disaster and imprisonment, but he returned to live many peaceful and useful years in his beloved country; always ready to give himself to her service, always on the side of freedom and constitutional liberty. His last words spoken in public were in behalf of French refugees, the last words he ever wrote recommended the abolition of slavery.

He spent much of his time during the last forty years of his life at Le Grange, a chateau whose towers rise amid prolific orchards and ancient forests in the Province of La Brie.

An American visitor writes of the charming family circle he found there in 1827. He discovers in Lafayette a genial and delightful host, a devoted father, worshiped by each member of the family, between whom and himself existed the most intimate and tender relations. He speaks in admiration of his manly son, of the grace, beauty and intelligence of his daughters, and waxes warm in praises of the grandchildren, of whom there were an even dozen. He describes Lafayette at table, thus surrounded, seated between the youngest of the party, two fascinating little maidens of three and four—a picture of happiness and serene old age.

The house everywhere suggested

America. On its walls were portraits of Washington and Franklin with many others of their distinguished countrymen. A valued possession was a painting of the siege of Yorktown. One room, which the General called America, was filled with American things, which he had collected or which had been sent to him as gifts and souvenirs.

American plants and trees adorned his grounds, American horses stood in his stables, and an ice-house established the fact that he followed American customs.

When a young officer in our army he often caused much amusement by his energetic use of English, which he spoke and wrote in very broken fashion, but he became as familiar with it as with French, using it in conversation and in writing with ease and elegance.

He lived to be seventy-seven, in entire possession of his faculties, retaining his grace and vivacity and erect figure. His expressive face indicating the nobility and sweetness of his character, in his old age as charming and attractive, as when he first presented himself to the Americans in the days of his romantic youth.

He died in Paris, January 20th, 1834. The house in Le Rue d'Dijon, where he breathed his last, bears a tablet giving the dates of his birth

and death, and the further inscription:

General Lafayette,
Defender of the Liberties of America.
One of the Founders of French Liberties.

He was carried to the Church of the Madeleine from whence a large crowd followed him to an old cemetery in La Rue Picpus, a solemn and secluded spot, where some of the proudest families of the French Peerage are buried, whose tombs, simple and massive, bear little more than the names of those whose remains they cover.

Here lowly lies one of the great men of earth, the friend of Washington and of freedom, who besides the glory of his achievements, won that higher distinction which came from the successful ruling of his own spirit and the daily exercise of common virtues.

Beside him rests the devoted wife, from whom he was separated for twenty-seven years. Of these two then in death united a distinguished English statesman writes: "Such characters should flourish in the annals of the world, and live to posterity, when kings and the crowns they wear, must have mouldered into dust."

EMILIE S. ALRICKS.
(MRS. LEVI B. ALRICKS.)

October 19, 1896.

CORNWALLIS' SURRENDER.

To a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution it will be unnecessary to give any detailed account of the great event in our history—an event for which the chapter was formed to commemorate—an event full of heroic deeds of brave men and noble women when the days, months and years were full of trials, anxiety and suffering, with a thick cloud of gloom hovering over, threatening to enwrap us in its folds. But the cloud had a silver lining, as we to-day can testify, while we listen to the story of our victories.

Yet for the purpose of this paper we must glance backwards beyond the memorable year of 1781 and recall some of the incidents which led to the battle of Yorktown and glean something of the careers of the two greatest actors in one of the finest battles of America and of the world. A battle far-reaching in its results, and one that did much to free American colonies and help sustain the Declaration of Independence, though the war of 1812 was yet necessary to make the Declaration an assured fact in all its points beyond dispute.

Of all the incidents of the Revolution, the brilliant victories and humiliating defeats of one side or the other, the jealousies and intrigues, the heroism, endurance and patience for sake of principle and resistance of oppression, all of which make up a most wonderful history, I cannot write, for the limits of a paper like this prohibit me from touching on any of these points.

When the British Government started out to bring her colonists to submission it thought the task would be easy, like whipping a school boy to make him behave, that the colonists would be quickly scared into good behavior for many of them were loyal to their King and had only rebelled against the burdens imposed because they were grievous and broke down all principles of justice and equity.

When the Revolution began no one thought it would lead to separation from the mother country or the establishment of free and independent States. The great Pitt said of the revolt that the "Americans were fighting for eternal purposes of political justice which should be to all English hearts most dear, and should America fall she would fall like the strong man with her arms around the pillars of the constitution."

England, in her efforts to quell her rebellious American colonies, formed two plans which, if they could have been carried out, either might have been a success. The first was to cut off the head of the rebellious snake, and second to cut it in two. But they miscalculated the vitality of the snake. The British army was made up of well-trained, handsomely uniformed soldiers, well versed in all military tactics and drill. The American army was formed of raw recruits, called from the field and workshop, in all manner of costumes, knowing nothing of the first rudiments of military life.

It was not until after Lafayette came to our aid that any drill was introduced. He saw our lack and set to work to supply it by teaching and drilling. Our soldiers proved apt scholars, who learned quickly, and es-

pecially to use the bayonet, which until then had been useless.

In 1775 the contest began in earnest and 1776 saw the British roused to great activity by our resistance. We were defeated at Long Island, New York taken from us and later on Philadelphia followed. Burgoyne came down the St. Lawrence hoping to seize Albany and control the Hudson, thinking, through his success, to intimidate New York and Pennsylvania, cut off New England from the rest of the country and gather his supplies from the two Middle States. With the British controlling the seas, her army controlling inland communication, the British commander thought the North would soon be conquered. Alas for the success of British plans. Burgoyne was badly defeated by Gen. Gates at Saratoga, and a year after Philadelphia was in American possession.

In 1778 New York was England's only possession from the Potomac to the Penobscot.

The troops of the northern colonists may have been inferior to the English, but from Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia they came and stood shoulder to shoulder under command of Gen. George Washington, earnest and ready to do their duty. Baffled in their first plan the British leaders turned their faces to the exposed and less populated South. If the Rebel snake could only be cut in two and the South in submission, it would be easy to conquer the North. The British with their superior naval vessels could easily have moved the troops from point to point. Their first step was to conquer Florida and Georgia and open communication through the Carolinas. Lord Germain felt sure that many loyalists would flock to the standard whenever the opportunity presented, and if this were only true too of Virginia, all Americans south of the Susquehanna would return to their allegiance. Something must be done. Burgoyne had surrendered and France had made the American cause her own by alliance. The British felt they must make a better record and in 1778 they

captured Savannah and in 1779 possessed Augusta.

Gen. Lincoln from Massachusetts was sent South to take charge of American forces there, but in attempting to defend Charleston he was besieged by Gen. Sir Henry Clinton and forced to surrender.

The British under command of Gen. Earl Charles Cornwallis, marched through the State. This gallant officer was one of England's best and most intelligent soldiers and citizens. He was born in London in 1738. Educated at Eton, he entered the British army at eighteen and rose to be lieutenant general. He was elected to Parliament and voted against the taxation of America, for like Gen. Howe, he had sympathy for the colonists. He disapproved of the harsh measures of the British Government, which led America to rebellion, but loyal to his King and country, did his best to make the colonists submissive. He had fine military talents and merited the confidence placed in him. All this flattered his vanity. He never lacked in resources. To this clever, ambitious officer was given the leadership of that portion of the British army which was to conquer all the Southern provinces. Nothing was farther from the mind of Cornwallis, when he left New York, than the idea of surrendering or giving up his colors to Washington on a Southern battlefield. We cannot follow his career before he went South, except to glance at his pursuit of well conquered, had possession of Washington through New Jersey. He pursued Washington so rapidly that as the rear of the American army left Newark at one end, Cornwallis entered at the other. Yet Washington stole around the British general before the latter found it out. The Englishman slept too soundly at Trenton, vaunting that he "would catch the sly old fox in the morning"—but the "sly fox" was away in safety, while the braggart slept.

Never did an ambitious officer find himself in a more gratifying position than did Cornwallis when he took command of the English forces in the South. The entire Southern provinces were open before him in which to exercise his military talents. Gov-

ernor Campbell had advised him that many loyalists in the South would rally about him, and there was no chance that Washington could leave the Northern army to take the long march to the South. Clinton went back to New York, giving some general orders, but the when, how and where were left to Cornwallis to act as he thought best. His first wish was to retain Charleston, get a foothold in North Carolina, while Clinton would send a force down Chesapeake Bay to guard Virginia and keep away Northern troops.

After Lincoln was defeated at Charleston he was removed and Gen. Gates given the command by Congress, though Washington wanted Gen. Nathaniel Greene in that position. Gates was jealous of his commander-in-chief, and pushed on to the South without consulting him. The Americans in the South, so ground down by British persecution and penalties, were rejoiced to hear that Baron de Kalb and a force were coming to their rescue, and that Gates, the hero of Saratoga, would be in command, reanimated the drooping patriots. Among them Gen. Morgan, surnamed the "game cock," whose example of harassing the British was followed by Marion and his "devils." Gates evidently meant to signalize himself by quick movements and in spite of everything persevered in his plans.

The conquest of Virginia was not in the first plan of the British only to keep our troops from getting through it, but North Carolina was their barrier for all the States below. Cornwallis wrote to Clinton: "If I do not capture that province we must give up South Carolina and Georgia and retire into Charleston, which will be equivalent to a defeat." Then came the battle of Camden, where Gates was so badly defeated that he was relieved from command and the position given to Greene. The next plan of Cornwallis was to make Hillsborough, North Carolina, winter quarters for supplies and again he wrote Clinton: "All depends on what is done in the Chesapeake, which I consider next in importance to New York."

Clinton approved of this plan and sent Gen. Leslie with orders to establish a post at Portsmouth, Virginia. Cornwallis did not find his plan an easy one to carry out. Greene's coming had put new life into the defeated American, besides he proved very troublesome to the British. The first check to Cornwallis was at Charlotte, which defeat so depressed his followers that he decided to fall back on South Carolina, where he took possession of Wynnburg. At this juncture Clinton sent Leslie from Portsmouth to aid Cornwallis and though he wrote Cornwallis that he could "ill spare it," he sent another force to Portsmouth with the same orders given to Gen. Leslie—"to cooperate with Cornwallis." Clinton also insisted that a post must be kept up at Hillsborough and to hold Portsmouth—that desultory expeditions should be sent up the James and that river kept blockaded and thus control the Chesapeake Bay.

Reinforced by Leslie, Cornwallis started again for North Carolina with 3,400 officers and men. Greene, who was watching him from the banks of the Pedee, had only 1,500 continentals and 600 militia. If the British could have had another Camden their interests might have taken root in the South. Alas for the Royalists. Gen. Morgan, of our army, gained a most brilliant victory over the British Gen. Tarleton—a general who was vindictive, dishonorable and violated all principles of honorable warfare. It was surprising what high praise Cornwallis gave Tarleton to the home Government.

This defeat did not deter Cornwallis from his plans. On January 31st, 1781, he put his troops in light marching order and marched on, hoping to overtake Morgan and Greene and felt so sure of success that he burnt all his baggage.

This interesting move was the beginning of the Yorktown campaign—the beginning of the end. Who thought even then that Washington on the Hudson, Cornwallis on the Catawba, 700 miles apart, would meet face to face half way down the coast and settle the issues for which the Revolution was begun.

Meantime Greene felt he was too weak to resist the pursuit of Cornwallis and retreated to Virginia. Day and night this pursuit was kept up till Greene put himself on the other side of the river Dan. Cornwallis now thought the restoration of North Carolina to the King's authority assured, but another disaster came to him. Greene, reinforced, recrossed the Dan, met the enemy at Guilford Court House, where he was defeated, but the British lost so much they could not hold Hillsborough, but went to Wilmington to recruit and refit the shattered army, leaving the defeated Greene master of the situation.

At Wilmington, Cornwallis determined to abandon the Carolinas for the present and proceed to Virginia, feeling that until he had possession of that State he could do nothing with more Southern ones. Without any consultation with Clinton he assumed the responsibility of this move, though he wrote Clinton as follows: "I must not remain here lest Greene conquers Rawdon in South Carolina and takes possession of North Carolina, thus cutting off all means of saving my small force, save by embarkation in small boats and losing cavalry and horses. I am persuaded that Virginia must be conquered before we can conquer the Southern provinces—but with Virginia subdued the rest will be easy."

He marched from Wilmington, April 25, 1781; by May 30th he reached Petersburg, where he united forces with General Phillips. Clinton disapproved of this move, but Cornwallis did not care very much, as he had the support of the Home Government, and eventually the commander-in-chief of the British forces in America had to accommodate his plans to the movements of his subordinate officer.

Cornwallis finally reached Virginia, where he met for the first time the Marquis de Lafayette, the French boy who was to be a bothering antagonist in that State. "The boy shall not escape me," Cornwallis cried, but the boy led the Englishman many a dreary chase. The gallant and handsome young Frenchman had already

proved himself brave, courageous and worthy the confidence Congress and Washington imposed in him.

We must take a look at the armies on the chess board of America. The British army was scattered, Clinton in New York, some troops in Long Island, a small fleet in the Chesapeake. They had the South fairly well conquered, had possession of Charleston and Savannah, and Clinton in New York hoping that Cornwallis would soon conquer Virginia.

And what of the Americans and allied armies? They were at North Castle, Dobbs' Ferry, with Lafayette in Virginia watching Cornwallis. The Count de Grasse in the West Indies with a French fleet, while Washington, commander-in-chief of the American army, was on the Hudson expecting de Grasse would come to his aid at Sandy Hook, help him besiege Clinton, capture troops on Long Island, and eventually take New York. At least this is what the spies sent by Clinton into the American lines reported to him. Clinton had been expecting such a movement, and in his alarm sent a vessel to Virginia ordering Cornwallis to send 3,000 men north, as he could well spare them, and yet have force enough to drive Lafayette out of the State. A day or two later the arrival of 3,000 Hessians from England made glad the heart of Clinton, and the order to Cornwallis was countermanded.

Meanwhile the Americans were waiting for de Grasse. Washington had made plans for his Northern campaign and turned a deaf ear to the many petitions asking him to come and aid in Virginia.

Greene could not leave South Carolina and Lafayette was left alone to defend Virginia. "What a herculean task," wrote Greene, but the "boy" was equal to it.

Where was the Conte de Grasse and his French fleet? A vessel arrived at Newport bringing letters saying that de Grasse would not go to New York, much to the disappointment of Washington. The French fleet under d'Estang had failed and now de Grasse. Yet another messenger brought news that de Grasse would sail for the Chesapeake with two ships of the line, 3,200 troops

under General St. Simon and would be ready to aid the Americans.

Joyful news, but it was a long, weary march which Washington had by this time determined to take; from the Hudson to Norfolk, across many large rivers. The British could send a vessel with troops the same distance in forty-eight hours, long before Washington could cross the Susquehanna. Money, too, was needed. It was forthcoming. Robert Morris gave it. There was great activity in the American army. Men were sent to fell trees and clear the road to Kingsbridge; another force went down the west side of the Hudson building bread ovens, &c. Surely this meant that the Americans would march to Newark and Amboy and cross to Staten Island. A rebel was taken by Clinton, who bore sealed dispatches that Washington had a scheme to capture New York. For a few days Clinton could not find the whereabouts of Washington, but the strategic general was marching twenty miles a day on his way to the South. By September 1st he was at Trenton, soon at Philadelphia, where his army met with a grand ovation. He hurried on to Chester, where he heard the news that de Grasse was in the Chesapeake and sent the news back to Philadelphia. The rejoicings were enthusiastic, in view of anticipated triumphs. Shouts of "Long live Washington; he has gone to catch Cornwallis in a mousetrap" rent the air. September 4th found the allies in Wilmington, the 5th at Elkton, at the head of the Chesapeake, where boats had been accumulated to take them down the bay. Another look at the chess board.

Cornwallis is building entrenchments at Yorktown, after leaving the heart of Virginia. Lafayette is at Williamsburg, "a rebellious town, headquarters of revolt in Virginia," said Cornwallis; Clinton in New York, with Admirals Hood and Graves watching for de Grasse to arrive at Sandy Hook. Count Rodney, commanding the English fleet in the West Indies, reports to Hood that de Grasse had sailed for the American coast, probably for New York. Hood

and Graves form a combination, hoping to be strong enough to meet de Grasse when he arrives at Sandy Hook. Admiral Barras and a French fleet had gone South. Suddenly light dawned upon Clinton. Barras and de Grasse are to meet in the Chesapeake, Washington and Rochambeau have gone to Virginia to attack Cornwallis. All of Clinton's plans and ideas had gone astray. Hood and Graves sailed down the coast and encountered de Grasse at the mouth of the bay watching for Barras. The two fleets stood off and on without much conflict till on September 10 de Grasse suddenly entered the bay and found Barras there with his transports, siege guns and military stores.

Cornwallis was feeling anxious. The British fleet had gone back to New York. All he could do was to build strong defenses and wait for aid from Clinton.

On September 25th the American army landed and marched to Williamstown, and on the 28th all the allied forces united at Williamsburg and marched to Yorktown, a town of about sixty houses on the York river which is half a mile wide. Picture the situation. The British in Yorktown on a peninsula, the James river blockaded by the Americans. The allied armies encamped across the neck of the peninsula. Two British fleets and some transports in York river, Gen. Tarleton with 1,000 British in Gloucester, across the river, and a detachment of French laying siege to them on the same point. The night of October 6th was very dark and the Americans were busy throwing up breastworks near the enemy's lines. Not a whisper was heard and morning saw those works high enough to protect our men from the British fire. The next night the guns were dragged into position and ready for work. The next day firing began, shells were thrown into British lines which they returned. The French poured hot shot into the vessels on the river until some of them cut their cables and crept away while the rest were burned. The British fleet had gone and de Grasse was left master of Virginia waters. The coils were closing around Cornwallis and

September 8th he found himself surrounded. There was one small chance for escape, but he did not know Washington was so near, he thought about availing himself of the chance too long, till Washington took command and the trap was closed. The end was near. This march of Washington and his army from the Hudson to Yorktown was as marvelous as that of Napoleon when he swooped from the shores of the English channel and captured Ulm, in Bavaria.

Erstwhile Clinton felt he must be up and doing, he attacked New London, destroyed and captured Fort Griswold, but the minute men rushed in such numbers to the relief that the British retreated up the Sound, and in this retreat we get the last glimpse of the brilliant Arnold in American history.

This news reached Virginia as the combination was completed against Cornwallis. On October 6th General Lincoln moved against Yorktown. On the 11th Steuben opened fire within 300 yards of the British lines. The night of the 14th Gen. Alexander Hamilton with a French troop captured the British redoubts, and by the 16th the enemy's works were crumbling beneath the fire of our 70 guns.

On the 17th Cornwallis hoisted the white flag asking that hostilities cease for 24 hours. Many things could happen in 24 hours, and two hours only were granted by Washington. Cornwallis surrendered. At the house of Mrs. Moore the commissioners met. Colonel Laurens for the Americans and the Viscount de Noailles for the French; Lieutenant Colonel Dundas and Major Ross, for the British, and the terms were agreed upon. The gunners may extinguish their port fires now, the soldiers may throw down their arms, for nearly a century will pass before there will be any more fighting at Yorktown.

"At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of October 19th, the surrender took place on the field, not far from Washington's and Rochambeau's quarters. The Americans were paraded north of the Hampton Road, the French

south of it, the lines extending more than a mile. Washington on his bay horse was at the head of the Americans, and Rochambeau at the head of the French. The officers of both armies have put on their best uniforms. The Stars and Stripes float above the Americans, while above the French are the lilies of France. Out from Yorktown came the British. In silence and sadness they marched. Upon many a bronzed cheek there were tears, for it is humiliating to surrender. Between the lines they marched and laid their guns upon the ground. The standards, twenty-eight in number, were to be delivered up. Ensign Wilson, of Clinton's brigade, received them. He was the youngest officer of the service, only eighteen; but well did he perform his part, receiving them from the British captains and handing them to the twenty-eight sergeants appointed to receive them.

"Cornwallis was not there. He was heart-sick. His disappointment, grief and mortification were too great to be borne. He had sent for O'Hara to deliver up his sword. General Washington had appointed General Lincoln, who had to surrender to Cornwallis at Charleston, to receive it. General Lincoln held it a moment, then gave it back to O'Hara to be returned to Cornwallis.

"The scene was over. Eleven thousand men, including soldiers, sailors and Tories had surrendered—a little over seven thousand being British and Hessians. Seventy-five horses, one hundred and sixty-nine iron cannons, all the supplies and ammunition, tents, camp equipage, eleven thousand dollars in money were among the spoils.

"Joy, joy, joy everywhere! Lieutenant Colonel Tilghman was sent by Washington to carry the news to Congress at Philadelphia. It was midnight when he arrived. The watchmen were going through the town; the slumbering people heard them crying the hour of midnight as never before—louder, quicker and more joyfully. "Twelve o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!"

"Out from their beds they sprang. Women in night-caps appeared at the

windows, and rushed into the streets to hear the news—Cornwallis is taken! Cornwallis taken! No news like that since Burgoyne laid down his arms at Saratoga."

The surrender marked the success of the American Revolution, though peace was not declared nor the final treaty ratified until two years later, but its importance was soon felt by all civil and military leaders and by the spring of 1782 all aggressive operations had ceased. No incident of the Revolution aroused such universal enthusiasm. When the news reached Philadelphia Congress went in a body to church to join in a service of praise and thanksgiving. Honors were voted to the allied armies and its leaders and a national day of fasting recommended to the people.

A victory so unexpected—its magnitude and completeness gave zest to all public rejoicing while it sounded the death knell of British dominion in America. It was a starting point in our history. It showed the world that our Declaration of Independence was no manifesto of a meaningless and unsuccessful rebellion, but the keystone of a new nation to be built on the ruins of the English colonial system in America. This success was not achieved at Yorktown alone, all the preceding events must be associated with it, but it was the crowning glory after six years of contest, it was the last and most brilliant achievement. Bunker Hill was a resolution made, Yorktown showed that resolution carried out. What would have been the effect on England if the Revolution had not been successful? Are we better for the separation from the mother country? We could hardly have obtained our broad individuality had we kept tied to her apron strings though England might have become the grand country she is. In many ways America's influence has made itself felt in English politics, many of England's rights and privileges have received fresh impetus from this country.

No one can assume that the success of the colonies against the King's ministry and Parliament could have no effect on England as many of her

revolting subjects were some of her best men.

The interests of the universal world were bettered by our success. England with America as an appendage would have become a great power. When the Revolution began she monopolized the seas. With this increased wealth and population would she have been more lentent and liberal to her neighbors? These questions all lead to speculation, but let them be answered as you will, of one thing we are sure, Yorktown was to England what Marathon was to Persia; Blenheim to France; Waterloo and Sedan to the two Napoleons—a leveling blow which curbed power, resented aggression, and put right and authority on a higher plane. If it hastened progress and welfare of humanity, surely it proved an event of great good. Webster under the shadow of Bunker Hill said: "The Revolution was the prodigy of modern times at once and the wonder and blessing of the world.

Colonel Freedman, an English historian says: "The American Union has actually secured for a long period of time a greater amount of combined peace and freedom than was ever before enjoyed by so large a portion of earth's surface. Never before has so large an inhabited territory remained for seventy years in the enjoyment at once of internal freedom and of exemption from the scourge of internal war." And yet, sad to say, 80 years after, Yorktown and the scene of Cornwallis' campaign was again devastated by war, to efface from this grand country the foul blot of slavery and make the United States of America, not only in name, but in reality, the Land of the Free, and over whose hills and valleys, whose farms and homes, over whose broad rivers and vast plains can proudly float the Star Spangled Banner, emblem of freedom, enlightenment and liberty.

MRS. LOUIS W. HALL.

October 19, 1896.

THE BOSTON LIBERTY TREE.

The provinces of our country had been born, and, through much suffering reared to strength with but little assistance from the English Crown and Parliament, and when their liberties began to be abridged, and their gains absorbed, they were not prepared to bear it meekly.

We all know the stamp act indignity by heart, and have been duly indignant in regard to that persecution, and kindred unbearable measures from across the water.

There was some salt, however, in the leaven of unrighteousness which prevailed in England. We have a vision, for instance, of the great Pitt coming on crutches into Parliament to make his famous vindication of our rights. We can see Col. Barre rising from his seat, with flashing eyes, to utter his eloquent protest against the enforcement of the stamp act. School boys still declaim it, and it starts them in life with the spark of patriotism in full flame.

With hearts still more quickened, we think of Patrick Henry in the Virginia House of Burgesses pouring forth a torrent of words, so fast and furious that he stuttered in the beginning from the crowd of words which rushed to his lips. George Washington sat in quiet dignity as a member of that body, and Thomas Jefferson, then a young collegian from the mountain frontier, was waiting outside the closed doors, eager for news of resistance to the stamp act.

Massachusetts and Virginia—called the head and heart of the Revolution—were first and longest in their denunciations, while the other colonies followed hard after.

Virginia, however, rang the alarm bell for the continent by her declaration of colonial rights adopted by the House of Burgesses at the instance of Patrick Henry. Almost simultaneously James Otis, of Boston, advised the calling of an American

Congress without the consent of the King.

In spite of American resistance, the stamp act became a law, and took effect on the 1st of November, 1765. It was repealed, as a matter of policy, in the following March, but before the rounds of rejoicing on that account had died out, there came news from England of more unjust and unwise acts, which relighted the fires of indignation throughout the colonies.

Hence arose the association called the Sons of Liberty. In 1765 they began to hold their meetings under the boughs of a stately elm. The tree was called the Great Tree. It was the pride of the neighborhood, for of many tall trees of the grove in which it stood, its head was nearest to heaven. It was solemnly named Liberty Tree, and dedicated to patriotism. Hither came, in the evenings and holidays the men of Boston—those who worked with their hands and those who worked with their heads, to meet in counsel, discourse of their country's wrongs, and devise rebellion. "Liberty, Property, and No Stamps" was their cry.

From a limb of this giant among trees dangled strange fruit on the morning of the 14th of August, 1765. A crowd gathered, and recognized the effigy of Andrew Oliver, who was secretary of the colony, and who had just been appointed stamp distributor. A large boof was also suspended on high. From its top peeped head and horns, suggesting the devil. This was intended to represent Lord Bute, Premier of England, favorite of George III and a prominent persecutor. In the evening Oliver's effigy was cut down and carried in hilarious procession by a mob, shouting their rebellious watchwords. Their steps were directed to the office of the original of the effigy, and they then and there beheaded the thing of rags, broke window glass, destroyed furniture, and so alarmed Oliver that he escaped ignominiously by the back door. The next morning he gladly and with much alacrity resigned his office. The Sons of Liberty remembered him still further, however, for they compelled him to read his resig-

nation as stamp distributor under the Liberty tree four months afterward, in the midst of a jeering crowd.

The old tree looked down on many a riotous scene. If it had been given a tongue it would not, like Tennyson's Talking Oak, have uttered fair spoken words of love, but its story would have been of stirring and stormy times and deeds of violence.

Conspicuous among effigies pendant upon Liberty Tree, were those of George Grenville and John Huske, the latter being the American member of Parliament, who had traitorously suggested a heavy tax to be levied upon the colonies. After hanging until sunset, they were carried with much pomp and parade, to Boston Neck, and there hung upon a convenient gallows for the space of one hour. Labels were affixed to them bearing words which were mainly adjurations to repair to the place of future punishment.

From the time of the stamp act excitement until the armed possession of Boston by General Gage and his troops in 1774, the Liberty Tree was the rallying place of Boston patriots. It was naturally under the ban of the British tyrants, and General Gage decreed its downfall. The spite against it was exhibited by sawing it into many pieces.

The Essex Gazette of August 31st, 1775, in describing the destruction of the tree says: "They made a furious attack upon it. After a long spell of grinning and laughing, and sweating and swearing and foaming with malice diabolical, they cut down the tree because it bore the name of Liberty." A soldier was killed during the work of desecration.

I take the following rhymed description of the vandalism from a tract entitled "A Vodge to Boston," published in 1775:

"Now shined the gay-faced sun with
morning light,
All Nature gazed exulting at the
sight,
When swift as the wind, to rent their
base born rage,
The Tory Williams, and the Butcher
Gage

Rush to the tree, a nameless number near,
 Tories and negroes following in the rear;
 Each, axe in hand, attack the honored tree,
 Swearing eternal war with Liberty;
 Nor ceased his stroke till each repeating wound
 Tumbled it honors headlong to the ground,
 But ere it fell, not mindless of its wrong,
 Avenged it took one destined head along,
 A Tory soldier on its topmost limb.
 The genius of the shade looked stern at him,
 And marked him out the self-same hour to dine
 Where unsuuffed lamps burn low at Pluto's shrine;
 Then tripped his feet from off their cautious stand,
 Pale turned the wretch—he spread each helpless hand,
 But spread in vain—with headlong force he fell,
 Nor stopped descending until he stopped in hell."

The author of the above shows by his style that he lived in the days when men conned well their Virgil.

The following by Thomas Payne, whose patriotism was spoiled by his skepticism, must find a place in account of the Liberty Tree:

"In a chariot of light, from the regions of day,

The Goddess of Liberty came;
 Ten thousand celestials directed the way

And hither conducted the dame.
 A fair budding branch from the gardens above,

She held in her hand as a pledge of her love,
 And the plant she named Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,

Like a native it flourished and bore;

The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,

To seek out this peaceable shore.

Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,

For freemen like brothers agree;
 With one spirit endured, they one friendship pursued,

And their temple was Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair tree, like the Patriarchs of old,

Their bread in contentment they ate,

Unvexed with the troubles of silver and gold,

The cares of the grand and the great;

With timber and tar they Old England supplied,

And supported her power on the sea;

Her battles they fought without getting a groat,

For the honor of Liberty Tree.

But hear, oh ye swains, to a tale most profane,

How all the tyrannical powers—King, Commons and Lords are uniting amain,

To cut down this guardian of our; From the East to the West blow the trumpet to arms!

To the land let the sound of it flee,
 Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer,

In defense of our Liberty Tree."

But friends, there were Liberty Trees in many of the other States, and brave men and women acted their part under their shade.

We look to New England for a great number of our important dates, partly because she has written our school books and has written herself large, and also because many important happenings had Massachusetts for a field of operations. The Southerners sitting supine, under the ban of slavery, sent their youths to the North to be educated, and there they studied a history rather local and not quite impartial.

The mission of the Daughters of the Revolution is to bring out the local coloring of each State.

We glow with pride when we think of our William Penn, who founded our Commonwealth on the broad basis of religious liberty. We may

throw a searchlight upon our archives, and we will find no trace of persecution, intolerance or broken faith.

He stood under an elm tree at Shackamaxon, now within the limits of Philadelphia, and the Indians gathered in gorgeous undress and paint, while Penn proclaimed his message of peace and love.

"We meet," said he, "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers, for brothers differ. The friendship between you and me I will not com-

pare to a chain, for that rains might rust, or the falling tree break. We are the same as if one man's body might be divided into different parts. We are all one flesh, and one blood."

"We will live," replied the Indians, "in love with William Penn and his children as long as the moon and sun shall endure."

The Indians and the white man for once kept faith with each other. There is no bloody tale to be told on either side. While the white man oppressed and wronged the natives, and the savages obeyed their brutal impulses in the other colonies peace reigned in Pennsylvania.

MARY BLACK CLAYTON.

December 16, 1896.

GEN. JOSEPH WARREN.

The life of Joseph Warren was so much a part of the times leading up to the American Revolution, that any account of him must be largely a narrative of the struggles and trials which preceded the final appeal to arms at Concord and Bunker Hill. Descended from a family of sterling worth, though not of large means, Warren was left fatherless at the age of fourteen. His mother, a woman of strong and noble character, reared her family of four boys to be an honor to herself and her country. The eldest of the four, Joseph, entered Harvard College in 1775, at the age of fourteen, and graduated four years later.

Returning to his native town of Roxbury, he was appointed master of the grammar school there, but soon left his school teaching to enter upon a course of study in medicine, which he had decided to make his calling. His marriage followed soon after, and is thus announced in one of the journals of the day: "Last Thursday evening was married Dr. Joseph Warren, one of the physicians of this town, to Miss Elizabeth Hooten, only daughter of the late Mr. Richard Hooten, deceased, an accom-

plished young lady with a handsome fortune." Thus at twenty-three Warren was successfully launched in his professional career, in the metropolis of New England, with an easy road before him, on which he was to all appearances to move on quietly and successfully in the practice of his profession. He is thus described at this period:

"He had a graceful figure, was scrupulously neat in his person, of thorough culture and had an elegant address; and those traits rendered him a welcome visitor in polite circles, while a frank and genial manner made him a general favorite. He had a great love for his fellow-men, and being a stranger to the passion of avarice, and even neglectful to a fault in pecuniary matters, he had an ear ever open to the claims of want and a hand ever extended to afford relief. Thus imbued with the qualities that characterize the good physician, the path before him to success was easy and wide."

But the great events and stirring times of the struggle for liberty soon drew Warren into the thickest of the contest. Self-interest, the quiet enjoyment of a lucrative prac-

tice, the disinclination of the scholar to mingle in the noisy discussion of public questions, all impelled Warren to hold aloof from the struggle upon which his country was entering. Thought of self was, however, as remote from his mind when he joined his fortunes with the devoted band of Boston townsmen in their struggle for right, as it was on that 17th of June, one hundred and twenty-two years ago to-day, when he fought as a common soldier in the redoubt on Bunker Hill and yielded up his noble life for his country.

The repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766 marks the end of the first period of agitation against the aggressions of the British Parliament. It was succeeded by a period of calm until in 1767 the passage of the Townshend revenue acts placing duties on paper, glass and tea, and creating a board of customs to look after their collection, rekindled the slumbering opposition. It was then that Warren, at the age of 26, under the lead of the fiery and aggressive Samuel Adams entered upon his political career. The little band of patriots in Boston now invoked the aid of the public press in their struggle against the arbitrary claims of the British Parliament, and in their hands the Boston "Gazette" became an engine of wondrous power in forming public opinion. Bernard, the royal Governor, a scholar and an Oxford graduate, was no match for the patriots in this wordy warfare, and finally using as a basis for his complaint a communication of Warren's in the "Gazette," which reflected severely on the Governor, sent a message to the Council and the House of Representatives, asking that the proper means should be taken to stop the attacks upon his government. The Council, subservient to the Governor's will, passed a resolution condemning the newspaper article. The House, on the other hand, declined to take any notice of the alleged libel, and closed its answer to the Governor's message with these memorable words: "The liberty of the press is a great bulwark of the liberty of the people; it is, therefore, the incumbent duty of those who are constituted the

guardians of the people's rights, to defend and maintain it." The Council was next asked to prosecute the publishers of the "Gazette," but this they refused to do. The Attorney General, at Bernard's direction, now brought the article before the grand jury, to whom Hutchinson, the then chief justice of the colony, delivered a charge as he himself says in most plain words "that they might depend upon being damned if they did not find a bill." But the grand jury, true to the instincts of law and right, and braving the displeasure of Governor and chief justice, refused to find a bill against the newspaper. Thus on an issue made by Warren was decided favorably to the popular cause the question of the freedom of the press. The importance of this decision to the American cause cannot be over estimated. It gave to the patriots the opportunity of placing before the public in a perfectly legal way the great principles of human right which were finally to be settled by the sword, but which needed to be placed clearly and intelligently before the people day after day and week after week until they should be so thoroughly understood that the people to maintain them would submit to any sacrifice.

Another powerful engine in the formation of the public opinion was now evolved by the patriot leaders out of the New England town meeting. In this work Joseph Warren took a most prominent part. The town meeting was originally an assembly of all the citizens of a town, for the discussion of purely local affairs, such as local taxation, public schools, police regulations, &c. The patriots of Boston now brought before these local meetings questions of really national importance, involving the relations of the colony to the mother country, and the right of the British Parliament to tax the subjects of the Crown in America without their consent. The Boston town meeting in the hands of Samuel Adams, Warren, Otis, and a score of others, became a popular political school for the masses, where all questions were taken up, discussed and studied. The education of the people thus went

on through the columns of the press and the public discussions in town meetings, while the home government instead of using its best efforts to quiet the rising tide of popular discontent, was stimulating it by insisting on its arbitrary claims to rights over the colonists.

The board of customs before referred to rendered themselves more and more obnoxious by the way in which they exercised their unpopular functions, and finally, in 1768, seized on the opportunity afforded by the celebration of the anniversary of the repeal of the Stamp Act, when effigies of some of the board were hung on Liberty Tree, to declare that the members of the board were in danger of personal violence, and to ask from Commodore Hood, at Halifax, immediate aid. The Commodore at once ordered the ship "Romney," of fifty guns, to Boston. The seizure of Hancock's sloop "Liberty," for alleged violation of the revenue laws, was made on June 10th, and was followed by a riot in which the revenue officials were pelted with stones, and excesses committed for which the patriot leaders expressed regret.

This riot was immediately reported as an insurrection and troops were asked for. Protest after protest was entered against this request by the citizens of Boston, and finally a meeting of leading men at Warren's house on September 10th, decided to issue a circular letter to the towns of Massachusetts, asking them to send delegates to the "Committee of Convention" to meet in Boston on September 22d. This convention assembled in Faneuil Hall to discuss the general situation, the regular meeting of the Assembly being forbidden by the Governor, was immediately notified by the Governor to disperse, but continued in session, replied to the Governor, and finally adjourned after agreeing upon an address, stating clearly and strongly the rights of the colonists. Of this meeting Bancroft says: "By the mere act of assembling, the object of the convention was accomplished. It was a bold and successful attempt to show that if the policy of suppressing the Legislature should be persisted in, a way

was discovered by which legislative government could still be instituted, and a general expression of opinion and concentration of power be obtained." This "September Rebellion," as it was called, enabled the British Government to separate the case of Boston and Massachusetts from that of the other American colonies and Governor Bernard urged that the charter of Massachusetts should be forfeited. On October 1st, 1768, the troops landed. "Our harbor is full of ships and our town full of troops," wrote Hutchinson. "The red-coats make a formidable appearance and there is a profound silence among the Sons of Liberty." The irritation caused by the presence of the troops could not long be restrained from open outbreak. This the popular leaders knew, and used their best endeavors to secure the troops removal. At the annual town meeting in March, 1769, Warren was a member of the committee appointed to draw up a petition to the King on this subject, and again in May was one of the committee to instruct the representatives to the General Court as to the policy they should advocate in this public crisis. At the end of July, 1769, Bernard, the royal Governor, returned to England, and Hutchinson, as Lieutenant Governor, assumed charge of affairs.

The change produced no change of policy. The troops were still quartered in Boston, and on the 5th of March, 1770, occurred the collision between the mob and the troops, which the patriot leaders had foreseen. An unruly crowd gathered in the evening of this day and began abusing a sentinel on duty at the Custom House: a file of eight or nine men was sent to his assistance. The abuse of the crowd continued, when seven of the soldiers without warning discharged their muskets into the crowd. Five men fell dead or mortally wounded. The effect on the town was instantaneous. The church bells rang, drums beat, and the cry of fire called the whole population into the streets. The excitement was terrific. Warren, in his oration two years later, thus describes the scene: "The horrors of that dreadful night are

but too deeply impressed upon our hearts. Language is too feeble to paint the emotions of our souls, when our streets were stained with the blood of our brethren, when our ears were wounded with the groans of the dying, and our eyes were tormented by the sight of the mangled bodies of the dead. * * * * * Our hearts beat 'To Arms.' We snatched our weapons, almost resolved, by one decisive stroke to avenge the death of our slaughtered brethren, and to secure from future danger all that we held most dear." The Lieutenant Governor was quickly on the scene and addressed the crowd from the balcony of the town house, urging them to disperse and return to their homes. This they refused to do until the captain of the troops was arrested and handed over to the civil authorities for trial. This was done and the people slowly and sullenly withdrew. The immediate results of this affray, which is known in history as "The Boston Massacre," was the withdrawal of the troops from the town. Quiet was now restored in Boston, and the cause of irritation being removed, a period of apathy came over the patriot leaders. The health of Otis, long a cause of anxiety to his friends, was fast breaking down. John Adams, whose aid had been most valuable to the patriots, retired to his home in Braintree, bidding farewell to politics and saying that he had learned wisdom from experience, and meant to become more retired and cautious and to mind his farm and his office.

Hancock was at variance with Samuel Adams. Truly the years 1770 to 1773, may be considered a dark time for the patriots of Boston. It was during this period that the true character of Warren shone out. He alone with Samuel Adams to help him during these trying years, sustained the burden of keeping alive the spark of liberty. The time was one of great material prosperity in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and with the immediate cause of irritation removed, the people, forgetful of the principles involved, relapsed into an indifferent frame of mind. All through this trying time, Warren lost no opportunity

of urging upon the people the necessity of arousing from their fancied security; pointing out to them that the home government was quietly weaving a web around the colonies, which would sooner or later enslave them. His oration on the second anniversary of the Boston Massacre brings home to his hearers the mighty and never dying principles for which they were contending. "And it is undeniably true," he says, "that the greatest and most important right of a British subject is that he shall be governed by no laws but those to which either by person or by his representative he hath given consent." But the calm in which the colonists were drifting was rudely broken by the announcement that the East India Company was to make consignments of tea to the colonies on which the tax of three pence per pound was to be exacted. Samuel Adams and Warren had not written and talked in vain. The people saw as in a great light this new attempt to force a tax upon them to which they had not consented, and British North America was in a blaze of anger and resentment. In Philadelphia a public meeting was held at the State House and resolutions were passed requesting the persons to whom the tea was consigned to resign, which under popular pressure they did, and the question of the tea importation was satisfactorily settled as far as the Philadelphia patriots were concerned. In New York the ship owners refused to accept the tea as freight, and in Charleston the tea on its arrival was stored in damp cellars and quickly ruined. The consignment to Boston alone caused serious trouble. On November 3d a meeting of the townsmen was held under Liberty Tree, at which a committee was appointed, of which Warren was one, to call on the consignees and request their resignation. This these officers refused to do. Three days later, to give more effect to their request, a town meeting was called which repeated the demand for the consignees' resignation, Warren again being one of those to communicate resolves of the meeting. The answer was still unsatisfactory

to the patriots. The position of Boston in the eyes of the rest of the colonies was now a trying one. Fears began to be expressed, notably in Philadelphia, that she would not rise to the emergency. Timid persons asked whether it was not unwise to push matters to extremities about so small a matter as a cargo of tea. Warren and Adams answered that it was not a question to tea but of fidelity to the cause of American Liberty. "Our credit also is at stake," they said. "Unless we venture, we shall be discarded by the Sons of Liberty in the other colonies, whose assistance we may expect upon emergencies in case they find us standing resolute and faithful." The responsibility of answering this latest challenge of the home government was thus placed upon the townsmen of Boston, and they did not hesitate to answer it. On Sunday morning, November 28th, 1773, the first tea ship sailed into Boston harbor; two others arrived on December 7th, and the three were immediately put under guard of twenty-five or thirty true men. Attempts were now made to induce the owners of the tea vessels to order their ships away from Boston, but all to no avail. The eyes of British America were fixed on Boston, to see how she would act in this crisis. Letters came from all over the country for the town to be firm and resolute. On the 16th of December, twenty days had passed since the arrival of the first tea ship and the popular leaders knew that on the next day the revenue officers would take possession of the tea and land it under cover of the men of war. The time for action had arrived. The day was rainy. No notice for any public meeting was posted, but business was suspended and the people flocked to the neighborhood of the Old South Church. An all day meeting was held and a last effort was made to induce Rotch, the owner of the tea ship, to send his vessel away. At 6 o'clock he finally returned to the church from a visit to the Governor and announced that he could not possibly comply with the request of the town. Samuel Adams immediately called out: "This meeting can do nothing

more to save the country." This was evidently a signal, for a number of men disguised as Indians, at once appeared at the door of the church and sounded a war whoop. They then passed on toward the wharves.

The meeting at the church adjourned with loud cheers and followed the party of Indians. The proceedings of the Indians when they reached the ships were systematic and orderly. In about three hours they had tarrown into the harbor 342 chests of tea. They then retired quietly, no one knows where, and the town was never quieter than at 10 o'clock that night. Who these men were has never been discovered. The facts that Warren, usually present on all occasions of importance, was not at the meeting at Old South Church, and that his enemies charged him with being one of the Indian party, indicate that he did not shirk his duty on this memorable occasion.

The die was now cast. The destruction of the tea, while it raised a frenzy of approval throughout the colonies, at the same time united all parties in England against the rebellious acts of the Americans. The act closing the port of Boston was quickly passed, and the colonies united in sending succor and encouragement to the devoted town.

Events now moved rapidly. The Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia, calling to its deliberations the two Adamses, and upon Warren from this time devolved the leadership of the American cause in Massachusetts. On the 6th of September, 1774, he submitted to the convention assembled at Dedham, the famous Suffolk resolves drafted by himself. This paper, defining the position of the colonies, was second only to the Declaration of Independence in the influence it had on men's minds. It was approved by the Continental Congress and adopted as representative of their position by colony after colony. The preparation for the final appeal to arms now began, and Warren, as a member of the Committee of Public Safety, was busily employed in organizing the provincial army.

The 19th of April found him on the field, as one of his biographers says: "Under the united characters of the general, the soldier and the physician; here he was seen animating his countrymen to battle and fighting by their side, and there he was found administering healing comforts to the wounded."

The remaining sixty days of Warren's life must have passed with lightning-like rapidity. To show how busily occupied he was, we have but to enumerate the official duties he now was called upon to perform. As chairman of the Committee of Donations he had to receive, distribute and acknowledge the contributions of food, arms and clothing which were pouring into Massachusetts from all the other colonies. As chairman of the Committee of Safety, he was the chief executive of the province. The organization of the rapidly assembling army and the multitudinous duties of getting into working order the newly organized provincial government devolved upon him. As president of the Provincial Congress his days and nights were occupied with the arduous labors of that body and its committees. But it was not in the civil administration that Warren felt it his duty to remain. With his usual scorn of personal danger, he announced that his lot would henceforward be cast with the army of his country, and on June 14th, 1775, the Provincial Congress appointed him a committee "to wait on the Hon. Joseph Warren, Esq., and inform him that this Congress have made choice of him for Second Major General of the Massachusetts Army."

It now remains to state briefly the events of the closing day of Warren's life. On June 15th, the Committee of Safety recommended to the council of war the occupation of Bunker Hill. On the night of the 10th the American army took possession of this exposed point. What followed is as familiar as household words to every American. It is only necessary for us to follow the movements of Warren. At 12 o'clock on that eventful day a messenger rode into Cambridge and announced that "the regulars had landed at Charlestown." Warren, who had passed the previous night at

work, was suffering from a nervous headache, but on receiving the word of the expected attack on the American position, rose from his bed and left for the scene of danger. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon he reached the Hill. The first general officer he met was Putnam, who offered to receive orders from Warren. This was his reply: "I came here only as a volunteer. I know nothing of your dispositions; nor will I interfere with them. Tell me where I can be most useful." Putnam directed him to the redoubt. Here he was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the little band who were patiently awaiting the attack of the British regulars. Colonel Prescott was in command, and the following is the statement of his son in regard to Warren: "General Warren came to the redoubt a short time before the action commenced, with a musket in his hand. Colonel Prescott went to him and proposed that he should take the command, observing that he (Prescott) understood that he (Warren) had been appointed a major general a day or two before by the Provincial Congress. Gen. Warren replied: 'I shall take no command here; I have not yet received any commission. I came as a volunteer with my musket to serve under you, and shall be happy to learn from a soldier of your experience.'" Animated by the loftiest patriotism, Warren fought that day in the ranks with his fellow citizens, helping them to repel with awful carnage the repeated charges of the regulars. On the third attack the British, as we all know, gained the redoubt and poured over its sides. A hand to hand fight ensued in which Warren was seen sword in hand parrying the thrusts of the bayonets as he retired from the redoubt. Just outside there was great confusion and the firing stopped for a moment. Warren endeavored to rally the militia. A British officer at this moment recognized him, seized a musket from a soldier and shot him. The bullet struck him in the head on the right side and he fell dead. He was buried on the field. When the British evacuated Boston nine months later, his remains were discovered and reinterred in the Minot tomb in the Granary burying

ground, "with as great respect, honor and solemnity as the state of the town would permit." They now rest in the Forest Hills cemetery, near Boston.

I cannot better close this account of the life of Warren than in the words of his biographer, Frothingham: "He was not permitted like many co-patriots to live long, and, after the enjoyment of tokens of public confidence, to witness in coming days the greatness of the structure of which he did so much to lay the foundation; but he was destined to fall ere he saw the star of his coun-

try rise; and even in his death to benefit the cause which it was his ruling passion to promote. He dwells in memory as the young, brave, generous, self-devoted martyr, awakening the purifying emotions of admiration, tenderness and love of country. The influence of such a character is not confined to contemporaries. As the friends of liberty from all countries and throughout all time contemplate it, they may feel their better feelings strengthened and gather from it a kindred virtue."

MRS. EDGAR E. FELTON.

June 17, 1897.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF WARREN.

Scarce on the graves at Lexington
Had sprung the summer grass and
 flowers,
Ere pealed aloft from church and
 tower,
The knell that marked a darker hour,
The day that Warren fell.

Fair rose the sun on Boston Bay,
Softly o'er all its radiance lay,
Tinging with pink the waters still,
Gilding the heights of Bunker Hill;
Lighting that day of hope and gloom,
To us, that glorious day in June;
A day, whose evening shadows late,
Darkened o'er homes made desolate,
The day that Warren fell.

O'er many an old colonial home,
And o'er that sacred dell, it shone,
Where, lowly lying in their graves,
Slept our country's martyred braves,
The day that Warren fell.

It shone afar with glorious light
Over the old historic height,
Where, through the silence of the
 night,
Had worked in haste, with skill and
 might
The men whom our great Prescott
 led
With voices hushed, and quiet tread;
While, far across the water, fell,
The British sentinel's "All is well,"
The day that Warren fell.

Like wondrous palace genii wrought,
Twixt dawn and evening thither
 brought,
Covered with early morning dew,
Glistening, fresh ramparts sprang to
 view.

Then rushing came the fateful hour,
When deep and dark the warclouds
 lower
And yeoman troops tried veterans'
 face.
Ah, surely, God gave them His grace
The day that Warren fell.

Oh, hearts beat high with hope and
 dread,
That day when new-born heroes led,
That day when many patriots bled,
And gloried in the blood thus shed,
The day that Warren fell.

Fearless, the ramparts' height he
 trod,
With prayer he gave himself to God,
With courage true, and firm resolve,
And spirit born of freedom's love.
He sought no glory, no command,
Content to do the work at hand.
"For thee, dear country," was his
 cry,
"For thee, how sweet it were to die."
That day brave Warren fell.

That day of hope, and grief profound,
A day by love and honor crowned;
When, weeping o'er a loved one's
 grave,

Each breathed a vow his land to save,
The day that Warren fell.

Oh, sires of those historic years,
Yours were the pains, the loss, the
fears.

You paid the price for freedom
sought,

We hold the gains for which you
fought,

The day that Warren fell.

We, from this century's farthest
shore,

Can, backward gazing, see afar,
How high, and higher, through the
years,

Has piled the interest of tears,
Tears shed when Warren fell.

When casting forth his mortal fears,
With dying faith and vision clear,
Could but his eyes, like those of
seer,

Have pierced the veil of gathering
years,

Seeing afar the radiant morn
Beaming for children yet unborn;
Seeing his country great and free,
Rolling its length from sea to sea;
And filled with peace, without a fear,
Dying for all he held most dear,
How hope had glorified his fate,
Nor deemed the sacrifice too great.
Oh, day that Warren fell.

We thank God for that mighty hour,
We thank Him that he gave the power

That nerved alike the heart and
hand,

Of patriots, for that gallant stand,
The day that Warren fell.

Though since, long years have passed
away

With pride we now recall the day.
Deep in our hearts its memory lies,
Like hope of Heaven, it never dies.
The day that Warren fell.

Oh, Thou who dost forecast our
years,

Who heals our wounds, and counts
our tears,

Whose mighty hand, alone, can catch
From pain and loss, "a gain to
match,"

We praise Thee, for the great deeds
done,

For hope of freedom, that was won,
With grateful hearts that not in
vain

Our fathers wrought in grief and
pain

The day that Warren fell.

EMILIE S. ALRICKS.
(MRS. LEVI B. ALRICKS.)

Harrisburg Chapter, D. A. R.

June 17, 1897.

FRANCIS MARION.

The writer was very much gratified and pleased when requested, by the historian of the chapter, to prepare a sketch on General Francis Marion. With this gratification came the feeling of inability to do proper justice to the subject, and the wish that some one else had been delegated to write up my favorite hero of Revolutionary times. He has always seemed to me the one of all the many gallant officers of the Revolutionary times who most directly appealed to the feminine love of daring and bravery. He was a picturesque and romantic character, reminding us of

the heroes who lived during the time of the Crusades, one of the most interesting and fascinating periods in the history of the world. His mode of warfare was such that very scant records of his martial deeds have been saved for writers of history. But two biographies of him have attracted any notice. One of the most popular was dictated by his lieutenant, Colonel Horry, to Weems, the historian, who also wrote the life of George Washington. Colonel Horry was with Marion during all his Revolutionary campaigns, and after the war was intimately connected with

him. Their friendship lasted until Marion's death. The main idea in this paper has been to show Marion's personal life and characteristics, a picture of the man rather than relating to his fame as a soldier.

General Francis Marion was born in 1732 at Georgetown, on the coast of South Carolina, where his father, Gabriel Marion, lived and owned a large plantation. Had it been the custom, as in the days of the Spartans, to destroy the weaklings of the race, Marion would have been doomed, for it is said that at his birth he was so small that a quart pot might have held him. This puny appearance clung to the child until he was 12 years old, at which time his parents sent him for a sea voyage on a small schooner bound for the West Indies. After several days' sailing the vessel sprung a leak and afterwards foundered. Colonel Horry says: "She was suddenly attacked by some monstrous fish, probably a thorn-back whale, who gave us such a terrible stroke with its tail as to start a plank." The crew, with Marion, took to the sea and the jolly boat, and after ten days of severest suffering were picked up by a passing vessel. Marion was so weak he had to be lifted into the ship. This was his first and last sea voyage, and from that time he dated his restoration to health and strength.

His father was a planter, the eldest son of the Rev. Gabriel Marion, of Rochelle, France, who came to this country in 1685, after Louis XIV had revoked the edict of Nantes, by which Henry IV had established the principles of religious liberty. Rev. Gabriel Marion was a Protestant, but had married the beautiful and accomplished *Medemoiselle* Louisa D'Aubrey, who was a devout Catholic. For this reason for a time he was free from religious persecution, for it was hoped that through the love and influence of his wife, he might be won back to her religious belief. Eventually he was notified that although he "deserved death," that, in consideration of his worthy connections, his sentence would be commuted to "perpetual exile."

His first idea was to settle in the

West Indies, but hearing of a vessel chartered by other Huguenots for the Carolinas, he decided to sail with them, and landed at Charleston, S. C., near which place he bought a large plantation on Goose Creek. He resided there until his death and, with his wife, is buried near Charleston. His oldest son was Gabriel Marion, the father of the subject of this sketch, who married Charlotte Corde, a descendant of the Corde family of France. They had in all six children, of whom Francis was the youngest and smallest. The only daughter of this family was Esther, who was a widow, married second Thomas Mitchell, a Scotch laird. Her granddaughter, Louise Charlotte Cutler, married the Hon. Matthew Hall McAlister, of Savannah, Georgia, son of Colonel Richard McAlister, of York county, Pa., and became the mother of the late Ward McAlister, of New York City.

Marion lived the life of a Southern planter, varied only by an occasional hunting and fishing trip, amusements of which he was very fond, until his 27th year, when his indignation being aroused by the rumors of depredations committed by the Cherokee Indians in Georgia, Florida and the Carolinas, he determined to take part in the expedition being organized against these savages.

In 1761 he volunteered his services to Governor Lyttleton, of South Carolina, who tendered him a commission as first lieutenant in the Provincial line, under the command of the brave Captain William Moultrie. This company was sent to join Colonel Grant, who, with twelve thousand British regulars, was at Ninety-six, South Carolina. After several desperate encounters, the Indians were compelled to sue for peace, and Colonel Grant ordered all their villages destroyed. To Marion this sort of warfare was a source of great sorrow, for nothing was so foreign to his nature as the desire to wilfully destroy and to render homeless the many women and children of the tribes. This principle was always with him, and even after years of service had hardened him to the effects of war. His service against

the Cherokees gave him the experience in that school of warfare he so ably used during the Revolution for the benefit of his native State. The British regular, perfectly disciplined, could never understand the Indian method of battle, and the knowledge of an ambush, feigned attack, and night surprises, gained for Marion his many victories under conditions that were the reverse of advantageous, and won for him the *nom de guerre* of the "Swamp Fox."

After this short but successful campaign against the Indians, Marion returned to the placid, quiet life on his farm at St. Johns, Berkeley, S. C., and remained there until the beginning of May, 1775, when news was brought by a vessel from Boston of the battle of Lexington. An extra session of the Legislature was at once called, and Marion was named a captain in the Second Regiment of the Provincial troops of Carolina. This commission, dated June 21st, 1775, was signed by the Council of Safety of that State. Four manuscript order books of this period of his service have been preserved, and in the first order, dated November 3d, 1775, General Orders, Captain F. Marion, we find:

"Ordered, that a man from each company, with a sergeant, do go under inspection to Cadet De Treville to cut 'Parlmeta' trees for the service of the country." These trees were presumably used in the building of the stockade at Fort Moultrie. When this order was issued Captain Marion and his company were quartered at the new barracks in Charleston.

Under another order of June 20th, 1775, we find a description of the dress uniform of a Revolutionary officer as follows: "Every officer to provide himself with a blue cloth coatie faced and cuffed with scarlet cloth, and lined with scarlet; white buttons, and a white waistcoat and breeches." Marion had a sincere love of neatness and order, and the habit of wearing long hair among his soldiers was a source of much worry and annoyance to him, as his order, dated January 23d, 1778, from Fort Moultrie shows. It reads as follows:

"As long hairs gather much filth and take a great deal of time and trouble to comb and keep clean and in good order, the lieutenant colonel recommends every soldier to have their hairs cut short, to reach no further down than the top of the shirt collar, and thinned upwards to the crown of the head, the foretop short without toppee, and short at the sides; those who do not have their hairs in this mode must wear them platted and tied up, as they will not be allowed to appear with their hair down their backs, and over the forehead, and down their chin at the sides, which makes them more like wild savages than soldiers. The major will please pick out three men to be regimental barbers, who are to be excused from mounting guard, or to do fatigue duty. They are daily to dress the men's heads and shave, before they mount guard, the men to pay them half a crown a week, each man. Any soldier who comes on the parade with beards or hair uncombed shall be dry shaved immediately and have his head dressed on the parade."

Few men of the present day have been found who were able to give their experiences under the operation of a "dry shave," as ordered by Marion. Upon inquiry, however, it has been developed that the tortures were those of purgatory. This degree of the severity of the operations will have to be accepted as conclusive by the chapter for obvious reasons.

To a man of Marion's energy and spirit the life at the barracks in Charleston was extremely monotonous, the constant surveillance of the troops, and the necessary attention to the minute details of the service was tiresome and unpleasant. In February, 1776, he was appointed a major in the Second Regiment and ordered to Fort Moultrie. One of his first orders on taking command was to stop the illicit sale of all "spirited liquors or beer" and another to "exercise the cannon every day from 11 to 12 o'clock in the forenoon."

In still another entry, dated July

2d, four men, dressed in petticoats and caps received 200 lashes for absence from duty on the day of engagement. The splendid results of the cannon exercise ordered by Marion were afterwards seen in the successful repulse of the British in the attack on Fort Moultrie, June 28th, 1776. Marion's account of this battle covers but twelve lines in his order book. The Charleston News and Courier thus explains the origin of South Carolina's sobriquet, "the Palmetto State:" "On June 28th, 1776, a force of less than one hundred Carolinians, under command of Moultrie, protected by the rude fortification on Sullivan's Island, in Charleston Harbor, made of the trunks of the palmetto, repulsed the attacks of a British fleet under command of Sir Peter Parker, and when the State of South Carolina was organized, the State seal, which was first used in May, 1777, was made to commemorate this victory. A palm tree, growing erect on the seashore, represents the strength of the fort, while at its base an oak tree, torn from the ground and deprived of its branches, recalls the British fleet, built of oak timber, overcome by the palmetto." The first anniversary of this victory was celebrated by certain ladies ordering a "genteel dinner for the Second Regiment in memory of their heroism," and Colonel Marion "hoped that the men would behave themselves with sobriety and decency in honour to those ladies who had been so kind as to give them so genteel a treat." His love for sobriety is better illustrated by the incident of the dinner given in Charleston in 1780, in honor of the defenders of Fort Moultrie. The host and some friends had determined to break Marion's rule of temperance in all things, and as a means to this end had locked the door with the intention of forcing him into a carouse. To escape he jumped from a window and landed in the street with a dislocated ankle, rendering him unfit for active service. He was sent to his house at St. Johns, Berkeley, to recuperate, and thus escaped capture by the British, when shortly after, Charleston was taken by Colonel Tarleton. South Carolina was now in the hands of

the enemy, and Colonel Marion, long before his ankle was perfectly well, had gone into service with Baron De Kalb in North Carolina and for the next five months history had no record of him.

This was the darkest time in the Revolutionary history of the Carolinas. The majority of the settlers were avowed Tories, with a large following of others in sympathy with them. The patriots in the minority had a severe time, and for the defense of their homes and families organized six companies of militia and applied to General Gates for a commander, who sent them, on August 10th or 12th, 1780, Colonel Marion, who joined his command at their post on Lynch Creek. This body of militia took the name of "Marion Brigade" or "Marion's Men," and did more for the relief of their own State than any other patriot organization. They held the Tories in check, and by terror of them kept many from joining the ranks of the British. Judge James, who served in the brigade, describes Marion as he looked on taking command: "A man rather below the middle stature of men, lean and swarthy. His body was well set, but his knees and ankles were badly formed, and he still limped on one leg. He had a countenance remarkably steady, his nose was aquiline, his chin projecting, his forehead was large and high and his eyes were black and piercing. He was dressed in a close round-bodied crimson jacket of coarse texture, and wore a leather cap (part of the uniform of the Second Regiment) with a silver crescent in front, 'Liberty or Death.'"

The Judge also adds that he carried a "cut and thrust" sword and not the huge broad sword which artists have always given him. The brigade was composed of men who were born hunters and woodsmen, possessing that steadiness of nerve in times of intense excitement only acquired by hunters. Their knowledge of the surrounding country enabled them to surprise and attack the British, and then to retreat to the safest and most direct hiding places in the swamps, there to remain until the scouts could advise

them of other places held by the foe. Marion's system of attack was always new to the enemy, and they never seemed able to locate his whereabouts and to know what parts of their forces were free from his untiring attacks. He seemed like the ever-present fly on a hot day, always around and busy, and yet far away when he was wanted for execution. Truly a most aggravating and tantalizing foe. Marion would divide up his men into several scouting parties, so that at times his own command would number less than twenty men. The brigade, with the exception of two companies, acted through the war as mounted infantry, and superbly mounted they were, for as a rule the Southern planter has at least one thoroughbred and at that day these favorites were safest in Marion's camp. This, however, was the only part of their equipment that was of the best. Their swords were made at a country forge, out of saws from the sawmills, and their bullets from pewter mugs and spoons; with uniforms that were of the poorest, in many instances threadbare and patched. Rations were at a premium, depending mostly on what game they could kill on their expeditions or from the stores captured from the British.

Colonel Horry's description of Marion and himself starting out on a journey of several hundred miles is both pathetic and amusing, and shows into what straits they were placed at times. "Two Continental Colonels, without a cent in their pockets; poor in gold, but rich in faith; burning patriots ourselves, we had counted as a certainty that the first sight of our uniforms would command smiling countenances, hot suppers, downey beds and 'mint slings,' in fact everything our hearts could wish. Instead of being hailed with benedictions, however, we were looked upon as horse thieves, and were frequently in danger of brickbats, and in lieu of hot dinners and suppers were actually on the point of starving, both we and our horses." The story of how Marion entertained the British officer at dinner, when he came to negotiate for the exchange

of prisoners, is too well known to be repeated in detail and were it used again the sweet potatoes would doubtless have the flavor of chestnuts, but notwithstanding that, it goes to prove how low at times was Marion's larder, and that no matter how poor his fare, he never forgot the courtesy and hospitality of a Southern gentleman. The Briton's reply to his superior officer on his return from his visit has stirred the patriotism of generations of small boys, and, indeed, those of larger growth. When asked why he looked so grave, he replied: "I have seen an American general and his officers, without pay, and almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water; all for liberty! What chance have we against such men?"

For more than a year Marion continued the work of harassing the Tories, releasing prisoners captured by the British and at times even attacking superior forces of the regulars. He was hunted diligently by Colonel Tarleton and his command, but he always managed to elude them and to turn up at the right spot and moment to do the most good to the patriot cause. One of the greatest sorrows of his life came to him at this time. His favorite nephew, Gabriel Marion, a lieutenant in the Provincial service, generally well liked for his amiable qualities, was captured by the enemy. The feeling with the British against his uncle ran so high that he was condemned to death. No exchange was permitted, and his life was taken in a wantonly cruel way, not short of murder. The excuse offered was that he belonged to the "breed of the old rebel."

We have followed the personal military career of Marion for more than six years, and in all this time of his active service he was never engaged in a pitched battle. His only engagement of this nature was at the battle of Eutaw Springs, on September 8th, 1781, memorable as having been the most important battle in the South, and one that practically closed the war in that section. The battleground of Eutaw is described as most picturesque, with a beauti-

ful spring that gave its name to the battle, as well as to the adjoining country. Although authorities differ as to the number of men engaged, three thousand on each side is nearly correct. General Greene was commander-in-chief, and Marion had command of all the militia of South Carolina on the extreme right of the line of battle and led the advance on the British position. As described by Colonel Williams, this position was a hot and trying one. He writes: "These men (Marion's Brigade), steadily, and without faltering, advanced with shouts and exhortations into the hottest of the enemy's fire, unaffected by the continual fall of their comrades." We must take into consideration, that this advancing in regular line of battle was a new experience for the brigade. How nobly they conducted themselves is proven by the record of the loss at Eutaw, taken from Marion's order book: "Two lieutenants and three privates killed, one lieutenant-colonel, two captains, one lieutenant, one sergeant, and twenty privates wounded." Although Eutaw was not a decisive American victory it was technically so, for the following day the British commander destroyed a thousand stand of arms, threw them into the spring, and then retreated. Gen. Greene following, finally drove them into Charleston, which city, with Savannah, was now the only places held by the King's army.

Savannah was evacuated on July 11th, 1782, and Charleston on December 14th of the same year. Marion for his bravery and effort at Eutaw Springs, received a vote of thanks from Congress, dated October 29th, 1781. This ended the service of the brigade and it was disbanded at Wat-boo Bridge in the parish of St. John's, Berkeley, in the latter part of 1782, possibly after the evacuation of Charleston.

The parting of Marion and his men was most affecting. No officer understood better than he how to get the best service out of them. He had a peculiar faculty in the management of militia. No force was used, the men were only made to feel that it was for their best interests to do

their duty well. He was opposed to any coercion in enlisting soldiers, and once said, "God loves a cheerful giver, and so do I a willing soldier." He was loved by his command as well as respected and admired for his bravery and sense of justice. Always ready to redress a wrong; in times of greatest peril he never shirked a danger. Implicit obedience was required, for which in return he overlooked many petty offences, but woe to the man or officer who was found wanting in truth or courage. He cherished no small revengeful feelings and a conquered foe was treated with the consideration and generosity worthy of his kindly nature. His hope had always been that the Tory element in his native State might be brought to see the error of their ways, and he was ever well satisfied when he received reports of depredations committed by the King's army on the native Carolinians, because his doctrine was that these harsh measures would turn many to the right cause. In all his career, both civil and military, no act of wanton destruction or cruelty mars his splendid record.

At the close of the war he was just fifty years of age, and had decided to spend the remainder of his days in the quietness of his farm, but he was not allowed for any length of time to remain a private citizen. By a unanimous voice he was called to the Legislature of his State. The idea was that Marion with his unprejudiced mind would be the proper person to help adjust the difficulties growing out of the revengeful feelings against the Tories. During his term in the Legislature a petition was presented for an act to pardon all arbitrary measures taken by American officers to procure provisions and horses. A friend of Marion's signed for him, thinking he needed it, but in a speech at its presentation before the Assembly, he said "he wished his name withdrawn, although he did not desire to oppose the act, for he knew that during the war a number of ignoramuses who did not appreciate their own danger were popping at squirrels in the woods instead of at the British, and

that such gentlemen could well afford to lose some of the blood of their cattle, and some corn. As for himself he had no favors to ask of them, and if during the war he had done any one of them harm, here I am, and here is my property, let them come forward and demand satisfaction." It is hardly necessary to add that there was no reply to this challenge. Marion continued in his new role of a lawmaker until it was decided in 1785, or about that time to repair and put into commission Fort Johnson in Charleston Harbor. To this command he was called at a salary of twenty-two hundred dollars a year. This was done chiefly to reimburse him for the losses he had sustained during the war. It was afterwards cut down to a mere pittance of five hundred dollars per annum.

He now married an amiable and wealthy lady, Miss Mary Videau, and at her desire he concluded to retire from public life. His few remaining years were spent in all rural pastimes, made happy and contented by the love of a devoted wife, and surrounded by friends and acquaintances, whose universal testimony was that Col. Marion was a good neighbor and friend. For many years he was a vestryman in his church in St. John's parish. After an illness of a few days he died on February 27th, 1795, regretted and mourned by all, and was buried at Belle Isle on the Santee river.

The following inscription marks his resting place:

"Sacred to the Memory
of

Brig.-Gen. Francis Marion,
who departed this life on the 27th
Feb., 1795,

in the sixty-third year of his age;
deeply regretted by all his fellow citizens.

History
will record his worth, and rising generations
embalm

his memory as one of the most distinguished
Patriots and Heroes of the American
Revolution;
which elevated his native country
To Honor and Independence,
and
secured to her the blessings of
Liberty and Peace.
This tribute of veneration and gratitude
is erected in commemoration of
the noble and disinterested virtue of
the
Citizen
and the gallant exploits of the
Soldier;
who lived without fear and died without
reproach."

The late Judge Jeremiah S. Black, of York, Pa., one of the most distinguished jurists of Pennsylvania, known personally, as well as by reputation to many of the Harrisburg Chapter, once said in speaking of Weem's Life of Marion, that in literature, "he classed it with the works of Homer and Shakespeare, and that he could never read it at any time of his life without feeling his patriotic blood boil."

In comparing the life of Marion with that of Washington, we are struck by many resemblances. They were both born in the same year, and both entered the service of their country as volunteers in the Indian troubles; they had the same disinterested love and loyalty of country, and were severe to themselves and generous to enemies. Of the truest bravery, they were never discouraged by defeat, and were always cheerful and hopeful for the best. Both died childless. There can be no more suitable ending to this sketch than the tribute often paid Marion by Gen. Nathaniel Greene: "The page of history never furnished his equal."

MARY C. McALLISTER

October 19, 1897.

D. A. R. CONGRESS.

The Congress met in the opera house, as the number of those who are at present entitled to represent the 23,000 members is so large that no smaller building will accommodate it. The large number of our Harrisburg party started on our patriotic pilgrimage on Monday morning, being joined at the station by Mrs. Paulding, the regent of the Carlisle Chapter, and at York by our own ex-regent, Mrs. Wyeth, and her sister Mrs. Schmidt, the regent of the Yorktown Chapter. Leaving at that time, it was quite the middle of the afternoon before we four novices entered the opera house, and looked for the first time upon the Daughters of the American Revolution in congress assembled.

The fronts of both galleries were adorned with flags, as was also the stage, while a full length picture of Washington, with flags so arranged as to form a graceful and appropriate frame was conspicuous in the center. But novel and attractive as was the sight, yet we were glad that we had not come any earlier, for the whole afternoon was devoted to the necessary but very tedious calling of the roll, which was done by calling the names of States alphabetically, then the chapters in the respective States in the same order. When Pennsylvania was reached our interest kindled, and one of your number, who is always very much afraid of the sound of her own voice, trembled at the thought of answering present, in such a large assembly, as the name of the first alternate was called; but that ordeal was quickly passed, and was not so frightful as imagination had pictured it, and then the tiresome list went on.

It was almost half after five when the name of the last delegate from Wyoming was called, and we gave a sigh of relief and felt that we had much to be thankful that there were no States commencing with X, Y and Z. After the roll call, which showed that 738 were entitled to vote, the State regents drew for seats of their

respective delegations upon the floor of the house, this plan having been decided upon at the last congress in order to do away with the dissatisfaction caused by the assigning of seats as heretofore. The visitors and alternates were relegated to the galleries the latter, however, having the four front rows reserved for them. Mrs. Stevenson, president general, presided at the evening meeting and almost the first business was the reading of the report of the program committee by its chairman, Mrs. Manning. The appearance of Mrs. Manning upon the stage was the signal for such prolonged applause that it was some time before she could read it. Mrs. Manning is a very tall, stately woman, queen-like, I should say, were not such an illustration without force to the "Daughters" of an independent republic. Her style of reading and her pronunciation showed her to be a highly cultivated woman. Then followed a discussion on the adoption of the program which took so long that a lady rose and said that she thought it quite too bad to waste so much time, that they did not come from great distances and pay four dollars a day to fritter away the time upon unimportant matters, while the really important business, which should be transacted by the whole congress was pushed back, and, as "unfinished business," was hurried through after many of the members had gone away. The applause which followed showed that many persons felt in the same way. After long discussion it was decided to transpose the program of Wednesday for that of Thursday, as a change in the constitution in regard to some of the offices was to be voted upon, and as Mrs. Draper, one of the best speakers on the floor, and one of the best parliamentarians in Washington, said, that in case two registrars general should be elected on Wednesday, it would be an ungracious proceeding to decide which one of them should retire, in case the

vote on Thursday should show that only one was considered necessary.

That matter disposed of, Mrs. Donald McLean advanced down the aisle to ask if the acceptance of the printed program meant that the page of "general information" in it must be accepted also.

There followed such an animated discussion upon this point that it seemed to one brought up in the political atmosphere of Harrisburg that there must be a snake under this page, which contained suggestions for guidance in parliamentary work, in the nomination of officers, etc. This page of "general information" was voted down, after which the president general presented Mrs. Cabell, one of the earliest workers in this patriotic organization, and whose house had always been open for the deliberations of the "Daughters," and for their hospitable entertainment; the whole congress rose to give her greeting, after which Miss Susan B. Anthony was introduced.

It was very interesting to see this much talked of woman, and she was anything but the masculine person of our imagination, but a quiet looking, earnest woman. She said that the Quaker blood on her father's side would debar her from joining the society, but that on her mother's side she came from real fighting stock, Quebec, Bennington and many other battlefields having seen the heroism of her ancestors, so that she was entitled to join the "Daughters," but that her work was not to honor the dead ancestors, but to work for the women on the carpet to-day.

She highly commended the plan of the "National University," and urged the "Daughters" to be unceasing in their efforts to induce the United States Congress to do its part, although she assured us that if we had a vote, we should much sooner get what we want.

Her short address was bright and to the point, and she returned to her seat on the platform, and put on her red shawl (which they say she always wears) amidst great applause.

Tuesday morning's session, as were all the morning sessions, was opened with prayer by the chaplain general,

Mrs. Charles A. Stakeley, concluding with the Lord's Prayer repeated by all present. Every morning "The Star Spangled Banner," finely sung as a solo, the whole audience standing and joining in the chorus, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and other patriotic songs were sung.

A greeting from the Sons of the Revolution, celebrating Washington's Birthday at Little Rock, Ark., was read, and it was voted that a response should be sent. All through the sessions of the congress telegrams of greeting from the Sons of the American Revolution were read, showing that although they were not willing to allow the "Daughters" to enter their societies when they asked for admission, yet now, when we so far outstrip them in numbers, they are extremely anxious to be on good terms with us.

A communication was read from the National Flower Congress, Asheville, N. C., in regard to the selection of our national flower.

There was a long and spirited discussion in regard to lowering the standards, as they prevented those in the back part of the house from seeing the stage. These standards, I should explain, were about six feet high, with a blue silk banner fastened upon them, upon which were the names of the delegations in large gilt letters. They were not always firm on their foundation, and "wobbled" considerably, and one I saw proved so very refractory that a strong policeman was called upon to steady it with a rope. While some delegates in front took pity on their less fortunate sisters in the rear, and took down their standards, others thought it very unpatriotic to do so, and in the end, after much time was consumed in the discussion, all were restored to their places and the blue silk flags continued to flutter at every conceivable angle to the end of the congress. There was a long and animated debate about the office of first vice-president general, which some delegates contended was unconstitutional, as the whole twenty stand upon the same footing. The outcome of the discussion was that although the president general needs

one of these officers to relieve her at times in her burdensome duties, and it would be a very delicate matter for her to select one of the twenty, nevertheless the office of first vice-president general was abolished by a vote of the congress.

Mrs. Brockett, vice-president general in charge of organization of chapters, reported a decided increase, seventy-four having been formed since last year, one of them being in Honolulu, which now had twenty-six members; in fact the old charter plate has been worn out in the service, and a new one has become necessary.

Mrs. Seymour, registrar general, reported the verification of 3,080 application papers during the year, of which number 65 came from "real daughters" of Revolutionary soldiers; the whole number of "real daughters" is now 268. During the morning Mrs. Stevenson urged every member of the congress to sign the petition being circulated by the committee on "Bill to Prevent Desecration of the Flag," as it was believed that such petition would help to convince Congress that the passage of a bill to prevent desecration of the national flag, which will come before it this winter, is earnestly desired by the whole people. A meeting of the Pennsylvania delegation was called in the "red parlor" of the Ebbitt House immediately after congress adjourned on Tuesday afternoon, that suggestions from the Philadelphia Chapter in regard to reduction in the representation to the congress might be discussed; but the subject presented too many difficulties, and the suggestions were too radical to be decided upon then, so the matter was placed in the hands of a committee, and we then received from our State regent, Mrs. Hogg, the startling information that she could not allow her name to be used again.

All were completely taken by surprise, and every effort was made to induce her to reconsider her decision. She was urged to promise to serve one year more, so that her experience, and sound judgment might assist in solving the troublesome problem of reducing representatives,

but it was evident that Mrs. Hogg had fully made up her mind, and was not to be swerved. There was nothing to do but bow to the inevitable, and a meeting was called to elect a new State regent, and Mrs. Thomas Roberts, of Philadelphia, its now State regent of Pennsylvania. I wish to add that it was announced before the congress that Mrs. Hogg had declined the unanimous nomination of vice-president general and honorary vice-president general. No doubt Mrs. Hogg felt, in declining these offices, that to have been the first State regent of Pennsylvania, when difficult pioneer work was to be done, to have served seven successive years, a longer time than any other State regent, and to have the lineal clauses named the "Pennsylvania Amendment" indelibly associated with her name, is sufficient honor; other positions could have no attractions for her.

Mrs. Schmidt, Mrs. Paulding and I went to the reception at the Arlington, Tuesday evening, and the arrangements were so perfect that, although there were fully 1,500 persons present, including the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution, there was very little crowding. The decorations for the assembly hall Monday evening were left in the various parlors, and they were perfectly beautiful; the mirrors all being covered with a perfect tracery of vines, with a most graceful arrangement of loops of ribbon among the vines festooning the cornices, the ribbons in one room being green, in another heliotrope, and in another blue. In the banqueting room the whole immense ceiling was covered with flutings of a soft white material, over which were sprays of the same beautiful vine which covered the mirrors all around the room, while the mantels were banked with tropical plants, azaleas, and many other lovely flowers, while myriads of electric lights added brilliancy to the whole scene. But the crowning features were the end of the room, which was covered with palms and other tropical plants to the ceiling, while from two immense gilded cornucopias on either side, poured out

great quantities of vines. Suspended in the very center of this mass of greenery was a large insignia of the Daughters of the American Revolution, made of immortelles, with the flax of pampas grass; the ends of the spokes of the wheels and the whole design was dotted with red, white and blue electric lights, and the effect was really magical.

Mrs. Stevenson, the out-going president general, received in the first parlor. She was assisted by Mrs. Tabell and Mrs. Brackett, while Mrs. Manning, gowned in light blue satin, with a diamond necklace and a tiara of diamond stars in her hair, received most graciously in another room, and Mrs. McLean in black velvet, and wearing the silver laurel wreath lately presented to her by her chapter, was the central figure in the banquetting room. The Marine Band played in the hall. The toilets of the ladies were very magnificent, and the whole beautiful sight, together with conversation and the spirit of patriotism animating every one was considered sufficient entertainment, ice water being the only adjunct to the affair. On Wednesday morning there was a long discussion over an amendment to the constitution to reduce representation, which will soon be necessary unless the congress is to be held in the open air, as the old Saxons used to do. It was finally agreed that each chapter in the country shall be represented by its regent or alternate, and one delegate be elected for every fifty or one hundred members, two for two hundred, and so on, one for each hundred. It was the large chapter of Chicago, with its hundreds of members, that introduced and carried through the provisions for one delegate for every fifty, and this it did from consideration for small chapters.

A resolution was offered which spoke most highly of the noble character, fine talents and grand work of Miss Frances Willard, a charter member of the society, and tendering deep sympathy with the Women's Christian Temperance Union in the loss of their beloved leader. The resolution received a unanimous vote.

A resolution of sympathy for the

families of the victims of the Maine disaster and commendations of the purpose to erect a monument in their honor in New York Harbor, also received a hearty vote.

All of these resolutions I have not ed pleased me very much, for they showed me that the members do not go to the congress merely to have a good time, although one surely does have a good time. I never had a better time in my life, or met more delightful people. The committee on revolutionary relics reported the reception of many valuable articles, one of which was a Mayflower chest in good preservation. Another was presented by the Lexington Chapter at the congress, being three very interesting photographs in one frame, which was made from the wood of the old belfry of Lexington. The pictures were the "Old Belfry" in which the clock struck one when Paul Revere "galloped into Lexington," the battlefield where eighty men met eight hundred, and the monument to those who shed the first blood for American freedom. The evening session was devoted to discussions as to the necessity of continuing the American Monthly, and a committee was appointed with Miss Forsyth, of New York, as chairman to devise plans to increase its circulation.

Mrs. Lindsay, of Kentucky, chairman of the committee of "Founder's Medals," read her report, which was accepted with great applause, for it showed that a problem, which has caused a great deal of ill-feeling and endless controversy, had been happily solved. The account of the "Founders' Medals" involves a bit of ancient history. Miss Eugenia Washington, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, and Miss Mary Desha are the three indisputable "founders," but Mrs. Lockwood, whose story of Hannah Arnett did so much to arouse the women of revolutionary descent to form a society of their own when the Sons of the American Revolution refused them admission to theirs, was accepted as one of the "founders," and medals were ordered for the four.

But here Miss Eugenia Washington stepped forward, and wrote a letter

to the chairman declaring that Mrs. Lockwood was not one of the founders, and that if four medals were awarded, she, Miss Washington, would not accept one, for she would not be an accessory to falsehood for any medal in the world.

But a happy solution has been reached, and the four medals, jeweled maltese crosses, with three eagles on three of them, with the word "Founder" under the shield of the United States, while on Mrs. Lockwood's was to be placed an engraved pen with the word "Service" underneath, have been made. Mrs. Lockwood's pretty little address when this report was read was received with applause, as she said she did not need to have an eagle upon her medal to remind her of the bird which is our national emblem, but that a dove would please her better, and thus this threatening storm cloud passed away. Thursday was the most exciting day of the congress, as on that day the nominations for officers were made, and the subject of the next president general has been rending chapters in twain for months before the meeting of the congress.

Mrs. Ogden Doremus, of New York, presented the name of Mrs. Donald McLean in a strong speech, eulogizing her favorite most highly, and Mrs. Shepherd, of Illinois, presented that of Mrs. Daniel Manning with one of equal enthusiasm. Mrs. H. V. Boynton, of Washington, named Mrs. Rose Brackett, paying a beautiful tribute to her untiring services in many ways for years. Speeches seconding these nominations, for the three candidates in the order named, were made by Mrs. Ryan, of Tennessee, who is a daughter of Semmes, of the "Alabama," by Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of the Senator from Illinois, and by Mrs. Daniel. At 1 o'clock the congress adjourned to attend the reception at the White House where we all had the pleasure of shaking hands with the President, while Mrs. McKinley sat beside him, too frail to do more than smile as we bowed before her.

Thursday afternoon vice-presidents general and honorary vice-presidents

general, who serve for life, were nominated and tellers appointed to count the vote. Thursday evening, when we entered the opera house, we found that every seat was filled; the grand piano had been removed from the stage to give room for every one who was entitled to a seat there; a fine orchestra was playing patriotic selections, every one was dressed a great deal more than usual, and in fact the whole appearance of things was quite up to the inspiring occasion, which was the presentation of the medals to the "Founders." Mrs. Lindsay, of Kentucky, presented the medals, and her elocution was so perfect that it was a pleasure to listen to her appropriate words. Miss Desha, of Kentucky, most beautifully gowned, was the first to respond, saying she was glad indeed to be one of the founders of this magnificent society, which was organized on August 9th, 1890. I here quote her words literally: "Everything is as I would have it. My personal ambition has reached its zenith. My State pride is gratified, for one of our highest officers, the chairman of this committee, and two of the founders are Kentuckians. My national pride is also gratified, for in this society we have representative women from Maine to California, and from Florida to the Klondike. There is one thing I want to say to-night, and that is that we claim this to be in no sense an aristocratic organization. It is a patriotic organization. Whatever a man did in the revolutionary times to help the American cause, we honor his descendants." After the applause which followed Miss Desha's words had ceased, Mrs. Lockwood rose, and said that she was more glad than ever to-night that she had taken up her pen in behalf of this society, for if she had not done so Kentucky would have carried off all the honors, and the North would have been left out entirely.

Mrs. Walworth responded for Miss Washington, who stood beside her, but was too hoarse to say a word, and then she expressed her own thanks and appreciation of the honor in a most eloquent speech. Then in an instant the whole house be-

came dark, when suddenly the red, white and blue electric lights covering the insignia, which had been brought from the Arlington, and hung over the middle of the platform, shone forth as the four ladies descended the steps leading from the stage to the floor of the house. The whole house became light again as the band played "Hail Columbia," "Dixie," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Way Down Upon the Swanee Ribber," ending with "Yankee Doodle," as the delegates left their seats to present their congratulations to the four honored ladies. At intervals, as the reception progressed, the orchestra played "My Old Kentucky Home," "Maryland, My Maryland," "Marching Through Georgia," several times, and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." The enthusiasm was unbounded, people standing in the packed galleries and waving handkerchiefs, but the excitement became even greater when, the reception over, and every one was again seated, the chairman of tellers was announced to declare the result of the election for president general. Mrs. Brackett received 22 votes, Mrs. McLean 110, and Mrs. Manning 396. The band struck up "Hail Columbia," "Maryland," and "Marching Through Georgia," while the whole audience rose, waved handkerchiefs and applauded to the echo. But the work of the tellers was not completed for many hours, and it was very nearly 3 o'clock before they finished counting the votes of the other officers.

The next morning Mrs. Walworth, in cap and gown, presented the report of the National University, which caused a great deal of discussion in the course of which Dr. McGee stated that it was not essential for the university to consist of a number of large buildings, but simply the development of the national resources of Government institutions in Washington, and should be more of a post graduate course. Mrs. Walworth promised to distribute circulars to explain the difference between the university and the memorial building, which seemed to me very necessary for no one appeared to understand it.

The committee on "Prison Ship Lists" showed that a great many names of those who had suffered in those floating dungeons had been found, and the committee hope to be able to increase the number through the efforts of our Minister to England, who is much interested in the subject, and will endeavor to search the British archives. When sufficient names are found the deeds of these long unknown heroes should be given to the world, and a monument be erected to their memory.

The committee on Meadow Garden Farm, which had been the home of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and which, with ground around it is for sale at a cost of \$2,500, reported the matter, and recommended the society to buy it, and allow the Augusta Chapter of Georgia to use it for their meetings, the chapter being willing to raise six hundred dollars to put it in repair. The committee considered that the purchase would be in harmony with the second article of the constitution, which states as one of the objects of the society, "the acquisition of historical spots, etc." A discussion followed, members from Western States advocating it, for, as they said, there are no historic buildings in the West, and they should like to feel that their money was being used to preserve these places in the East, while delegates from Vermont, Massachusetts and Maryland thought that each State should care for its own old places, while others said that the money of the society had better be used to take some of the "real daughters" from almshouses, as they had done for one, and had secured her a comfortable home as long as she lived. The recommendation of the committee to purchase the place was finally voted down.

On Friday afternoon the Virginia delegation gave a reception in the beautiful rooms of the Woman's Club in honor of Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Manning, to which the whole congress was invited. Mrs. William Wirt Henry, the first regent of Virginia, and whose husband is a grandson of Patrick Henry, stood besides Mrs. Manning in the receiving line.

The whole delegation were present and received their guests with true Virginia warmth and hospitality. It was a most delightful affair, and was a great success in every respect.

But with all that was so novel, interesting and enjoyable at the congress, there was one discordant note, which struck some of us very unpleasantly, and that was on the subject of the Continental Hall. The chairman of the committee, Mrs. Henry M. Shepherd, read a most excellent report, which urged most eloquently the carrying out of the work as a memorial to the private soldiers who had fought, and the women who had suffered, two classes of persons whose heroism and endurance are recorded upon no tablets of bronze, nor monuments of marble. At the conclusion of the reading of the report, offerings for the hall were sent up to the platform, amounting altogether to about \$5,000.

Almost every State, and many chapters in each State, sent their gifts, from the cheque for \$1,000 from "The Washington Heights Chapter," of New York, the money having been raised in one day by a garden party and loan exhibition of priceless historical relics, down to \$10 from a chapter in the South, where the floods had caused so much suffering and poverty that the regent could not afford to attend the congress,

and from others, who, as our enthusiastic friends from Tennessee told us, had saved money for the purpose, in one case from her weekly marketing and another lady had done without a new spring suit to add to the fund. But where was Pennsylvania in this noble roll call of the chapters of the rich and the poor? But one chapter raised its voice, that of Valley Forge with a gift of \$50, and three members of the Philadelphia chapter gave, two of them \$100 each, and one other gave \$50; with these noble exceptions Pennsylvania was silent.

But, as a few days after, I was ascending the Washington monument, in order to have the grand view of the city, the windings of the Potomac, and the opposite hills of Virginia, I remembered how many years had passed before this grand massive monument to Washington was finished, and yet now, as we moved slowly to the top, I read the inscriptions on the stones on the inner side, placed there by each State in the Union, to testify its gratitude to the immortal Washington, and the thought came to me that Pennsylvania would surely soon send a gift from every chapter within her border to place a stone in the Memorial Continental Hall.

CAROLINE PEARSON,

March 4th, 1898.

MRS. HOGG HONORED.

Resolutions adopted by the Harrisburg Chapter, D. A. R.

"At a meeting of the Harrisburg Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, March 4th, 1898, this resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The honored State regent of the D. A. R. in Pennsylvania, Mrs. Nathaniel B. Hogg, has declined a re-election to the office which for seven years she has filled with so much dignity and honor;

Resolved, That we, the members of the Harrisburg Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, desire to place on record our great regret at

losing her from this position. As a State officer, her zeal and wisdom in the beginning of the organization, and her enthusiasm and wise counsel throughout all the years of its existence, have in a notable degree combined to bring the society up to its present high and prosperous condition. Her noble and patriotic work in the cause of "lineal descent" removed the only element of discord in the organization, and placed it on a solid and honorable foundation. We feel sure we voice the grateful

feeling of the Daughters of the Keystone State when we recognize, as we heartily do, the honor shared by our entire membership in the effective work of our retiring State regent, whose unwearied efforts to carry through, in the congress of 1894, the famous "lineal amendment" clause, resulted in the triumphant success of what will be forever known as the "Pennsylvania Amendment to the

Constitution of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

And, further, Resolved, That our secretary be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions, signed by our regent, vice regent and other chapter officers, to Mrs. Hogg, also to transcribe them upon the minute book of our chapter, and to send a copy for publication in the American Monthly Magazine.

PRINCIPLES INVOLVED.

In the American War for Independence.

In discussing American political ideas, Mr. Fiske and others, have predicted the ultimate triumph of these principles over all other political forms. The optimistic tendency of Americans is illustrated by a story of toasts given at a Fourth of July dinner in Paris, by a party of Americans during our Civil War.

"Here's to the United States," said the first speaker, "bounded on the north by British America, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean."

"But," said the second speaker, "this is far too limited a view of the subject; in assigning our boundaries we must look to the great and glorious future which is prescribed for us by the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here's to the United States, bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the South Pole, on the east by the rising, and on the west by the setting sun." Emphatic applause greeted this aspiring prophecy. But here arose the third speaker—a very serious gentleman from the Far West. "If we are going," said this truly patriotic American, "to leave the historic past and present, and take our manifest destiny into account, why restrict ourselves to the narrow limits assigned by our fellow-countryman who has just sat down? I give you the United States—bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on

the south by the precession of the equinoxes, on the east by the primeval chaos, and on the west by the Day of Judgment!"

The principles for which the war of the American Revolution was fought, and upon which the Government of the United States is founded, did not arise suddenly in 1776, nor did they begin to live in the ten or twelve bitter years preceding the war. That time was merely the culmination of long years, yes, centuries of preparation. It was the flowering time of a plant whose root had been set in the earth many, many years before.

Learned students of constitutional history trace the germ of our free institutions to the "village mark" of the ancient Teutons.

Under the clouded skies and by the cold waters of the Baltic Sea lay the "little district of Angeln in Sleswick." Here was the rude cradle of popular liberty. In the following lines one can see in fancy the wild home of the Northman, and hear the prophetic note of blessing to future generations, unconsciously uttered by the free assembly of the people:

"Dash high, roaring surf,
On the rock-bound coast of the North
land!
Shout in thy glee, foaming wave,
Borne on in the clasp of the north
wind!

Thunder in echoing tones
Through the caves of the guardian
sea cliffs!

But when thou dost lull thee to rest
O list to the Angelus blest
And the chant which floats over the
deep."

The "village mark" was an assembly of the clansmen of the tribe. By it land was allotted to individuals, and a portion marked off for public use, and other affairs of common interest decided.

This primitive assembly of the people for purposes of self-government is believed to have been the foreshadowing of the great development of free government which grew up gradually in England, and later on, in more marked degree, in the United States of America—"government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

These remote forefathers of ours who are familiar to us as Angles, Jutes, Saxons, Danes, descended upon Britain and gradually appropriated the country. So complete was the subjugation, and almost extermination of the Britons, that the country fell entirely into the hands of the conquerors, and in doing so, the ancient customs of the island were overlaid by the customs of the newcomers.

Here, then, was the spot where the seed of liberty brought from its rough northern home, was destined to grow into majestic proportions. Britain became the land of the Angles—Angle-land, and finally England.

In England more than any other country overrun by the German races, the "Teutonic ideas of government" had a chance to grow.

On the continent of Europe, as in Gaul, for instance, the obliteration of the native population was not so nearly complete as in England and the conquerors became fused with the people of the country, gradually adopting their customs.

Another great moulding force lay in the fact that Gaul and other continental countries were constantly open to hostile incursions from their neighbors. Consequently everything

was made to bend to the necessity of military strength and organization. In this way the Teutonic ideas of government were gradually lost in France, and that country became the greatest despotism in Europe. Every province or department was managed by an agent appointed by the King, and directed by a central bureau.

There was no local self-government in France at all. In order to understand the difference between the methods of France and England, it is worth while to glance at the condition of Canada before the fall of the French power in America.

Canada was ruled by officers appointed by the King. Nothing could be done by any one except by permission of the officer. "A man could not even build his own house, or rear his own cattle, or sow his own seed, or reap his own grain, save under the supervision of prefects acting under instructions from the home government."

He could transact no business whatever except by permission of the same officer. There was no such thing as public assemblies of the people to discuss affairs of government, nor was there any means for expression of opinion. Huguenots were not permitted to set foot in the colony. At the same time Canada was "loaded with bounties," "fostered" and "protected" in every way. In this condition of affairs weakness and imbecility took the place of energy and self-reliance.

When France and England joined in a desperate struggle for supremacy in the New World the Canadians could not withstand the vigorous onslaught of their neighbors in the English colonies. The French defeat was complete and final.

With its fall the march of Anglo-Saxon ideas became irresistible, and the major part of North America to-day is ruled by English-speaking people.

England escaped many of the evils of despotism by reason of her geographical position, which made her less accessible to invaders than continental countries were. The wild billows of the Atlantic environed England and kept away her foes, and

dashed at times "invincible armadas" on the rocks, so it was possible for the arts of peace to flourish, and wealth to accumulate. Therewith naturally grew up laws for the protection of person and property.

The ancient "Teutonic Mark" became in England the "Folk Mote." Later on when clans united in what we would now call a federation, that territory composed of an aggregate of marks, was called a shire.

As the body of citizens grew larger and scattered over a great amount of territory, it became inconvenient for everybody to attend the shire meeting. Therefore, to protect their interests, each township sent the "town reeve," or sheriff, and four of their best men to represent them. This representative meeting was called the meeting of the wise men, or Witanagemote. Abbesses belonged to this assembly. When Alfred the Great collected and arranged laws for his kingdom he submitted them to the "Witan," or wise men.

The appointment of representatives by the small primary assemblies, to sit in a general council, was a great step. It was "the beginning of the system of representative assemblies now seen in most civilized countries."

It is by such a system that the United States became possible—forty-five sovereign States, each with local self-government, fully established, yet united under a general government for all purposes affecting the nation at large.

By these various means which I have necessarily most briefly alluded to "free government in varying degree was maintained perpetually in England."

To be sure, civil and religious dissensions, the fury of war, the despotism of kings and nobles, often delayed and hindered the development of the principles of human rights. However, there was gradually built up a code of laws securing more and more the rights of the people, and at last the tyrannies of King John roused the people to force from his unwilling hands the great historical document known as "Magna Charta."

"So comprehensive were the provisions of this document," says Stubbs, "that the whole of the constitutional history of England is little more than a commentary on it." At the risk of being tedious I venture to quote the following passage from Hallam. "Of this great document the essential clauses are those which protect the personal liberty and property of all freemen by giving security from arbitrary spoliation."

"No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseized of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or any otherwise destroyed; nor will we pass upon him, nor send upon, but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land."

"We will sell to no man, we will not deny or delay to any man justice or right."

"It is obvious," continues Hallam, "that these words interpreted by any honest court of law, convey an ample security for the two main rights of civil society."

"Clause by clause the rights of the commons are provided for as well as the rights of the nobles. The knight is protected against the compulsory exaction of his services, and the horse and cart of the freeman against irregular requisition even of the sheriff."

The Englishmen who several centuries later colonized America were the most independent and adventurous of the descendants of the Northmen. Accustomed to the ideas of civil rights embodied in Magna Charta, they yet found something to long for. Largely religious enthusiasts, they sought in the new world greater freedom than the old afforded. Mr. Douglass Campbell has pointed out that the Pilgrims gained a considerable portion of their political inspiration from Holland.

The Netherlands were then a much more important political force in Europe than they are now, and their government was the most enlightened and progressive and the most liberal in all Europe.

Many Englishmen went to the Low Countries and assisted in fighting the battle that Holland waged so long

against the power that would have enslaved her.

The English Dissenters, we know, were obliged to fly from England on account of the persecution of the established church. Many of them lived in Holland ten or twelve years and some sailed from thence to America.

It is claimed that numerous laws and customs which were established by the Pilgrims and Puritans in New England and by the Dutch in New York were unknown in England and were a direct importation from Holland.

"Under the old Dutch rule," says Campbell, "the doctrine was first laid down by a legislative assembly that the people are the source of political authority. Here (in New York) was first established permanent religious freedom and the freedom of the press."

"Here one finds some of the institutions which give America its distinctive character, while, what is more remarkable, no trace of many of these same institutions can be found in England."

There is apparently good reason to believe that we owe much to the Dutch Republic. The successful termination of their long war for freedom, "extending over a period of eighty years," was of incalculable benefit to the world at large, as well as to themselves.

The colonists, then, who had not only the English traditions of government, but had likewise drunk at the fountain of liberty in Holland, established self-government at once. "Before the Pilgrims landed from the 'Mayflower' they formed themselves into a political body, a government of the people, with just and equal laws."

Hither came from time to time more adventurous people from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Holland, France (the Huguenots) and Sweden. In further proof of the cosmopolitan character of our ancestors, Mr. Campbell quotes from "the narrative of a Rev. Mr. Burnaby, an Englishman, who in 1759 visited America."

"Of the colonies in general he said that they are composed of different religions and different languages. In Pennsylvania he found the most enterprising people of the continent. These he noticed consisted of several nations who spoke several languages."

"Nine men prominent in the early history of New York and the Union, represent the same number of nationalities. Schuyler was of Holland, Herkimer of German, Jay of French, Livingstone of Scotch, Clinton of Irish, Morris of Welsh, and Hoffman of Swedish descent. Hamilton was born in one of the West India islands, and Baron Steuben, who became a citizen of New York after the Revolutionary War, was a Prussian."

In a paper on American colonial history, Mr. Hale says that we do not appreciate what we owe in this country to peace. So comparatively few men have been withdrawn from industrial pursuits that the growth in wealth and population has been phenomenal.

"These people came untrammelled by feudal institutions, most of them with an eager desire to serve God, and they had white paper to write on. If a man wanted to live to God's glory he must not be wasting his time, as was the vassal of a baron in Germany, or in England, when that baron did not happen to think of anything for the vassal to do."

Freedom was in the very air of the new clime. After a few generations the habits of industry, activity, and self-reliance in which they lived, made the colonists a "superior people." By their indomitable labor the desolate wilds were made to bloom with fruitful plants. The homes of freemen rose in the midst of cultivated fields. Ships brought from the sea abundant store of fish for food, and sailed the world over employed in useful trade. Manufactures gradually became established, and, while the colonists engaged in all these pursuits, the necessities of defense against Indians trained them to military service. Later this experience was augmented by participation in the struggle between France and England, which resulted in the

"annihilation of the French power in America." Above all they organized States with well planned governments, executing all necessary functions. From a handful of pioneers dotting the wilderness in two or three places, and trembling on the verge of destruction, they had grown into thirteen sturdy republics impatient of interference with their liberties and able to raise armies in their defense.

Respect for the rights of individuals and love of the public weal were thoroughly rooted in the minds of the people. The town meeting, "particularly in New England," was the most prominent and most powerful means of local self-government.

"It was the most perfect democracy the world has ever seen. The meeting seems to resemble in all essential particulars the village assembly or mark mote of the early Teutons."

Historians and philosophers have attached the greatest importance to the influence of the town meeting on American political ideas, and the final triumph of the principles contained therein.

The colonists had been accustomed to consider themselves subjects of the English Crown, and it was long before the idea of separation took shape in the public mind.

The man who perhaps did more than any other to form opinion on that subject was Samuel Adams. He was "trained in the Boston town meeting from boyhood." No other man was so strikingly well qualified to lead in the assembly of his fellow-citizens. He was adroit and skilful in management and full of sagacity in speech. His whole life was given to the service of the people, in whom he had the utmost faith and confidence. He believed in the "natural right" of the people to govern themselves and in their ability to do so, and was impatient of everything which threatened to interfere with popular sovereignty.

While the mass of the people were slow in accepting the idea of separation from England, Samuel Adams saw its necessity long before the event, made his plans and used all

opportunities to put this thought before his countrymen. A very considerable number of Americans at that day failed to see that prerogative and divine rights of kings were passing away. They clung to their idols and in the storm that followed were driven from the country.

It is needless to follow the history of the harsh laws made by England for the American colonies, the interference with shipping and manufactures, the imposition and forcible collection of burdensome and outrageous taxes. These taxes were not laid by their own representatives, and the colonies declared that "taxation without representation is tyranny." Everything was done by England to make the colonies tributary to the English Crown, Parliament and Exchequer. America was looked upon as a mine to be worked for the benefit of England. Manufactures and commerce were prohibited. Everything, it was demanded, should be bought in England, or carried on English ships.

When the unjust laws were put to the point of violent execution the spirit of liberty raised itself throughout the land and asserted independence. The sentiment of the country was crystallized into words in the declaration: "All men are created equal, are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Whereupon followed the articles of confederation. In the federation of the States lay great difficulties, one of which was that people were so much afraid (and justly so) of a central power interfering with the rights of individual States. It was a matter of long debate and careful consideration. The Constitution, as finally accepted, was full of compromises to different sections of the country. Nobody was quite satisfied with it, yet in its practical working it has proved a marvel of wisdom. The successful issue of the work of the founders of this Republic opened

up a new era of progress and new hopes for all mankind.

The people inheriting and carrying forward the ideas of free government have spread over a mighty continent and become a giant among nations. But here we need to pause a moment and consider whether no danger threatens the precious fabric of the people's rights. We have lived so long in peace and prosperity under the government erected by our fathers that we have ceased to realize that encroachment upon its fundamental principles are possible. We forget that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

The system of representation may be so debauched as to misrepresent and betray the interests of the people. Laws may be made giving unfair advantage to one class of citizens over others.

The central government may ac-

quire undue power—power which will produce government by the will of a few to the exclusion of the will of the people.

Should the day ever come when the central government can dictate in the domestic concerns of the States, or the States to the counties, we lose all that our government has hitherto stood for. A country so vast in area and so varied in interests can not be held together by a too rigid central power. It is the elasticity of our bonds which makes them practicable. Danger to our future lies in too much centralization of power.

As the daughters of those who fought to establish this Republic, we have an inspiration to the study of its principles, and to the upholding of the same by all the influence we possess.

DR. JANE K. GARVER.

May 19, 1898.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

Samuel Adams was born in Boston, Mass., September 22d, 1722, and died October 3d, 1803.

Imagine a gentleman with an angelic voice, an orator; and the subject "American Independence," delivered at Philadelphia, on the first of August, 1776, (before the United States was a month old,) from that ideal you may picture Samuel Adams.

He was the man who originated the phrase, upon British commercialism in the stinging epithet: "A nation of shopkeepers." It went to France and was used by Napoleon Bonaparte, much to the irritation of the Britons.

A simple description of this singular hero can be expressed in a word, "the veritable Uncle Sam." He was one of those eccentric personalities whose whole being was emphasized into the one vocable: liberty!

What wonder, then, that the life work of Samuel Adams gives us so vivid an example for patriotism as to render him almost immortal, being placed by some persons equal to Washington.

He was a tax collector under King George III; knew the troubles to gather these tithes, and also the anxiety to pay his own. He loved his wife. She bore, among others, a gallant son, whose arduous service, as a surgeon, throughout the war, subsequently caused his early death.

A brief review of the domestic affairs of this public man may interest you. His father, Samuel, was a malster and had a good business. His mother's maiden name is to memory lost, but her son's career is to our history dear.

At this exciting period (1745) he had his son, Samuel, as a partner, the elder Adams become absorbed in the issues of the day, but before many of the questions were sufficiently deliberated for action, Samuel Adams, Sr., died, leaving one-third of his estate to his son. The example of the father was continued by the son in discussing the affairs of the colony with the enthusiasm and vigor of youth. He was assisted greatly in his political influence by his recent

inheritance and his marriage in 1749, to Miss Elizabeth Checkley, a daughter of the minister of the New South Church. In this way he made the acquaintance of many active spirits in the agitation, among them was John Hancock.

His wife died in 1757, leaving him a son, Samuel, who became a physician, and permitting him to devote more time to his patriotic aspirations. It was not until December 6th, 1764, that he married Miss Elizabeth Wells, a hearty and helpful wife. She was very fond of her little stepson, Samuel, and through her efforts had him take up medicine and surgery so that when the hostilities of 1775 commenced, he was in it from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. Dr. Adams was about 25 years old when the war began, he died at 37.

This second Mrs. Adams was a woman of the period; an up-to-date (emergency) dame.

This wife and mother of the American Revolution was a heroine. She nurtured her family, provided for it as only a woman can. She dried apples, cured sweet hams with salt from the meadows and maple sugar from the Massachusetts hills. Attended to the crops, and through all and by all means, did her earnest duty. She knitted socks for the soldiers, made lint from old linen; sent to her beloved son, the doctor, for the wounded.

While her husband clad in his red cloak, with his eagle eye looking for freedom, and with his sonorous voice pleading for freedom, at Philadelphia, Lancaster or York, in Pennsylvania. That she so patriotically made his presence there possible.

His voice was musical, and he devoted his leisure to the composition of religious tunes still used in some Congregational churches of New England.

His spiritual fervor evinced itself in the first meeting of Congress by suggesting the Rev. Dr. Duche to open the session by prayer, which practice our Congress has continued ever since.

So pervading was his love for individual liberty, that he successfully resisted measures to incorporate par-

ticular religious tenets, within the Constitution that would stifle conscience.

He seemed born as an apostle of liberty in its purity. Through this divine inspiration, he improvidently left his family to get along as they could, while he, so carefully and unselfishly, wrought out "American freedom" for us, the succeeding generations.

"When freedom from her mountain height

Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped, its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light!"

He lived to see many of his schemes become facts. His declining years were, however, spent in comparative poverty, eked out from a small government pension.

Amid all temptation he proved a consistent and practical patriot, resisting many sinister influences incessantly brought to bear upon him to desert the cause of that independence. Like Jefferson, he saw that independence of Great Britain was the only permanent remedy for colonial evils.

Whither are we bound to-day? As the sphere of our national influence broadens in the scope of its exercise. To-day we find broached an alliance with the British. Our cousins.

The nations of the earth stand in contemplation of such an event. What does it mean?

That the civil war between Great Britain and her colonies of a century ago shall unify our aims, as the Civil War of 1861 has united this nation now, as one man?

This war of 1898 is of God's purpose, because "He governs the nations upon the earth."

Were the shade of Samuel Adams here to-day, his insinuating eloquence would be with our voices.

To make war for freedom's peace!

But our duty to-day is the same as that of Mrs. Samuel Adams, to prepare the bandages, lint and supplies for our sick and wounded of 1898 as

she did in 1778. Let us begin now, June 17th, 1898.

MRS. HUGH HAMILTON.

June 17, 1898.

A MANY SIDED MAN.

There was much subdued commotion one bleak, stormy day of January, 1703, in a humble little house of Boston, on Milk street, opposite the quaint old South Church. A tiny babe had just looked forth on this world with wondering eyes; but even his mother feared that his fingers were too frail to keep their uncertain grasp on the thread of life. The father who scrupulously observed all the ordinances of the church, sent hastily for a minister that the babe might receive the sacred symbol of baptism before the Death Angel should place his dread signet upon the boy's brow. So upon the very day of his birth, this baby was baptized.

A week had not passed, however, before the keen mother's eyes detected a change in her child. "He will live," she asserted emphatically, "and I am much mistaken if he does not prove harder to manage than any of the others." The household already contained fifteen children, seven of them being half brothers or sisters to the newly-born babe, but although two more sisters succeeded him in the course of a few years, the mother never had any cause to alter her dictum concerning this—her youngest boy.

Why this child, alone, of all the seventeen children, should have been so richly endowed with genius, is a question to which, as yet, science can give no answer. His brothers and sisters all lived ordinary lives in ordinary spheres; only his youngest sister seemed in any sense his peer, and she only by virtue of her loving heart. It is simply marvellous that in one of the humblest homes of a colonial town, there should have been born sixteen children of only average intellect, while one grew up to help

and cheer and aid the whole civilized world. He ran a glorious course, enlightening and illuminating not only our land, but every land on the wide surface of the earth. A career like his solves the question asked in Faust: "How shall a man become satisfied with his life?"

His boyhood was marked by no special events. He was always a leader among his companions, always planning their sports and sometimes inventing entirely new games, a few of which are played by the American boy of to-day. His mother declared that he was the most obedient of all her children. He never transgressed a command once laid down—but how could she imagine, beforehand, that he would use his brother's clothes to make a scare-crow? That he would take the stones lying in front of a half completed building to erect a wharf for himself so that he could fish without getting his feet muddy? That he would paint the cat a beautiful red so as to make her an object of envy among all her feline acquaintances? Or that he would repeat for the edification of his playmates all of his father's home lectures and private observations? To be sure the scare-crow was a marvel of ingenuity and certainly served its purpose in keeping the birds out of his favorite fruit tree. The wharf was really a wondrous piece of construction. The cat did not seemingly object to the harmless paint with which she was adorned, and the lad reasoned that his father's sayings were too good to be limited to the narrow bounds of the home circle. He was always doing the unexpected, and disturbing the restrained atmosphere of that old-time home by the introduction of some new element.

The laws of heredity find in him a

magnificent verification. Each one of his many talents can be seen in some particular ancestor, but it is strange enough, that in this one descendant, all of these varied talents should have again become manifest, and that, too, in a much intensified form.

Tracing his ancestry back for five generations (which is as far as we can go) we find throughout all the five generations that his lineage goes back through the youngest son of the youngest son. His forefathers were among the first to embrace the principles of the reformed religion; his great-great-grandfather, a stern old Englishman, lived when Protestantism was synonymous with death, and the possession of a Bible meant torture too horrible for description. Yet the old man owned a Bible and fastened it into the seat of a common wooden stool. The seat, apparently, was made of one piece of wood; in reality it was split in two; between the two parts the Bible was fastened, and the aged man on his knees before the stool, read the sacred word aloud to his assembled family, while a child at the door kept guard, lest some officer should take them unawares. The boy's father left the Old England for the New, in order that he might enjoy liberty of conscience. Many of the lad's ancestors were fond of writing, and several of them composed verses on local events and local heroes. For one of these the boy was named, and this uncle (who is said to have indited in all some sixteen volumes of verse—only four of which were ever published, however,)—often sent little poems to his nephew. He desisted in disgust when some Englishwoman commenced writing poems, and he said in a poem addressed at that time to his seven-year old namesake:

"'Tis time for me to lay aside my pen
When flowing sleeves read, write, and
rhyme like men."

These very faulty bits of verse were intensely admired by the boy, and were even imitated, the imitations generally being better than the originals, though that is not saying very much in their favor. The boy learned to read at a very early age, and

this fact, together with his evident liking for scholarly pursuits, made his father determined to make a minister of him. So the boy, at the age of eight, started to a grammar school, with the promise in store for him of a full collegiate course. At the end of a year, however, his father decided that in consideration of his large family, he could not justly spend so much money on one child.

Therefore the boy was sent to a business school, but when only ten years old, he was removed from school altogether to assist in his father's shop. In Old England the father had followed the trade of dyer, but in New England he found little business, so he became a tallow chandler and soap boiler. His son, whose education was now supposed to be completed at the mature age of ten, was given the duty of cutting wicks for candles, filling the dipping mold and the molds for casting candles, attending the shop and running errands.

Naturally enough, the boy disliked all this intensely. It was far too monotonous a life to suit his active mind. He became imbued with a love for the sea and yearned to be a sailor. His father, fearing that the lad would really run away to sea, apprenticed him at the early age of twelve to his brother James, who was a printer. The boy was to be a bound apprentice for nine years.

Nature takes care of her own. His uncle's poor doggerel verses had awakened in him the spark of intelligence. This was nourished by the few crumbs of knowledge in his father's library. The Harvard of that day would have expelled him, but he was in the right place when he found himself at last in the only university in America then fit for him—his brother's printing office. The office of the New England "Courant" put him in touch with the most advanced ideas of Boston and of England—such as they were at that time. Thus he escaped the two great perils of his life at this period. The first was the danger lest he follow the example of his brother, Josiah, and run away to sea; the second was the imminent probability of him embracing a theology of terror and remaining all his

life a spiritual bondman. His brother was stern, harsh and cruel, exercising an authority over his young apprentice brother which was simply brutal, and which probably was one of the reasons that the boy imbibed his lifelong hatred for oppression and tyranny. Yet the lad was growing mentally all the time. He made friends with the bookmen all around; he sat up all night to read the volumes lent him, rewriting the prose works in poetry, and the poems in prose, and paying strict attention to the mechanical part of his writing. He boarded himself, using no meat at all and living on a very small sum, that he might save money with which to buy books. From his twelfth to his sixteenth year he worked incessantly, and grew intellectually, though always at the expense of needed sleep and good food. He wrote poems which his brother sold and his father ridiculed so much that the boy abandoned forever his idea of being a poet. He sent anonymous communications to his brother's papers, and these being on very deep subjects, were supposed to be written by some prominent man of Boston. When the real authorship was disclosed, his brother James was furiously jealous and became more brutal than ever in his treatment of the boy. Just at this crisis James was arrested for publishing matters in his paper which reflected upon some of the public officials. During his imprisonment his young brother-apprentice, only seventeen years old then, ran the paper most successfully, for he had become a very expert workman. James was finally released from prison, but was forbidden to publish a paper again. James was in a quandary; he was making money in his business and did not wish to abandon it. His brother, though so young, was even more competent than he, but by law an apprentice could not print a paper. The boy had still four more years of apprenticeship to serve, but James in this dilemma publicly canceled his apprentice papers, making him a full-fledged printer, and then commenced running the paper in his brother's name. At the same time, however, he drew up private papers making the

boy sign them by which the lad bound himself to serve James for four years more. Of course this agreement could never be made public, for if it were James would be arrested and fined for allowing his apprentice to run a printing office. The boy, nevertheless, would have honorably kept the terms of the private compact, but for his brother's increased cruelty, which soon grew to be unbearable. The boy ran away. Tired, hungry and mud-bespattered he at last reached Philadelphia after many severe hardships. He spent one of his last pieces of money for bread, and bread being cheaper then in Philadelphia than in Boston, he received three huge loaves instead of three modest buns as he had expected. Nevertheless he took his loaves, putting one under each arm, while he eagerly devoured the third. As he passed down Market street a bright-eyed girl laughed outright at his ludicrous appearance.

Before very long the boy found work as a printer, though not at very good wages. He made friends readily and soon numbered among them the maid who had laughed at him on the day of his arrival in Philadelphia. Before long some of his work came to the notice of the Governor of the province. The work was admirably done, so unlike the very inferior work produced by the other two printers in Philadelphia, that the Governor at once sent for the lad and heard his story, and then sent him to his father in Boston, promising that if his brother would buy him a printing outfit, that he should be given all of the official printing of the province. So the boy returned once more to Boston, to be hailed with rapturous delight by everyone of the home circle except his brother James. Pleased as his father seems to have been with his son's success, he was too cautious by nature to establish a seventeen-year-old boy in such an expensive business. So the lad returned disconsolately to Philadelphia and related his story to Governor Keith. Thereupon that dignitary expressed much disgust with the father's action and promised to set the boy up in the printing business himself. Governor Keith was given to the making of extravagant promises,

which he had no means of keeping, for he was deeply in debt both in the Old World and in the New. However, his young printer friend knew nothing of the Governor's financial status, and when Keith told him to go to London and buy all the machinery needed for a first-class printing office the young lad was only too eager to go. Before sailing he sought Deborah Read, the bright-eyed maid who had once laughed at him, and urged that as his prospects were so bright, she should marry him before he left. The girl was willing, but the mother doubted Keith's promises and refused to let the ceremony be performed. And Keith failed to keep a single one of the many promises he had made. The boy arrived in London almost penniless. Keith's remittances, letters and drafts failed to appear. Inquiry revealed Keith's real character, and the young man, bitterly disappointed found work in London at his trade as printer, but he seemed unable to save any money for his return to America. Wandering in that great, dark Babylon of London, without chart or guide; with a reckless, foolish friend from Philadelphia as a companion and a club of witty skeptics for his mentors, with young blood in his veins and the ardor of genius in his nerves, he went astray. He fell into vice and extravagance; he forgot his true love over the sea, and in the entire year and a half that he remained in London he sent her only one short, curt letter.

She, feeling forsaken by her old sweetheart, and urged by her mother's arguments, married Samuel Rogers. Meanwhile her old lover in London departed from the upright ways of his ancestors and was in danger of making a total shipwreck of his life. His fondness for the water revived, and he came near establishing a swimming school and spending the rest of his life just floundering in the Thames. He was also in danger of subsiding into a commonplace London printer. But from all of these perils his inherited sense and his early good habits rescued him. He awoke to a consciousness of what he was doing and then achieved a regeneration of himself even in that age when it was assured that to be

a man of spirit and knowledge one must be flippant and immoral.

With all of his faults while in London he was yet strictly temperate even among the maudlin beer-drinking printers with whom he came in contact. His temperate habits recommended him to a merchant who was coming to Philadelphia and the young printer was employed to return to this country as a clerk. The merchant died soon after coming here and the boy again turned to his trade as printer. He could make ink, cast type, and engrave designs on type metal, so that he was a very useful sort of personage to have around a printing office. Soon the boy became ambitious, his friends helped him and he started a printing office of his own. He worked night and day now. He organized a fine literary and social club, and to help himself and others he formed the nucleus of the public library in Philadelphia, the first ever established in this country. He asserted that he was by nature indolent, and that he wished to work hard in his youth, so that when he reached mature years he could live at ease and leisure. He started a newspaper, which was so intelligently managed that it yielded him a good income from the first. Everyone bought an almanac in those days, and the young printer soon commenced to publish an almanac every year. It was known as "Poor Richard's" Almanac, because it was alleged to be written by a poor man named Richard Saunders, and the almanac was filled with his wise and witty sayings concerning the saving of time and money. Everyone read the almanac, and it exerted a tremendous power against the vices of extravagance, recklessness and idleness. The work of the young printer was so fine that he was soon made official printer of the province. And from this time fortune smiled on him. He was tolerant of everything but intolerance. He associated with Quakers, Tunkers, Moravians, Methodists, Romanists, Deists, Presbyterians and Atheists, with Mandeville, Samuel Cooper, Ezra Stiles, Whitefield, Priestley, Price, Chatham, John Carroll, Voltaire and the Papal Nuncio. He met them all on the common

ground of human fellowship, making light of their theoretical opinions and valuing each only for his human worth. He held that the acceptable way to serve God is to do good to his fellow-creatures. His old sweetheart, Deborah Read, had had an unfortunate wedded experience. Her husband had left her to escape his creditors. A well-authenticated rumor told her that she was no wife, as Samuel Rogers had had a wife living at the time he married her; another rumor told of Roger's death. Her youthful lover found her just as she was sinking into a morbid melancholy, the natural result of her sad experience. Despite the possibility that Rogers was yet alive, despite the possibility also that the story of the English wife was untrue, and likewise despite the fact that Rogers' creditors might look to him for payment, the young official printer married his first sweetheart. She proved a real help-mate; a good housekeeper and faithful wife; she kept her husband's books, helped in his stationery store and furthered his every plan. Despite all his hard work, her husband taught himself French, Latin, Spanish, Italian and German. He studied all the sciences and commenced to make inventions of his own. He now lived three lives in one. He was a man of business, a man of science, and he speedily became a statesman also, and, in each career alone he accomplished as much as could ordinarily have been done by any six men. At the age of 42 he had an estate of seven hundred pounds a year. He opposed the tyranny of the Penns when the frontier people were slain by the savages during the French and Indian War, he was foremost in raising and arming troops for their relief. He was identified with every public movement and every new idea. His name, by his sheer force of personal energy, became a household word. Soon the troubles began in earnest between England and her colonies. This self-taught man was twice chosen as the best person to go to England and represent there the rights and wishes of the colonies; he was the same bold and eloquent man in London that he was in Philadelphia, when he boldly

denounced the Paxton massacre and shielded the Governor of the Province in his own house, while he himself took measures to save the peaceful, Christianized Indians. He was in London when the detested stamp act was passed, he fought it bitterly, and when it became a law he wrote to his wife to urge economy upon all their friends, he told her to beg the women of the colonies to do their own spinning and weaving; to make their own and their husbands clothes and not to buy a half-penny's worth of goods from England affected by the obnoxious stamp act. One of the most remarkable episodes in political life is that of this man's appearing before Parliament and telling them courageously in answer to their questions just how the colonies viewed the stamp act. By this time it had become evident to Parliament that the stamp act could never be enforced. His answers to their queries displayed his versatile ability and foresight better than any other single act of his life. He wrote a witty satire at this time which pretended to be sober earnest. It appeared as a news item in a leading London paper, and announced that the King of Prussia was going to hold England as a German province and to levy taxes therein, supporting his claims by precisely the same chain of reasoning that Britain advanced in respect to the American colonies. The somewhat slow Britishers at first took the article in solemn earnest, and became highly excited. When the point at last dawned upon them they were forced to admit that it "was a fair hit." His first English mission kept him abroad for five years and his second mission for ten. During the entire time of his absence his wife managed his business in all its multifarious phases, and so sound was her judgment and so practical her common sense that the family's income increased rather than diminished during her husband's absence. She was afraid to cross the ocean, and all of her husband's arguments could not induce her to make the attempt. He had not expected in either case to be gone more than a few months, but months stretched into years until he had spent in all fifteen

years in London, with only one short visit at home during that entire period. He could not bring about a satisfactory condition of affairs between England and her colonies. That was beyond mortal power, but what human skill and human eloquence could effect was effected by him. England now had lost her colonies, though no one as yet suspected it. Every one expected to see the breach healed and a compromise effected, but madness seized both parties and the English representative of the colonists returned home in despair. There was method in the madness of the prolonged struggle that was impending. His return to Philadelphia was a series of triumphs and rejoicings. His work abroad had been fully appreciated by his fellow-townsmen and they now delighted in heaping honors upon him. Events followed with lightning rapidity. There came the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor; the passage of Lord North's avenging measure; retaliatory steps and the final summoning of the Continental Congress. Of this he was made a member and his influence was potent there from the first. He bore a conspicuous part in the framing of the Declaration of Independence, and shortly after this, when it became absolutely essential for the colonies to have some outside help, this self-educated man was selected as the ablest representative of the colonists to solicit aid from France. Again he went abroad, and again his wife refused to cross the ocean. She really lost her husband by deservng him. Had she not been so thoroughly competent to manage his business affairs he could not have been absent for such prolonged periods. His presence in France was most imperatively needed, however. He understood the French people and the French government thoroughly. No one else could have secured the military aid and the financial help which this one man secured. His career in France could not be fully told, except in bulky volumes. The French people idealized the "philosopher," as they termed him, and yet they were so volatile and capricious that no one else could have managed to keep them to their promises. His stay there, although one

continual round of honor, was also one continual round of anxiety. England recognized his power in France and tried both by heavy bribes and dire threats to win him to her side. But his integrity was unimpeachable. He worked incessantly during his entire stay in Paris. No business of importance ever failed in his hands, although he was 71 years old when he first reached France. He did as much business as the managing head of a great banking house and a great mercantile firm combined. He was the diplomatic agent for the United States and also their Consul-General; he had to become conversant with the French laws and tariffs. During all his stay in France Congress never allowed to this aged and overtaken man a secretary or amanuensis. He had a monopoly of the confidence, respect and personal regard of the French ministry. When peace was finally declared he was naturally selected as one of our commissioners to adjust the terms. In this difficult and trying place his judgment stood his country in good stead and rescued it from serious blunders. His work there was long and arduous. Seated at the same table at which our Spanish-American Peace Commissioners are to-day seated, he contended for the best possible terms of peace for this country—and secured them. Sorrow had touched him while in Paris. His wife had died and he was unable to reach her side or attend her funeral. His grief was deep and poignant. At last, in 1785, he left Paris in the Queen's own litter, an aged man feeble in physical powers, but as brilliant as ever intellectually. Further honors yet awaited him in this land. He was elected Councillor for Philadelphia, then Governor of Pennsylvania, and a member of the Constitutional Convention. His physical strength, however, was not equal to the burdens imposed upon it by public life, and just one hundred and ten years ago to-day he publicly and emphatically declared that he would never accept another office. The amount of which he achieved was simply enormous. It is impossible to tell in detail all that he accomplished, but it might be briefly summarized as follows:

He established and inspired the Junto; the most sensible, useful and pleasant club of which we have any knowledge. He founded the Philadelphia Library, the parent of thousands of free libraries and a factor of endless good to the whole United States.

He edited the best newspaper in the colonies, one which published no libels and fomented no quarrels, which quickened the intelligence of Pennsylvania and gave the onward impulse to the press of America.

He was the first who turned to great account the engine of advertising.

He caused Philadelphia to be paved, lighted and cleaned. He wrote an autobiography and enough political articles to make forty bulky volumes.

He created the post office system of America, and as postmaster was upright and honorable.

He published "Poor Richard" by means of which so much of the wit and wisdom of all ages as its readers could appropriate and enjoy was brought home to their minds in words which they would understand and remember forever.

As fuel became scarce in the vicinity of the colonial towns, he invented a stove which economized fuel and he suggested many other heating devices. He made a free gift to the public of this invention and wrote an extensive pamphlet explaining its construction and utility.

He delivered civilized mankind from the universal nuisance of smoky chimneys.

He was the first effective preacher of the blessed gospel of ventilation. When he had spoken, fresh air crept into the hospitals; consumption ceased to gasp and fever to inhale poison.

He devoted the leisure of seven years, and all the energy of his genius to the science of electricity; he gave a mighty impulse to the scientific inquiry of his age. He taught Germany to experiment in electricity, and he set all students to making electrical machines. He robbed thunder of its terrors and lightning of its power to destroy.

He helped establish the first high school of Pennsylvania.

He founded the American Philo-

sophical Society. He introduced the basket willow and promoted the early culture of silk.

He helped found the Philadelphia Hospital. He broke the spell of Quakerism and woke this State from its dream of unarmed safety.

He led Pennsylvania in its thirty years' struggle with the tyranny of the Penns. As general he led the troops of Philadelphia in several Indian uprisings.

He was the author of the first scheme of uniting the colonies; a scheme so suitable that it was adopted in all of its essential features and binds the States together to-day.

He helped England to keep Canada when there was danger of its falling back into the hands of a re-actionary race.

He aided in the repeal of the Stamp Act.

More than any one else he educated the colonies up to independence.

He discovered the temperature of the gulf stream.

He invented the double lens eyeglass.

He found that northeast storms begin in the southwest.

He invented a contrivance by which a fire consumes its own smoke.

He made important discoveries concerning colds.

He showed how to build ships in water-tight compartments.

He expounded important facts concerning navigation.

He saved the friendship of France to us over and over again during the Revolution, when the distrust of Lee and vanity of Adams were alienating the French.

In the convention of 1787 his good humor held together all the antagonistic elements.

His last labors were for the abolition of slavery.

Surrounded by children and life-long friends, he died on the night of April 17th, 1790. His last look was fastened upon the picture of Christ, hanging at the foot of his bed. All America and all of France mourned him. Volumes could be filled with the eulogies spoken in his memory. Even England praised his versatility.

Horace Greeley, shrewd judge of humor, wrote in 1862:

"I think that I adequately appreciate the greatness of Washington, but above him, I must place as the consummate type and flowering of

human nature under the skies of Colonial America—Benjamin Franklin."

MABEL CRONISE JONES.

November 17, 1898.

PATRICK HENRY.

In viewing the events which marked the years preceding the American Revolution the names of Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Patrick Henry may be fitly grouped as determining champions in the cause of liberty and leaders in every movement in the great section of his country which each represented.

Each won name and fame for himself during the stirring times, great with the momentous events, which ushered in the final struggle begun in earnest at Lexington and Concord.

In those early years Franklin's services to his country were of inestimable value, and no act of his life gave greater proof of his talents or added more to his fame than his courageous declaration before the House of Commons "that the people of America would not submit to the stamp act unless compelled by force of arms."

Samuel Adams, as early as May 24th, 1764, presented to the General Assembly of Massachusetts the memorable document which contained the first public denial of the rights of British Parliament to put the stamp act into execution and suggested union and retaliation.

His zealous and untiring efforts, his tact and astuteness, combined with a fine disregard of self, which lead him to put forward those whose position or influence, he felt, could help the cause, which he ever held, far beyond his own name and fame or fortune, made him a powerful factor in all progressive movements.

What has been said of him can well apply to both Franklin and Henry. "America has had few public men as devoted, as wise, as magnificently serviceable."

Great as were their talents, neither one could have achieved the end for which he strove, save for the noble

courage and self-sacrificing patriotism which inspired him.

To these distinguished men our historian has called our attention. The studies of Adams and Franklin have already been ably presented to the chapter, and now I take up, with obedience, though with diffidence, the task assigned to me, for it is no easy matter, I find, to give a true presentment of a character, so great, so uncommon, so marked by strong and often contradictory attributes.

Tyler, using the diary of 1732, of "that merry old Virginian, Colonel Byrd," introduces the leader to a blooming widow, Mistress "Sarah Syme, of the county of Hanover," to whose house in true old Virginia style he had been brought for a night's lodging. "She," says he, "supposing me to be some new suitor for her lately disengaged affections, put on a gravity which becomes a weed, but on learning her mistake she brightened up into an unusual cheerfulness and serenity which becomes her well, and sets off her other agreeable qualities to advantage. We tossed off a bottle of honest port, which we relished with a broiled chicken. At nine I retired to my devotions and slept so sound that fancy itself was stupefied else I should have dreamt of my most obliging landlady. The next day being Sunday, the courteous widow invited me to rest myself there that good day, and go to church with her, but I excused myself by telling her that she would certainly spoil my devotion. Then she civilly entreated me to make her house my home whenever I visited my plantations, which made me bow low and thank her very kindly." In this quaint picture of Virginian colonial life with its old fashioned gallantry and coquetry we have a glimpse of the sprightly wid-

ow of Colonel Syme, of Studley, who a few years later became the wife of John Henry, of Aberdeen, and in May 29th, 1736, the mother of Patrick Henry.

In his early childhood, the family removed to "The Retreat," then called Mount Brilliant, and here Patrick Henry received his early education, and grew to manhood. Colonel John Henry had been liberally educated in Scotland and was in comfortable circumstances. A man of strict integrity and exemplary piety, possessed of a firm, sound intellect, he commanded the confidence and esteem of his neighborhood, as is shown by the fact that he long held the position of county surveyor, colonel of his regiment, and presiding judge of the county court.

Through his influence, his brother Patrick, a clergyman of the Church of England, became minister of St. Paul's Church in Hanover. Both were zealous churchmen, and warmly attached to the reigning family. The Colonel is described as "appearing at the head of his regiment, celebrating the birthday of King George, with as much enthusiasm as his son Patrick afterwards displayed in resisting the encroachments of that monarch."

Among his near kinsmen across the waters he could number persons of eminence in the learned profession. An uncle was minister of Borthwick, in Mid Lothian, and afterwards in the Old Grey Friars in Edinburgh. A cousin, David Henry, succeeded Edward Cave in the management of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Another cousin was the historian Robertson, principal of Edinburgh University. He was also second cousin to the famous beauty, Eleanore Syme, the mother of the still more famous Lord Broughman.

While through the father, this child's claims not only to an inheritance of brains, but to strength and nobility of character, can be traced, it is from his mother that he seems to have derived the most characteristic traits both of his genius and of his disposition. The exactness with which an array of the characteristics of his mother's family, the Winstons, describes him, might prove an inter-

esting study to the true believer in the force of heredity.

Patrick Henry's boyhood and school days, which gave no evidence of uncommon genius, must have been a trial to his friends and preceptors, and are suggestive and picturesque to the student of his character, viewed in the light of his later achievements. We find that before he reached his tenth year, he had learned to read and write, and had gained some knowledge of arithmetic at a small school in the neighborhood. His further education, completed at fifteen, was carried on under the care of his father, and uncle, the Rev. Patrick, in an irregular and desultory way; for discipline seems to have been slack and Patrick did not feel himself bound to honor the regular school hours, but, as often as not, would be off in the forest with his gun, or over the brook with his fishing rod, for books and study were not what this boy most loved. His passion was for hunting and fishing, for the woods, the meadows, the fields; all nature found for him attractions; the river bank, where for hours he lay, musing, and solitary, entranced him. Solitude and idleness had charms for him unseen, and not understood, by his wondering and often amused companions.

The degree of education acquired in such idle fashion has been variously summed up by biographers, but it now conceded that Patrick, during these five years, even though against his desire and without any ambition, did acquire a good knowledge of mathematics, the only study for which he showed any fondness, was thoroughly grounded in the Latin and Greek grammars, and, as he himself said, was further instructed in Greek and Latin classics.

His father's means being insufficient for the needs of his large family, Patrick was graduated from school at fifteen. One year of apprenticeship to a country tradesman, and two years in business, in partnership with an elder brother, even more indolent and unbusiness-like than himself, was all the time needed to end disastrously this stage of his career.

Having now arrived at the mature

age of eighteen, with his indolence and incapacity fully demonstrated, and without a cent in the world, he proceeded to develop the picturesque and romantic side of life by falling deeply in love, and promptly marrying the fair and youthful object of his affections. Sarah Shelton, the daughter of a small farmer in the neighborhood, and later the keeper of a small tavern. Having thus accentuated his financial woes and embarrassments and finding the situation though romantic, thoroughly untenable, love without either cottage, or cheese, being more than mortal lovers could endure, these helpless young people appealed to their respective fathers and mothers, who generously, according to their means, came to the rescue. They were placed on a small farm nearby, which was equipped with half a dozen slaves, whose inefficient labors were to be eked out by their master, who had already proved himself destitute of all the qualities necessary for such an enterprise.

Two or three years ended this idyl of a farm. The result having persuaded the owner that he was a worse farmer than a tradesman, he again turned with laudable hopefulness and courage, or perhaps, in desperation, to the keeping of a country store; some fine and subtle sense, perhaps, compelling him to take the course which would most surely and rapidly hurry him onward towards the road which held at the end its shining goal.

By the fall of the year 1759, when he had reached his twenty-third year, he was again insolvent, reduced; indeed, to the direst necessity. Overwhelming and serious as was the situation to this young father of numerous small children, he bore himself with a fortitude and philosophy truly admirable, and indicative of the strength and endurance of his character. The possessor of perfect and robust health, combined with inextinguishable spirits, he appears to have even extracted some enjoyment from this period of enforced idleness, bearing himself with cheerfulness, and even gaiety, though hard pressed by the difficult problem of the future, which awaited his solution.

But, during these years of apparent failure, burdened with unpromising and uncongenial surroundings, the mind of a great man was slowly developing. The child, who sitting quiet and demure by the fireside, apparently unconscious of what was going on about him, yet, taking up and classifying each peculiarity of views, and action, and, even character, in those who came to his father's house, had enlarged his sphere of study in the social circle, and, especially, among the loafers at the country store and tavern, until he had acquired a curious insight into the springs of human nature.

Here also his natural talent for argument and debate grew to active power, before the gathering in the little store, which often, especially on Saturday nights, formed the audience of the future orator of Virginia. Here, also, was cultivated by his continual efforts to make himself intelligible to his plain and unlettered audience, on subjects entirely new to them, that clear and simple style which forms the best vehicle of thought to a popular audience.

In the early use of this talent, so glowingly depicted by his biographers in the exercise of which he learned to read the human heart, and acquired the magic powers of his later years, Patrick Henry may have discerned the gift, which, though, so far, only useful and attractive socially, might lead to success in the legal profession.

However this may be, certain it was something had to be done. The claims upon him as a devoted and adored husband and father were imperative. The decision was finally made, and with unaccustomed celerity he proceeded to make himself a lawyer.

The making of a lawyer, in these days, is a work of time and patience, but, however much patience Patrick Henry may have exercised, he certainly cut short the time of probation. Fortunately, in his past seemingly idle years, he had learned to read, as well as to think and to talk. The foundation, painfully acquired of Greek and Latin formed the basis of his intellectual cultivation, and as his pleasure in reading developed, he

became fond of geography, history, especially that of Greece and Rome. Livy fascinated him. He said himself that for many years he made it a rule to read it, at least once a year.

He read to his future advantage, and ours, the history of England, of the American colonies, of his own Virginia, and early formed opinions of the right of the colonies. No one at this time seems to have any idea of his being possessed of even ordinary powers, and he himself appeared quite unconscious of the great future towards which his faltering steps were carrying him, equipped only with a thorough knowledge of human nature, a superficial knowledge of books, except the few good ones which he had thoroughly digested, chief among which were the Bible, Butler's Analogy, which through life continued to afford him mental and spiritual food.

After very short preparation, some say only six weeks, while others extend the time a few months, Patrick Henry, eager to try his fortune, presented himself before the members of the board of examiners at Williamsburg as a candidate for admission to the bar.

The roughness of his exterior, his very ungainly figure and address—his boyishness, uncouthness and disregard for neatness of attire, being still conspicuous—did not appeal or conform to the fastidious notions of the old Virginia gentlemen who held his fate in their hands.

By the first of these he was condemned to flat refusal; repeated importunities and promises of future reading, softened the mind of a second into consent. Payton Randolph signed under protest. John Randolph, who, first refused, and then was induced to begin an examination, was so struck with the style and strength of expression, with the boldness and originality of conception, used by the unpromising candidate, as well as with his knowledge of general history and his keen insight into the principles of natural law, that, when they parted, after two hours of discourse, he said, "I will never again trust to appearances, Mr. Henry. If your industry be only half equal to your genius, I argue

that you will do well and will become an ornament and an honor to your profession."

Having passed this ordeal and won the first success of his life, we can well imagine the triumphal happiness with which the young man rode home to Hanover, where he seems with aroused ambition and steady purpose to have at once entered upon the future study, as well as the practice of his profession.

It has been said of him in his early years as a lawyer, that he was lazy, idle, ignorant and incompetent, that he was, for years, a needy dependent upon his father-in-law, that he took every occasion in season and out of season, except when the courts were actually in session, to spend weeks in the forest hunting and fishing. If the latter be true, may it not be counted rather a gain than loss to him, inasmuch as nature for him ever held fresh stores from which to draw his highest inspiration. As for the other charges, it seems impossible that they can be true. Jefferson, who, although a friend and ardent admirer in early life, later became estranged and embittered towards him, and was often severe and unjust in his criticisms, has done much to cloud these years.

Since Wirt's book was written in which views, thus colored, were reluctantly expressed, the fee-books of Patrick Henry have come to light. Carefully and neatly kept, they cover and record his entire professional life.

They show that he at once entered into a practice, which soon became lucrative, and, instead of being dependent, he rendered to his father-in-law material assistance.

When the evidence is duly sifted, it seems quite clear that at the time of his admission to the bar, he knew little of law, that afterwards he diligently pursued his studies, that when business came to him he prepared himself to do it thoroughly and well.

It is certain that success such as his could not go hand in hand with ignorant incompetence. We must remember, again, I quote his charming biographer, that "Patrick Henry was a genius, and the ways with which a man of genius reaches his

results are his own, are often invisible and always mysterious to others. The genius of Patrick Henry was prompt, intuitive, swift. By a glance of the eye he could take in what an ordinary man might spend hours in toiling for; his memory held all that was committed to it; all his resources were at instant command; his faculty for debate, his imagination, his humor, tact, diction, elocution were rich and exquisite. He was, also, a man of humor and friendly ways, whom all men loved, whom all men wanted to help, and it would not have been strange had he fitted himself for successful practice of the law with a quickness, the exact processes of which were unperceived even by his nearest neighbors."

At the end of four years, having reached some degree of local prominence, late in the year 1763, Patrick Henry became concerned in a case so charged with popular interest, and so well suited to his skill as an advocate, as to at once make himself and his cause celebrated. This brought the first trial of his strength; the ordeal of facing an immense and excited crowd, being heightened by finding himself before twenty of the most learned clergymen in Virginia, with his own father on the bench as presiding magistrate.

The parson's cause was the outcome of the union of Church and State which held in Virginia and was a question of damages claimed by the clergy for the arrears of their salaries for which, by law, each person over sixteen in the colonies, was taxed. Law and equity were on the parson's side, but the cause of the people was taken up by their young advocate with such power and eloquence that he carried everything before him, thrilling the audience to the most intense excitement and capturing not only the jury but the court, who unanimously overruled a motion for a new trial. The scene in the court house so glowingly described by Wirt, was one of powerful and dramatic interest, in the course of which the youthful orator took occasion, at that early day, to arraign King George for tyranny, in

terms so startling as to call from the audience and bench cries of treason, treason!

On this day, for the first time, was seen that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation, which the power and magnetism of the eloquence of Patrick Henry effected, "the awkwardness, which at first appeared in his exordium, falls from his garment, his attitude, usually slouching, become erect and lofty, his eyes flash, the spirit of his genius awakens, his action becomes graceful, bold and commanding. In the tones of his voice, especially in his emphasis there is a charm, a magic indescribable. The audience, in death-like silence, listened in amazement and awe, their senses are rested and riveted upon the speaker, as upon one inspired."

Thus, in a day, was a great reputation established and Patrick Henry had stood the test, for which, in Virginia, at that day, the fitness of a man for office was decided, and as a great orator the eyes of the Virginians began to be fastened upon him as one destined to some splendid and great part in political life.

When a little later he made his debut in the Virginia House of Burgesses, as counsel in a contested election case, the first unfavorable impression made by his awkward and rustic appearance was quickly dispelled when he came to argue his case, when he, at once, captured the hearts and imaginations of his hearers by his masterly defense of the right of suffrage, and the splendor and eloquence with which he set forth its importance. Entering the Legislature in May, 1765, as a member from Louisiana, to which county he had removed his residence, before June his reputation as a great political leader was established.

When on the 29th of May, the House went into a committee of the whole, to decide the stupendous question of what was to be done with the stamp act, there were present many trained and experienced statesmen who expected and felt it to be their undoubted right to lead upon so momentous an occasion; but this honor was seized by the youngest, newest and most untrained member, whose

opinions were not in accord with many of the older leaders, who, having made their gallant fight against the obnoxious bill, felt their loyalty compelled obedience, now that it had become the law of the land.

Not so, Patrick Henry; rising at once to his feet he proceeded to read, from the blank leaf of an old law book, the famous Virginia resolutions. The debate upon these resolutions which so ably controverted the right of Great Britain to oppress the colonies, was, says Jefferson, "most bloody." "There was every reason, public and private why the old leaders should combine to check this self-conceited and most dangerous young man," said Patrick himself, "and many threats were uttered and much abuse cast upon me," but, "torrents of sublime eloquence from Mr. Henry, backed by solid reasoning from Johnson prevailed," said Jefferson.

Somewhere during these two days of hot debate, came the dramatic scene familiar to all readers of Revolutionary history, where he solemnly called upon King George III to take warning from the fate of Caesar and Charles I, undaunted by the cries of treason which followed this tremendous burst of eloquent invective.

The first five of the resolutions were passed by a small majority, but Patrick's back being turned for home, the next day, the veteran politicians found courage to have the fifth resolution, declaring the sole right and power of taxation lay in the colonies, expunged from the minutes of the day's proceedings.

"Meanwhile," says Tyler, "on the wings of the wind, and on the eager tongues of men, had been borne, past recall far northward and eastward, the unchastised words of nearly the whole of the resolutions, to kindle in all the colonies a great flame of dauntless purpose. While Patrick, himself, perhaps, only half conscious of the fateful work he had just been doing, rode along the dusty highway, at once the jolliest, the most popular, the least pretentious man in all Virginia, certainly her greatest orator, possibly her greatest statesman."

Patrick Henry was so indifferent

to his own writings that almost none have been preserved. Among his effects, however, after death, an envelope was found, sealed and endorsed on the back in his own handwriting: "Enclosed are the resolutions of the Virginia Assembly in 1765. Let my executors open this paper." The enclosure was a half sheet of paper on one side of which was inscribed the first five resolutions as introduced by him, and his account written on the other side. In this he states: "That although young and inexperienced, no one seeming likely to step forth in opposition, I determined to venture, and alone, unadvised and unassisted, on the blank leaf of an old law book, wrote the within." He closes this solemn communication with a still more solemn appeal to the reader, "whoever he may be," to "remember that whether our national liberty will be a blessing or a curse to us, depends upon the use our people make of the benefits a gracious God has bestowed."

From this time Patrick Henry's fame was acknowledged as a statesman and orator in Virginia. Through the colonies and abroad he was considered foremost among the Virginia agitators, and as the mover of the Virginia resolutions, one placing him in good company spoke of the most seditious persons in Virginia, Patrick Henry and one Mr. Washington.

From this time forth, also, he became the idol of his native State, arousing a deep and swelling passion of love which never abated among the masses of the people, and which lies warm in their hearts to-day.

The following years hold a record of brilliant successes in his chosen profession, which, however, by degrees was practically abandoned, and he became wholly absorbed in the concerns of the public.

Surely, the idle boy had grown into a man whose life was full and complete, for during all these years he was a leader in every important movement, represented his county in every session of the House of Burgesses, was at the head of all local committees and conventions, was a member of the first committee of cor-

respondence, and was further honored by being elected as one of the deputies from Virginia to the first Continental Congress.

A picture of the times on which the imaginative loves to dwell, is that of the three Virginia deputies, who, on a fair August morning, started in company from Mount Vernon, riding on horseback along the quiet country road on their way to the great convention. Surely, never weightier matters occupied minds, than were discussed during that long ride to Philadelphia, which they reached on the morning of the fifth of September, in time to be present at the first meeting of Congress. When that body convened Patrick Henry was the first to break the solemn silence, not by an impassioned recital of grievances, but in a plain quiet manner giving his views in regard to the mode of conducting the affairs of the assemblage before him. "Clothed in a suit of parson's grey," said the newly chosen speaker, "I took him, from his appearance, for a Presbyterian clergyman, used to haranguing his people."

On the second day, desiring to heal, or to dispel all sectional differences, at the close of a debate during which he had spoken with intense feeling, he dramatically declared, "the distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, I am an American."

Throughout this wonderful Congress, whose history cannot here be detailed, Patrick Henry took his usual powerful and conspicuous part; the members carrying home with them that report of him as a man of extraordinary power, which was the basis of his subsequent fame among the American people.

In the Virginia convention, March, 1775, he made himself, if possible, even more famous, by proclaiming, with his usual fervid eloquence, the futility, in view of the massing of troops in Canada by the British, of further efforts for peace, and the instant necessity for preparing to fight. His great speech, advocating the protection of our liberties, if need be, by war, cannot but be inspiring to every true American.

Who can recall the closing words, realizing what they might have meant to the speaker, without emotion. "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Upon his return, he did not hesitate to follow up his words by acts. At the capital, Williamsburg, twenty barrels of gunpowder had been taken from the State by the order of the Governor, Lord Dunmore, for the purpose of crippling their means. Henry stepped forth, harangued the people of New Castle, to such purpose that he soon after found himself at the head of a large force, marching upon Williamsburg, where they forced Lord Dunmore to submit and make full restitution. This business prevented our Virginia delegate from taking his seat in the second Continental Congress, when it convened, May 10th, but on the 12th of that month, covered with the glory of his late exploit, he was escorted by a guard of young gentlemen across the Potomac, "where, committing him to the gracious and wise disposer of all human events, to guide and protect him, whilst contending for a restitution of our dearest rights and liberties, they wished him a safe journey and a happy return to his family and friends."

It is impossible to follow this eventful life in detail, either during this Congress, where every heart was beating wildly in response to the thrilling events of Lexington, of Ticonderoga and of Bunker Hill; where every head and hand, with all their might, were ready for the work of the hour; nor in that ever eventful Virginia convention, which powerfully influenced by the advocacy of Patrick Henry, instructed its delegates to vote for the independence of the United States, which gave to Virginia its famous declaration of rights, the fifteenth amendment, of which, framed by his hand, asserted the doctrine of religious liberty, and inaugurated a tremendous innovation, secured by the exertions of this devout member of the Church of England, to whom the Baptists' pathetic

appeal, to be allowed to worship God in their own way, had not been made in vain.

When war actually broke out, he was chosen commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, but causes too intricate to discuss or unravel here, led to his resignation, much to the grief and indignation of many, and of the troops themselves. However, he more usefully, perhaps served his country as Governor of Virginia, which office he held for three successive terms, for patriotic reasons refusing a fourth year's election.

His energy and sagacity saved to the States the lands west of the Ohio, by the organization, under his orders, of General Clark's expedition.

He confounded and brought to naught the schemes of the Coway Cabal when approached by them in the high position as Governor of Virginia, by his at once discovering the whole matter to Washington, in a simple and beautiful letter, the whole incident, only tending to draw more closely the bonds uniting in love and esteem the two great men.

When peace was declared he confirmed the highest opinion of his statesmanship by his share in laying the foundation of the new republic. In spite of bitter opposition he advocated the recall of the British refugees. In his great speech on this occasion which has been called a "model of subdued and reflective eloquence" he called on the Assembly "to unfetter commerce," "let it be free as air."

From 1754 to 1756 he was again Governor, but declined election for the third term on the plea of finding it necessary to resume the practice of his profession for the purpose of mending his broken fortunes, which, like other patriots, had suffered in the long struggle for independence. Such was his reputation and marvelous success, that in eight years he was able to retire in comfort and wealth; fortunate purchases of real estate having partly assisted and speeded the happy result.

The story of some of his professional triumphs reads like a romance, notably the argument in the case known as the British debts, where for three days he held an immense audi-

ence spell-bound, throwing such enchantment over the legal questions at issue that the room continued full to the last, in silence, so intense, that not a syllable that he uttered is believed to have been lost. When he finally sat down the whole assemblage arose with a general murmur of admiration, "the scene resembling the breaking up and dispersion of a great theatrical assembly, which had been, for the first time, enjoying the exhibition of some new and splendid drama."

Far-seeing as in the days before the question of the independence of the country become an issue, he recognized the dangers which threatened when the time for reorganization came.

While a sincere republican and filled with a deep and reverent regard for Washington, and regretting deeply his inability to act in accord with him, he feared the dangers which would in the centralization of power, gather round the President, and which might be made still more dangerous by the favor and support of the army. For these reasons he brought his mightiest powers to bear in his efforts to defeat the new Constitution, or failing that to gain the amendments, which he thought necessary, for the safety of the country. Against all the logic and eloquence of a host of Virginia statesmen, he held to his side of the question, and doubtless the final adoption of the principal points for which he contended, was largely owing to his courage and persistence.

Party feeling ran high during the contest, and much bitterness and personal animosity was aroused against Henry for his part in the turmoil, a sentiment which for years in some minds, obscured the fame of the great statesman. Some constraint in the hitherto close relations between him and Washington disturbed the minds of each for a short time, but the cloud soon passed, and the two old friends were again in close accord, and Washington gave the strongest possible proof of his confidence and cordial friendship, by offering Henry the office of Secretary of State, and afterwards that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Both these offers his failing health forced him to decline, as well as a later one, that of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the French republic. The last service which he undertook for his country was, at the request of Washington, "to represent in the Virginia Assembly of 1799, the imperilled interests of the country." In response to a most solemn appeal, contained in a long letter, the aged statesman, "on whom death had already begun to lay his icy hand," came forth from the seclusion in which he had for years been buried, and announced his candidacy. At the polls he presented a noble and majestic figure, accepting without expression of opinion the law of the land, counselling moderation, forbearance and loyal obedience. Of his address and attitude, on this occasion, says a recent writer, "nothing in his life was nobler." On this day, for the last time, was seen the wonderful transformation of the old orator, as he warmed with his theme. At first, bowed with age, his voice cracked and tremulous then he stood erect; his eye beamed with a light that was almost supernatural; his features glowed with the hue and fire of youth; his voice rang clear and melodious with the intonations of some grand musical instrument, whose notes fell distinctly upon the ears of the most distant of the thousands gathered before him.

As an instance of the beauty and sweetness of character which distinguished him there comes to us a story of this day. When his opponent, John Randolph, then quite a young man, after making a speech on his side of the question—came into the room where the aged statesman was resting, the latter, taking him gently by the hand, said, with great kindness: "Young man, you call me father. Then, my son, I have something to say unto thee: keep justice, keep truth, and you will live to think differently." One need hardly add he was elected by a large majority to the house of delegates, but he did not live to confront his political enemies, for truly, they who on that March day at Charlotte court house had heard Patrick Henry, "had

heard an immortal orator who would never speak again." He seems to have gone to his home and never again to have left it.

Patrick Henry's vivacity and sweetness of temper made him loved by all who knew him. He was affectionate, genial and kind-hearted. He had quick and warm sympathies, always ready to help one in trouble or need, always the friend and companion of the weak and oppressed. Was slow to take offense, and loathe to give it. After demolishing the opposition counsel in a trial, he would often atone for hasty words, uttered in a moment of excitement, by courteous apology, so disarming resentment and taking the sting from the wound.

His taste was always for a quiet, simple life, but, while preserving his usual gentleness and simplicity of manner, he had sufficient regard for and appreciation of the fitness of things when Governor of Virginia to bear himself and his household as became his exalted position.

The appointments of his house and table, his equipages, were characterized by elegance and good taste, as were his public and private entertainments. He dispensed a hospitality, in these years, as attractive and generous as did the old royal governors. The careless dress, in which he liked to indulge was discarded and when he appeared in public, carefully attired in full dress wig, black small-clothes and a scarlet cloak, he presented a striking and distinguished figure.

Through life Patrick Henry was a deeply religious man, and a devout and consistent member and communicant of the Episcopal Church. For many years, even during his public life, he devoted the sunset hour to prayer. In his later years he was a strong advocate of temperance, and a foe to tobacco in every form. His keen scent for the latter was a terror to his old slaves, who could not conceal from him their corn-cob pipes which he abhorred. Though owning slaves, he was a kind and indulgent master, and gave much thought to the problem of doing away with the system of slavery, which he looked upon as a great evil. In his home, he loved to have his friends and fam-

ily around him. Music and his violin, which were the delight of his youth, continued to charm him, as well as his young children and his grandchildren, of whom in frolicsome mood he often gathered around him, himself the central and most lively attraction and often the noisiest member of the group. To these young people he was both instructor and companion, as strict in the one role, as jolly and charming in the other.

Time fails in which to tell of his beautiful home life, of his delight in his country home, in which his last years were spent in truly patriarchal style; of his happiness in his young wife, Dorothy Dandridge, the joy and solace of his later years.

Time fails and words seem inadequate to make clear the whole beauty of his life and character. Yet, as he was mortal, we know, he could not have been faultless, but whatever weakness and foibles were his, may they not be lost sight of and forgotten in the light of his many and shining virtues.

In his beautiful home at Red Hill, situated in the Valley of the Staunton, in view of fertile meadows and winding river, encircled by the green hills, which lay like gems on the sides of the dark mountains beyond, surrounded by all those whom he loved, and who loved him, the end came.

Having prayed in a clear voice for his family, for his country, for his

own soul, then in the presence of death, he spoke some words of love and peace to those around him.

"Among other things he told them that he was thankful for that goodness of God, which, having blessed him through life, was then permitting him to die without pain. Finally, fixing his eyes with much tenderness on his old friend, Dr. Cabell, with whom he had held many arguments, respecting the Christian religion, he asked the Doctor to observe how great a reality and benefit that religion was to a man about to die. And after he had spoken those few words in praise of something which, having never failed him in all his life before, did not then fail him in his very last need of it; he continued to breathe very softly for some moments, after which they who were looking upon him, saw that his life had departed."

Thus, peacefully, leaning in simple childlike faith upon the love and power of the Infinite, passed from the scenes of his mortal labors and triumphs, this great man, Patrick Henry.

"Whose name a nation's heart shall keep

Till morning's latest sunlight fades
On the blue tablet of the deep."

EMILIE S. ALRICKS.

(MRS. LEVI B. ALRICKS.)

January 20th, 1899.

WILLIAM DAWES.

(Written for a Meeting of Harrisburg Chapter, D. A. A., May 19th, 1899.)

When Paul Revere on his fateful ride,
Left Lexington at the midnight chim-
ing,

Another hero rode by his side
Whose steed kept pace with the
hour's swift timing.

He, also, heralded Freedom's Cause,
And awakened his sleeping friends to
battle,

This other hero—this William Dawes
Who sounded his news like a war-
drum's rattle!

He rode by the side of Paul Revere,
No hero at all to outward seeming;
But ever a man to Columbia dear,
Who acted while others were peace-
fully dreaming.

He shouted his message on countless
farms,
Arousing the people from deepest
slumbers,

Telling them all to rush to arms,
For the British were coming in
deadly numbers.

Now Dawes by a route that was longer far,
 From Boston Neck that day had started—
 Just as Revere from Charlestown's bar,
 By a shorter road that hour departed.

At Lexington the trio had met
 These valiant, patriots, true and loyal;
 But don't praise one and then forget
 To yield to Dawes a meed as royal.

From Lexington to Concord town,
 The twain swept swiftly through Death's Valley,
 As Redcoats by the score rushed down
 To halt their work in that grand valley.

Now clearly Dawes the further came;
 Then why not give him equal glory?
 Is it, I wonder, in the name
 That dwells the secret of the story?

Yes, he went further on that night,
 A freeman truly brave and loyal!
 But Longfellow's forgotten quite,
 To give his deed a homage royal!

'Tis true Revere's a prettier name—
 But "Daughters" never care for trifles.

And so, we'll recognize Dawes' claim
 As one whom Fate unjustly rifles.

Within the firmament of fame,
 We place the twain, like stars, far shining.

Give equal glory to each name
 For both shall live past our divining.
 MABEL CRONISE JONES.

FORT AUGUSTA.

About a hundred and twenty miles from the mouth of the Susquehanna the North and West Branches unite. The latter once bore the Indian name of Otzinachsins, meaning the Devil's Den, so named from a large cave which was supposed by the Indians to be the abode of evil spirits. On a rolling, rising plateau, within the forks of this river, now stands the present town of Northumberland. The western bank is crowned by a precipitous mountain, with narrow gorges, running to the water's edge. About a mile above the forks on the eastern side, is a plain three miles long, and three-fourths of a mile wide, rising on a bluff about forty feet in height it merges gradually into the hills beyond. To the south, runs, emptying into the river towards the west, the Shamokin Creek. Its southern shore rises into an almost perpendicular hill, called Blue Hill, up whose steep sides can yet be traced the great Indian path leading eastward, which furnished the whites for forty years the only road to civilization, except by canoes down the river.

On the southern part of this green-walled plain, lies the present town of Sunbury, the tops of whose surrounding hills afford the most beautiful scenery, views being there obtainable, where the whole country from the Blue Mountains to the Alleghenies, spreads before the charmed vision in picturesque and magnificent beauty.

The strategic eye of the Indian selected the ground with its ways reaching by water and land in all directions, and commanding the only possible lines of travel from one point of their confederacy to another, as a point from which to direct the affairs of the Five Nations. Here they, therefore, founded Shamokin, the largest Indian town south of Tioga. Here, too, from Wyoming and other distant settlements, were brought their noble dead for interment. A single buttonwood tree is now the sole mark of this ancient burial place, whose soil has given up curios and relics of every description, even the royal body of a viceroy, who ruled the whole of northern Pennsylvania, the friend of the

Proprietaries, the Christian Indian, Shikellimy.

From 1728, when we first heard of him, when he attended an Indian council with the Governor, until he died in 1748, he was prominent in the history of the Province. During his reign there was not an Indian war in the State, and few outrages; from his death until the final removal of his turbulent people, in 1796, war and outrages never ceased. After the old chieftain's death, the Indians became more and more unfriendly, and their hostility increased during the continuation of the struggle for supremacy on this continent between the French and English.

After Braddock's defeat a Moravian mission, established at Shamokin, was destroyed by the natives, as was also their fort, the seat of government being removed to Wyoming.

For years the friendly Indians, more far-seeing than some of the English in authority, urged the building of a fort at this place, for their own protection and ours, and at a council, held in February, 1756, they persuaded Governor Robert Hunter Morris, that they were losing ground by delay. Again, in April they reminded him of his promise, and urged its speedy fulfillment, with the result that on June 12th a regiment stationed at Harris' Ferry, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Clapham, received orders to march, and also to build Fort Augusta. The regiment, five hundred strong, on July 1st marched from Halifax, where they erected a stockade, garrisoning it with fifty men, to keep open communications and make possible the furnishing of supplies.

During July Fort Augusta was built on the site of Shamokin, on the east bank of the main river, at the upper end of the now flourishing town of Sunbury, just below the junction of the North and West branches, at once closing the path by land and movements by water below.

Hurriedly constructed and armed, it contained twelve cannons, somewhat later increased to fifteen, two swivels and seven blunderbusses, which for time and place was a formidable armament.

The Indians, then being highly elated over the triumph of Braddock's defeat of the previous year, were eager and ready for fresh conquests; their movements and those of their allies, in the fall of 1756, all prove that a concerted movement was then planned for an attack upon the whites, which was abandoned upon the building of the fort, and its investment by a goodly number of troops.

Danger lurked for the members of this garrison on the romantic hills about the old fort. No better lurking place could have been found for the Indians than the spring, still to be seen in this historic spot. On one side the rocks rose for about twenty feet perpendicularly, on the other side the slope is more gradual, but from the spring there is no view in any direction except westward, so completely is it surrounded.

Here, about half a mile from the fort, in the fall of 1756, Ensign Miles and Lieutenant Attlee were in charge of the guard, when, a soldier on duty went to the spring to drink and was at once shot dead. Hearing the shot, or seeing him fall, they hastened to the spot, found the Indians gone, their comrade scalped, and his blood staining to crimson the clear water. Bloody Spring, thus named, was, ten or twelve years ago, still surrounded by wild plum, or persimmon trees.

This fort, called Augusta, in honor of the mother of George Third, was the largest, strongest, and most important of the provincial defenses. It commanded every possible road to the north, northeast and northwest, the country spreading from this point like an open fan.

The French sent their engineers to examine it from the heights of Blue Hill. Occasionally cannon balls are found embedded in its rocks, which the fort had fired at these parties. So confident was the Government of its strength, that its garrison was frequently denuded to be increased, at each new outbreak.

Here, in these old colonial days, came many valiant and noble men to serve their country, and to do duty in the army for the safety of their homes and their families.

Here, upon Colonel Clapham's resignation, came Colonel Burd, who has left a most fascinating diary of his experiences in that wilderness. Here came with him as fellow officers, men known to our ancestors in our own neighboring counties: John Armstrong, Hugh Mercer, Hance Hamilton, Thomas Lloyd and others who won honorable names for themselves. Here, too, making brilliant records, during the whole campaign, were Captain Forbes and Colonel Bouquet. Among them, too, in Colonel Burd's command, was my own ancestor, David Jameson, who though captain and later major, and sharing the dangers of the field, devoted a portion of his time to making useful his skill as physician and surgeon, to the sick and wounded in field and in hospital. Dr. Rush, in a letter to my grandfather, also a physician, recalls the fact of having seen him on the field of Kittatinny, dress the wounds of General John Armstrong. He also for a time commanded both at Fort Augusta and Fort Hunter.

Upon the close of the French and Indian war, the fort was partly dismantled, the peace party of the day disregarding its strategic importance to the province.

In consequence, the frontiers were in a distressed and deplorable condition. In 1764 the garrison consisted of sixty-four men, and was under Lieutenant Caleb Graydon. Later, commanded there, that gallant soldier, Captain Samuel Hunter, who entering the service as lieutenant in Colonel Mercer's battalion, continued in active service until his death in 1784.

Here again in 1775 was the center of resistance to the Connecticut settlers at Wyoming.

Colonel Hunter in 1777 was made lieutenant for the county during the war, was commandant at Fort Augusta with a garrison of fifty men. As fast as more were enlisted they were marched away to the seat of war to serve under Washington.

In 1778, after the massacre of Wyoming, Fort Hunter became the refuge of the desperate, friendless and

destitute sufferers of that fearful tragedy. William Maclay, whose name is well-known to Pennsylvanians of to-day, made an appeal for succor for the people of the valley of the West Branch. He wrote: "I never saw such a scene of distress, the river and road covered with men, women and children fleeing for their lives. In short, Northumberland county is broken up. Colonel Hunter alone remains, using his utmost endeavors to rouse the inhabitants and make a stand against the enemy. For God's sake, for the sake of the country, let Colonel Hunter be reinforced at Sunbury. Send but a single company if you can do no more."

This heartrending appeal was responded to and Colonel Hartley, the same gallant officer whose ashes now repose in old St. John's at York, was dispatched with one hundred regulars and eight hundred and forty militia to Sunbury.

Time fails in which to record the many tales possible to relate, tales of romance and of daring, of suffering, of loss and of ruin, of hair-breadth escapes and joyful reunion. While these days held a reign of devastation and horror, they were days of heroism, of noble devotion, of elevated and self-sacrificing patriotism. They held the shadow of the great events which the future developed. The whole history of the French and Indian wars is one as romantic in its horrors as it is captivating in interest.

William Reed, in his essay "American History," says: "Neither Marathon, nor Thermopylae, Canae nor Actium need be neglected, but the American student may learn the actual deeds of border warfare against savages and European mercenaries with as much interest and profit, too, as any legend of antique romance."

Though those wild days of glory and endeavor have passed, they shall not be forgotten, nor shall the stones left of old Fort Augusta sink underground, unhonored or unknown. I am glad, as a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, that we signed a petition to the State for

a reservation of the ground which holds her interesting and historic ruins, for interesting they still are, even in decay.

A State Commission appointed for the purpose of locating and reporting upon the old Indian forts, says of Fort Augusta: "The magazine was built, according to report by Captain Gordon, serving as engineer, and is to-day in a good state of preservation, being the only visible evidence of the existence of the fort. It is located in a small field about sixty feet south of the brick house known as the 'Hunter Mansion,' and a hundred and sixty-five feet from the river bank. A small mound of earth marks the spot, and upon examination an opening is discovered, which is two and a half feet wide. There are twelve four-inch steps leading below. On descending the ground space inside the magazine is found to be ten by twelve feet and it is eight feet from the floor to the apex of the arched ceiling. The arch is of brick and commences on an offset, purposely made in the wall, five feet above the ground floor.

"The brick are of English manufacture and were transported from Philadelphia to Harris' Ferry and then up the river by batteaux.

"On entering the ancient magazine one is reminded of a huge bake oven. It has been stated that an underground passage ran from the magazine to the river, but had been closed up * * *. A careful examination failed to show any signs of an opening having existed. The stone basement walls are as solid as when they were first made. There are no marks or other evidence that there had been an opening or that it had been closed up since the construction of the magazine."

Sunbury's fire engine house No 1 holds a highly prized relic, one of the old Fort Augusta cannon, and they keep it securely fastened and carefully guarded. Perhaps they have reason for vigilance. It has had quite a romantic and varied experience. Thrown in the river after being spiked at the time of the great runaway in 1778, after Wyoming, it

was reclaimed and the spike removed.

Between this time and 1834 it was stolen from one place to another to serve the different political parties; between times, hidden in places considered secure. In this year eleven young men of Sunbury made a raid on Selin's Grove at night, secured the much prized relic and have retained it ever since. Of these eleven young men but one now lives to tell this tale of capture and triumph.

One other treasure has this country of Shamokin and Shickelimy. That is the "Locke house" built by that great man, Indian interpreter, agent and pioneer, Conrad Weiser, for Shickelimy, who herein confined his refractory subjects. His control is said to have been almost unlimited over the Indian tribes, north, west and south. When the grave of the great chief was removed some years ago the antiquary of Sunbury secured the strings of wampum, the pipe and other relics which were buried with the Vice King, who was the father of the Mingo chief Logan, well known in American history and romance.

And so ends this sketch of Fort Augusta, the writing of which has proved to me that Pennsylvania history is a deep well, from which may profitably be embibed deep draughts of historic lore and wild and thrilling romance. I, as a member of this large and growing chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, would like, at no distant day, to see our members rise to interest and enthusiasm in some real study of the history of our great State of Pennsylvania, whose colonial and revolutionary records need only to be known and understood to be appreciated, and to fill the hearts of her living sons and daughters with a sense of gratitude and pride; gratitude for the benefits gained for us, and pride in the bravery and heroism in the self-sacrificing patriotism and devotion which inspired and made possible their achievements.

EMILIE S. ALRICKS.
(MRS. LEVI B. ALRICKS.)

June 14th, 1899.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

On the 4th day of July, 1776, the Continental Congress adopted the "Declaration of Independence," the answer, in the words of John Adams, to "The greatest question ever debated in America, and as great as ever was or will be debated among men." But American independence was not the work of the members of "the congress" alone, giants though many of them were, but it was the spoken word which expressed the thought and aspiration of the whole people, and because Thomas Jefferson was endowed with such a deeply sympathetic nature that he seemed to be able to see into the very inmost heart of his countrymen, and could read there an intense longing for freedom, he was the man best fitted to clothe their thoughts in the words of the great charter of our liberties. Nor was American independence the work of sudden passion, but the gradual growth of years; it was the inevitable result of the irreconcilable conflict between tyranny on the one side, and the divinely implanted love of justice and liberty on the other. Both Bancroft and Fiske place the period of the commencement of the controversy between Great Britain and America in the year 1761, when, before the superior court in Boston, James Otis argued against "writs of assistance" with such force and eloquence, that the people of the town were thrown into a ferment of political excitement. James Otis is indeed worthy of the beautiful statue which stands among those of other great men whom Boston delights to honor, in the stately, Gothic, mortuary chapel at Mount Auburn; and as we study the graceful figure in white marble, and the finely chiseled features of the face, we are strongly reminded, in the lines of the expressive, sensitive mouth, of pictures of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish patriot, who was also willing "to sacrifice estate, ease, health, applause, and even life to the sacred calls of my country" as said

James Otis on that fateful day in February, 1761. Fateful indeed it was, for it saw the opening scene of American resistance. And just here let us inquire what were "writs of assistance?" "Writs of assistance" were in reality general search-warrants which would enable the officers of the customs to compel the whole government and people to render aid in enforcing the revenue laws of the Lords of Trade; the most menial servants employed in the customs could, on bare suspicion, without oath, even from malice or revenge, enter any man's house to search for smuggled goods, and thus the feeling, so deeply imbedded in the heart of every member of the Anglo-Saxon race, that "my house is my castle," could be outraged with impunity and without redress.

Was it any wonder that the fiery John Adams, "a stubborn and honest lover of his country" as he listened to the impassioned eloquence of Otis, as he argued against "writs of assistance" to enforce the Navigation Act, should have then caught the inspiration which made him one of the most determined opponents of British authority, and should have exclaimed that from that time "he could never read the Acts of Trade without anger, nor any section of them without a curse." And who were the "Lords of Trade" whose arbitrary measures were such a determining factor in producing the Revolutionary War? History tells us that since 1675 the general supervision of the colonies had been in the hands of a standing committee of the Privy Council, styled the "Lords of the Committee of Trade and Plantations," and familiarly called the "Lords of Trade." To this board the colonial governors sent full reports of the proceedings of the colonial legislatures in regard to agriculture and trade, of the revenues of the colonies, and the way the public money was spent. In private letters also the

governors poured their bitter complaints into the ears of the "Lords of Trade." For instance, Gabrill Johnston, Governor of North Carolina, reports its frugal people as "wild and barbarous," who paid the servants of the crown scantily and often left them in arrears. Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, writes that the people are "obstinate, self-opinionated, a stubborn generation," while "letters from Pennsylvania warned the ministers, that as the obstinate, wrong-headed Assembly of Quakers" in that province "pretended not to be accountable to his Majesty or his government, they might in time apply the public money to purposes injurious to the crown and the mother country." But nowhere did popular power seem to the royalists so deeply or dangerously seated as in New England, where every village was a little self-constituted democracy, whose organization had received the sanction of law, and the confirmation of the king. Especially Boston, whose people had liberated its citizen mariners, when impressed by a British admiral in their harbor, was accused of "a rebellious insurrection." "The chief cause," said Shirley, for fifteen years governor of Massachusetts, "of the mobbish turn of a town inhabited by twenty thousand persons, is its constitution by which the management of it devolves on the populace, assembled in their town-meetings." The truth is, the royal governors were always trying to do things which the people would not let them do, and they were therefore in a chronic state of angry warfare with the assemblies.

In Massachusetts for more than thirty years there was an unceasing controversy between the General Court and the royal governors, with reference to the governor's salary, they asserting it must be a fixed sum, the General Court, fearing to make the governor too independent, insisting upon making grants from year to year according to the time honored usage of Parliament. "Similar controversies, in New York and South Carolina, were attended with similar results; while in Virginia the assembly more than once refused to vote

supplies, on the ground that the liberties of the colony were in danger." The result of all this contention was that the governors "represented the Americans as factious and turbulent people who were unwilling to obey the laws, and eager to break off their connection with the mother country."

In answer to these complaints the Lords of Trade sent out instructions to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, or to abridge the freedom of the press, and other arbitrary acts which the royal governors frequently could not carry out. But for many years, although the Board of Trade heard complaints, and issued instructions, they had no power to enforce their instructions, the executive power resting entirely in the hands of the Secretary of State for the Southern Department, which included the colonies; hence "the effect of their recommendations would depend on the character of the person who might happen to be the Secretary of State for the South, and on his influence with the parliament and the king."

A more minute study of the history than is possible here would show how the Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford, who successively guided the external policy of England during this troublous period, each hastened the independence of America.

When, in 1748, the Earl of Halifax, an obstinate, self-willed, and ambitious man, became First Commissioner for the Plantations, "he resolved to elevate himself by enlarging the dignity and power of his employment," by gaining that concentration of power over the colonies, which for nearly thirty years had been the avowed object of attainment on the part of the Board of Trade. In 1749 Charles Townshend became a member of the Board; by his ability he soon became its leading spirit, and the parliament looked up to him as "the greatest master of American affairs." From this time Halifax, Townshend and their colleagues were unwearied in devising schemes to crush American liberty, by means of "an alteration of charters, a new system of administration, a standing army, and for the support of that army a grant of an American revenue

by a British parliament." "The decision was settled, after eleven years reflection and experience, by the Board of Trade," and nothing seemed to be wanting to put into execution this plan for the subjugation of America, except a resolute monarch and prime minister, and when George the Third and Lord North appeared upon the scene, this requirement was met, and yet—the plan failed utterly.

And why? Because the noble Lords were utterly wanting in that prophetic spirit which enabled the astute statesman of France, Montesquieu, to proclaim to the cultivated world as early as 1748, "that a free, prosperous and great people was forming in the forests of America," and utterly wanting in the clear insight of their own countryman, Lord Camden, which enabled him to see that gross abuses which were planned would lead the Americans to "one day set up for independence," as he assured Franklin.

The abuses came, and the Americans did set up for independence.

Having explained as briefly as is consistent with clearness what were "writs of assistance," and the nature and aims of the Board of Trade, we shall now turn to America to watch the working out of the plans for the thorough reform of colonial governments.

The first step was taken when in March, 1764, Grenville, Prime Minister of England, announced in the House of Commons the intention of the government to raise a revenue in America by means of the Stamp Act, the act to take effect in a year from that date.

Want of time forbids my giving anything like a history of the Stamp Act, for it was of such momentous influence on the history of our country that it might well form a study for more than one paper. Briefly, we see that the first deliberate action with reference to the proposed Stamp Act was taken in the memorable town meeting in Boston, in May, 1764, when Samuel Adams drew up a series of resolutions, called "The Boston Instructions," which (to quote literally from Fiske) "contained the first formal and public denial of the right

of Parliament to tax the colonies without their consent; and while these resolutions were adopted by the Massachusetts Assembly, a circular letter was at the same time sent to all the other colonies setting forth the need for concerted and harmonious action in respect of so grave a matter. In response, the assemblies of Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and South Carolina joined with Massachusetts in remonstrating against the proposed Stamp Act. All these memorials took their stand on the principle that, as free-born Englishmen, they could not rightfully be taxed by the House of Commons unless they were represented in that body." "But the proviso was added," that if a request from the king should be presented to the colonial assemblies, "asking them to contribute something from their general resources to the needs of the British Empire, they would cheerfully as heretofore, grant liberal sums of money in token of their loyalty to the mighty empire to which they belonged."

Thus we see that it was through no want of love for the mother country that our forefathers took the stand they did, but only (to paraphrase the words of the immortal Roman patriot)—it was not that they loved England less, but that they loved liberty more.

These memorials were taken to England by Franklin, who was considered the man of all others best qualified to present them. But they were of no avail, "Early in 1765 the Stamp Act was passed."

The first formal defiance came from Virginia, where, under the leadership of Patrick Henry, the Assembly of Virginia adopted the declaration of colonial rights, by which it was declared "that the inhabitants of Virginia inherited from the first adventurers and settlers of that Dominion, equal franchises with the people of Great Britain; that royal charters had declared this equality; that taxation by themselves, or by persons chosen by themselves to represent them, was the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom and of the constitution," etc. To quote Ban-

croft's fine sentences, "This is the way the fire began in Virginia." "Of the American colonies, Virginia rang the alarm bell." "Virginia gave the signal for the continent."

The Massachusetts legislature at the suggestion of Otis, issued a circular letter to all the colonies, calling for a general congress, in order to concert measures of resistance to the Stamp Act, and South Carolina, "though at the extreme end and one of the weakest, as well externally as internally, was the first to listen to the call of our northern brethren in their distresses," said "the great statesman, the magnanimous, unwavering, faultless lover of his country, the South Carolinian, Christopher Gadsden."

On Monday, the seventh of October, 1765, the congress met at New York, and as the members of this first Union of the American people, elected by the representatives of the people of each separate colony, met in congress, they recognized each other as equals.

And now we see the silver lining of the cloud which but a short time before had seemed to threaten with ruin the liberties of the colonies. For they were no longer "separate sticks," as Hutchinson sneeringly called them, which could be easily broken in detail, but, from the twenty-fifth of October, when the members of the Congress signed the carefully considered documents in which were embodied the demands of America, and in which all differences of opinion were sunk for the sake of "union," the colonies became, as they expressed it, "a bundle of sticks, which could neither be bent nor broken."

Gadsden's noble words at the opening of the Congress, "There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on the continent, but all of us Americans," were realized.

Associations were formed all over the country to resist the Stamp Act; the stamp distributors were forced to resign where they did not do so quietly of themselves, until there remained not one person duly commissioned to distribute stamps; the act was a dead letter, and it was clear

that it could not be enforced without a war. But nobody wanted war and a change of ministry in England made it possible to bring up the question of the repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act. William Pitt, greatest of Englishmen, and the friend of liberty everywhere, rose from a sick bed to use his matchless eloquence for its repeal. Under the influence of the "Great Commoner" the act was repealed and on the 18th of March, 1766, the king gave his assent "to what ever after he regarded as the well-spring of all his sorrows, the fatal repeal of the Stamp Act." But the people of London were enthusiastic over the repeal, while in America the news was received with rejoicing; bonfires were lighted, bells were rung, and addresses of thanks to the king were voted in all the legislatures.

But their joy was short lived, for in the Declaratory Act which had been passed at the same time the Stamp Act was repealed, "Parliament asserted its right to make laws binding on the colonies in all cases whatsoever."

In accordance with this act, we find that in 1767, Townshend, who was the chancellor of the exchequer, in flat opposition to the policy of the remainder of the cabinet, introduced in the House of Commons a series of new measures for taxing America. And just here we quote literally from Fiske, who says, that "American tradition rightly lays the chief blame for the troubles which brought on the Revolutionary War to George III; but, in fairness, it is well to remember that he did not suggest Townshend's measures though he zealously adopted them when once propounded." The legacy which the brilliant but unprincipled Townshend left to his country, was the quarrel which deprived her of the fairest of her possessions.

Among the articles upon which Townshend proposed to lay a tax was tea, but this new revenue had many features which showed that the real object of this legislation was not to regulate trade, "but to assert British supremacy over the colonies

at the expense of their political freedom."

This new revenue act of Townshend met with even more bitter and more general opposition in the colonies than the Stamp Act of 1765; "the whole country was in a blaze from Maine to Georgia." And just here Pennsylvania steps to the front, for it was in Philadelphia, the largest town in the colonies, that resistance was first organized.

On the 18th of October, 1773, its citizens met in great numbers at the State House, and in eight resolutions, denied the claim of Parliament to tax America; specially condemned the duty on tea; declared every one who should directly or indirectly countenance the attempt, an enemy to his country; and requested the agents of the East India Company to resign. The agents bowed to the inevitable, gave up their appointments, and therefore no conflict ensued in that town.

At Annapolis the brig, *Peggy Stewart*, with her whole cargo of tea, was burned to the water's edge; while Boston, in a legal town meeting, adopted the Philadelphia Resolves, and on the 16th day of December, 1773, by far the most momentous day in her history, celebrated the famous Boston tea party.

But while for the sake of continuity, the final result of the tax upon tea has been given, yet it is now necessary to retrace our steps in order that we may see how George III persevered with blind and fatal obstinacy, in spite of the warnings and entreaties of the noblest men in England, to attempt to force Townshend's measures upon the Americans until in defence of their liberties, they were finally compelled to draw the sword, which was not sheathed until the Thirteen Colonies emerged from the conflict a united, free and independent people.

After the death of Townshend, Lord North, a minister after the King's own heart, entered the cabinet, in which he was to remain for fifteen of the most eventful years in the history of Great Britain.

The ministry by various changes was becoming more and more hostile

to the just claims of the Americans, but in the colonies eloquent men were using tongue and pen in defence of the liberties that were being assailed.

Prominent among these men was the illustrious farmer, John Dickenson of Pennsylvania, whose "Letters" in defence of American rights carried conviction through the Thirteen Colonies.

Boston showed its appreciation of the sentiments and the influence exerted by his "Letters," by a public vote of thanks in a solemn meeting, and Hancock, Samuel Adams and Warren were of the committee to greet him in the name of the town as "the Friend of Americans, and the benefactor of mankind."

At Mount Vernon, Washington, in conversation with friends on the dangers which menaced the country, said, "whenever my country calls upon me, I am ready to take my musket on my shoulder."

While Dickenson was publishing these letters, Samuel Adams wrote for the Massachusetts assembly a series of addresses to the ministry, a petition to the king and a circular letter to the assemblies of the other colonies. "In these very able state papers Adams declared that a proper representation of American interests in the British Parliament was impracticable, and that in accordance with the spirit of the English Constitution, no taxes could be levied in America, except by the colonial legislatures."

That he cherished very little hope from the petition to the king, beautifully as it was written, is shown by a sarcastic remark he made to his daughter after he had read it aloud to her.

She, who was evidently still somewhat imbued with the feeling that "There's a divinity doth hedge a king," exclaimed, almost in tones of awe, can it be possible that paper will soon be touched by the royal hand. "More likely, my dear," he replied, "it will be spurned by the royal foot." This surmise was correct, it was treated with contempt.

But the circular letter was most effective in binding the colonies to-

gether; leading merchants in most of the towns agreed not to import any more English goods until the Townshend act should be repealed. "Ladies formed associations, under the name of Daughters of Liberty, pledging themselves to wear homespun clothes and to abstain from drinking tea."

News of the circular letter of Massachusetts which had met with such unanimous assent from the other colonies, so enraged the Ministry that "vengeance" was declared "against that insolvent town of Boston," and in the summer of 1768 it was resolved to send troops and a small fleet to overawe and bring it into subjection. This approach of military rule convinced Samuel Adams that there was no longer hope of redress from the British government, that complete independence must be the aim of the colonies, and as he was wise enough to see this so many years in advance of any others of his countrymen, so he was wise enough to lay plans for the union of all the colonies, as by union alone could independence be achieved.

A great deal of intensely interesting and most important history must here be entirely passed over, until in November, 1772, Samuel Adams rose in the town meeting, and made that motion, which included the whole revolution, "that a Committee of Correspondence be appointed, to consist of twenty-one persons, to state the Rights of the Colonists and of this Province in particular, with the violations thereof," also requesting of each town a free communication of their views on this subject.

The system of committees of correspondence was the beginning of the American Union; for Samuel Adams' idea was to extend the plan throughout all the colonies, and in the following April he wrote to Richard Henry Lee on the subject. But Virginia had already acted, for in March, 1773, the Legislature of Virginia adopted the resolutions of the brilliant, young patriot, Dabney Carr, which embodied a plan for a thorough union of Councils throughout the Continent, which, if it should be adopted by the other Colonies, would

place America before the world as a Confederacy. These Resolves were sent to every colony with a request that each would appoint its Committee of Correspondence to communicate from time to time with that of Virginia.

To quote literally from Bancroft, "In this manner Virginia laid the foundation of our union." "Massachusetts organized a Province, Virginia promoted a confederacy. Were the several committees but to come together, the world would see an American Congress."

But before this plan was to result in the Continental Congress the colonies were to be still further cemented together by the very measures that were taken to isolate Massachusetts from the other colonies, and make her feel that she was deserted.

Lord North's five acts for the better regulation of American affairs were all passed by Parliament; the first act, known as the Boston Port Bill was intended, by closing the port of Boston until the rebellious town should have indemnified the East India Company for the loss of its tea, to starve Boston into submission. By the same act Marblehead was made a port of entry instead of Boston, and Salem was made the seat of government.

On the first day of June, 1774, the blockade of the harbor of Boston began, but the sympathy of the whole country was with the town which was "suffering in the common cause."

Throughout the greater part of the country the first of June was kept as a day of fasting and prayer; at Philadelphia the church bells were muffled and tolled, ships in port hoisted their colors at half-mast; in Virginia the people thronged the churches; Washington attended the service, and strictly kept the fast. "The martyr town was borne up in its agony by messages of sympathy," and material assistance came in from every colony. "the patriotic and generous people of South Carolina," so reads the record kept at Boston, being the first to minister to the sufferers, sending in June two hundred barrels of rice, and promising to send eight hundred more. At Wilmington,

North Carolina, the sum of two thousand pounds currency was raised in a few days, the women giving liberally. "Lord North had called the American Union a rope of sand, "it is a rope of sand that will hang him," said the people of Wilmington.

Droves of sheep were sent from Windham, Connecticut; from all New England came rye, peas, flour, cattle and fish, while all Maryland and Virginia gave liberally and cheerfully, "being resolved that the men of Boston, who were deprived of their daily labor, should not lose their daily bread"; for it must be remembered that the closing of the port deprived multitudes of their only means of subsistence. Washington presided at a spirited meeting, and headed a subscription paper with fifty pounds, saying also, "If need be, I will raise one thousand men, subside them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston."

This noble spirit of brotherhood and union between the colonies was a grand preparation for the Continental Congress, which met in Philadelphia September, 1774.

And just here it should be stated, that the very first to propose a "general congress" were the Sons of Liberty of New York, it was the last achievement of a wide-spread organization of true patriots, which, as far back as 1766, declared in a convention of the Sons of Liberty at Hartford, Connecticut, that the only security for liberty was to be found in "the union of the provinces throughout the continent."

We read that Washington, Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton rode on horseback to Philadelphia, where early in September, 1774, there met together the most eminent men of all the colonies, men upon whose decision depended the liberties of three millions of people.

The staid city of brotherly love was in an unusual state of excitement, so that Reed could with perfect truth write to a friend "We are so taken up with the Congress, that we hardly think or talk of anything else. There are some fine fellows come from Virginia, but they are very high. The

Bostonians are mere milksops to them. We understand they are the capital men of the colony, both in fortune and understanding."

In John Adams' diary we read, that at ten o'clock on Monday, the fifth of September, the members of Congress met at the City Tavern, and walked in a body to Carpenter's Hall, where the Congress was to be held.

What a notable procession it was! There was Washington dressed in his uniform as colonel of the Virginia militia, in his majestic height towering above the crowd, his face grave and handsome, Samuel Adams, the man to whom the men of that day ascribed "the greatest part in the greatest revolution of the world," his heart swelling with the thought that the vision of the independence of his country which he had been seeing for years was now approaching realization; the great John Adams, a bold thinker, an honest lover of his country, but too stubborn and positive in his opinions to be a universal favorite among his contemporaries; the great Virginia orator, Patrick Henry, in simple dress; Christopher Gadsden, whose unselfish love of country was a constant encouragement to his countrymen never to yield, and others whom want of time forbids naming, fifty-five in all, the most of whom are known in history as true lovers of their country.

After the names of the members had been called over, Payton Randolph, late speaker of the assembly of Virginia, was elected President, and Charles Thomson, of Philadelphia, a devoted and far-seeing patriot was chosen Secretary. And now a great difficulty arose, how were they to vote? Henry, a representative of the largest colony intimated that it would be unjust for a little colony to weigh as much in the councils of the Congress as a great one. "A little colony," observed Sullivan of New Hampshire, "has its all at stake as well as a great one." There was much debate, for all feared that the old jealousies among the colonies might arise, and the long planned for union, on which the salvation of the country depended, would be jeopardized.

The danger was averted by an adjournment to the next day, but when the delegates came together again, deep anxiety was written on every face. A deep silence prevailed, all waited for the voice of Virginia, and Virginia spoke through Patrick Henry. He rose in a far off part of the Hall, and began to speak in his usual hesitating manner, but it was not long until he was thrilling the Continental Congress with his unrivalled eloquence, as for years he had stirred the assemblies of the "Old Dominion," and as he declared that all government was dissolved, they were reduced to a state of nature. "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies, the distinction between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more," and concluded his magnificent speech by saying, "I am not a Virginian, but an American," the keynote of equality between the colonies was struck, and it was quickly decided that each colony should have but one vote, the greatest as well as the smallest, the richest as well as the poorest.

Thomas Cushing immediately proposed that Congress should be opened with prayer, but objections were raised on account of the great diversity of religious sentiments. Then Samuel Adams rose, strict Calvinist, devout worshipper of God according to the plainest forms of the Congregational church, and he said, "I am no bigot, I can hear a prayer from a man of piety and virtue, who is at the same time a friend of his country; I have heard that Mr. Duché, an Episcopal clergyman deserves that character," he then nominated Mr. Duché for the service, who the next morning appeared in his canonicals, attended by his clerk. He read the morning service of the Episcopal church with great solemnity, and when he had finished reading, in the Psalter, the 35th Psalm, which spoke the feelings of everyone present, he unexpectedly broke forth in such an earnest, extempore prayer for America, the Congress, the province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially the town of Boston, in its great danger

and distress, that every heart was stirred to its inmost depths.

On the same day that the Congress met at Philadelphia, General Gage, the military commander-in-chief for all North America, as well as the civil Governor of Massachusetts, began fortifying Boston Neck, so as to close the only approach to the city by land, the harbor being already blockaded.

Consequently one of the first acts of the Congress was to despatch Paul Revere to Boston with the most enthusiastic endorsement of the resolves of the Suffolk Convention, which resolves virtually placed Massachusetts in an attitude of rebellion, and at the same time pledged the faith of all the other colonies to aid Massachusetts in case armed resistance should become inevitable.

The Congress deliberated most carefully for four weeks upon a declaration of rights, claiming for the American people "a free and exclusive power of legislation in their provincial legislatures, where their rights of legislation could alone be preserved in all cases of taxation and internal polity." "This paper also specified the rights of which they would not suffer themselves to be deprived, and called for the repeal of eleven acts of Parliament by which these rights had been infringed." Addresses were also prepared to be sent to the king, and to the people of Great Britain.

These papers were all so able, that Lord Chatham declared them unsurpassed by any State papers ever composed in any age or country; indeed, to quote literally from Bancroft, "No public body ever gained so full and unanimous a recognition of its integrity and its wisdom, as the general congress of 1774."

The Congress also resolved, beginning with the first day of December, to import nothing from Great Britain and Ireland, and if the redress of American grievances should be delayed beyond the 10th of next September, they would export nothing to Great Britain, Ireland and the West Indies, except rice from South Carolina. But Parliament was not in the

mood to listen to reason, declared Massachusetts in a state of rebellion, and pledged their lives and properties in its suppression.

On the 26th of October the Congress dissolved itself, having appointed the 10th of May for a second Congress.

We read in Westcott's History of Philadelphia, that before Congress adjourned the gentlemen of the city gave the members a banquet at the State House, at which five hundred persons were present; it was the finest entertainment given in the city up to that time. The king's name headed the list of toasts, while that of John Hancock completed the list. After the Congress had adjourned, the assembly of Pennsylvania entertained the members of Congress at the City Tavern. In John Adams's diary we read in reference to this entertainment, "A sentiment was given, — 'May the sword of the parent never be stained with the blood of the children.'" He continues, "Two or three broad brims were at the table opposite me. One of them said, 'This is not a toast but a prayer, come, let us join in it.' And they took their glasses accordingly."

Before the second Congress met in May, the sword of the "parent" had been stained with the blood of the children, for at Lexington, on April 19th, 1775, "The embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world." All New England was on fire, from every hill and valley men hurried towards Boston, until in an incredibly short time Gage found himself besieged by a rustic army of 16,000 men. One of the first acts of the Congress, was to adopt, in the name of the "United Colonies," the army besieging Boston, as the "Continental Army," and then proceeded to appoint a commander-in-chief to direct its operation.

This was a step of the greatest importance, and also a very delicate one, for some of the New England members would have been satisfied with General Ward, who was then in command, while John Hancock, who was President of the Congress, ardently desired the position himself.

But the far-seeing wisdom of John

Adams looked beyond all local prejudice, and he insisted that the only way to enlist the interest of all Americans in the war, was to place the army of New England under the command of the honored son of the largest and oldest colony, the man who was acknowledged to surpass all his countrymen in military capacity and skill. On the 15th of June, Washington was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief.

John Adams thus writes of him to a friend: "There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington; a gentleman of one of the finest fortunes upon the continent, leaving his delicious retirement, his family and friends, sacrificing his ease, and hazarding all in the cause of his country. His views are noble and disinterested. He declared when he accepted the mighty trust, that he would lay before us an exact account of his expenses, and not accept a shilling of pay."

One of the greatest names in American history had been added to the roll of the second Continental Congress, that of Benjamin Franklin. For seven years he had remained in England using his great talents in vain efforts to obtain recognition of the just claims of his countrymen. He saw clearly that separation from Great Britain had become inevitable, and understanding as he did the character of his countrymen, he wrote to his English friends, when news reached him of the Battle of Bunker Hill, "Americans will fight, England has lost her colonies forever." But while Franklin and the bolder minds among the New England delegates foresaw that independence was inevitable, yet the great majority of the members as well as their constituents could not believe but that a peaceful solution of existing difficulties was still possible, consequently it was decided to present once more a humble and dutiful petition to the king, in which a candid statement of grievances should be set forth. To emphasize the desire for conciliation, Richard Penn, a descendant of the great Quaker, and an ardent loyalist was selected to present this petition, the last which was ever to be sent

from the colonies to the king of Great Britain. But the king refused to even receive the petition, declared the Congress was an illegal assembly, which had no business to send letters to him, and the idea of United America was something unknown either to law or to reason.

The king now issued a proclamation declaring that many of his subjects in the colonies were in open rebellion, and called upon all loyal subjects to assist in punishing this foul treason. But the rank and file of the English people, as well as some of the greatest men in the country, were in sympathy with the Americans, so that the king saw himself obliged to hire foreign troops to bring the rebels to reason.

This hiring of foreign mercenaries for the subjugation of the colonies, while they were still on their knees before the king, did more to bring about the Declaration of Independence than any other single cause; it kindled the wrath of Congress as well as of the whole people; from this time all thought of conciliation was gone forever. But Congress could not declare independence until instructions came from their several constituencies, yet in November, 1775, they acted upon the petitions of the colonies which wished to follow the example of Massachusetts, and constitute governments of their own, based upon the suffrages of the people.

North Carolina was the first colony to take decisive action in behalf of independence, on the 12th of April, 1776, after she had been threatened with invasion by Sir Henry Clinton, and had gained at Moore's Creek a victory as decisive as that of Lexington. South Carolina followed by empowering her delegates in Congress, "to concur in any measures which might be deemed essential to the welfare of America." Georgia followed by directing her new delegates "to join in any measure which they might think calculated for the common good."

In Virginia the sentiment in favor of independence was not universal, until, in November, 1775, the royal Governor, Lord Dunmore, offered

freedom to the slaves if they would enlist for the purpose of "reducing the colony to a proper sense of its duty," and in December, having sought refuge in the ship, "Liverpool," in the harbor of Norfolk, he shelled the town and burnt it to ashes. Such proceedings were eloquent arguments to unite the whole colony in revolt, consequently, on the 6th of May, 1776, a convention was chosen to consider the question of independence, and on the 14th, it was unanimously voted to instruct the Virginia delegates in Congress "to propose to that respectable body to declare the United Colonies free and independent States," etc., "provided the power of forming government for the internal regulation of each colony be left to the colonial legislatures."

"On the 15th of May, Congress adopted a resolution recommending to all the colonies to form for themselves independent governments, and in a preamble, written by John Adams, it was declared that the American people could no longer conscientiously take oath to support any government deriving its authority from the Crown; all such governments must now be suppressed, since the king had withdrawn his protection from the inhabitants of the United Colonies."

This preamble contained the gist of the whole matter, it virtually declared independence, but after hot discussion the resolution and preamble were adopted.

On the 7th of June, in accordance with the instructions received from Virginia, the following motion was submitted to Congress by Richard Henry Lee,—“That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved. “That it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances. That a plan of confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies, for their consideration and approbation.”

And now again, as in every great

crisis in these eventful years, the two great colonies, Virginia and Massachusetts stood together, and the motion of Richard Henry Lee was seconded by John Adams.

There was a long and earnest debate, and finally, to avoid all appearances of undue haste, it was decided, on motion of Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, to postpone the question for three weeks, until the delegates of the central colonies could consult their constituents.

In Pennsylvania there was hot discussion, for the proprietary government was entirely against independence, and the Quakers also wished to avoid all armed conflict, so that the provincial assembly had instructed its delegates to oppose independence; but on the 20th of May, an immense meeting was held in the State House, which unanimously resolved that this act of the assembly "had the dangerous tendency to withdraw this province from that happy union with the other colonies which we consider both our glory and our protection."

The effect of this resolution was the calling of a convention on the 18th of June which voted "that a separation from Great Britain was desirable, provided only that, under the new Federal Government, each State should be left to regulate its own internal affairs."

And thus the colonies fell into line, entirely of the free will of their own people, without the slightest restraint from Congress.

On the 1st of July, Congress resolved itself "into a committee of the whole to take into consideration the resolution respecting independency."

John Adams defended the resolution in a powerful speech, while John Dickinson opposed it as premature on the ground of the many unsettled questions between the different colonies as to boundaries, and their respective rights, the necessity of obtaining definite promises of an alliance with France and Spain before the gauntlet was thrown down to Great Britain.

Subsequent events proved only too plainly that there was great weight in these arguments, but on the other

hand, if America was to wait until all these questions were settled, before taking a decisive step, the decisive step could never be taken at all.

Dr. Witherspoon, of New Jersey, in whose veins flowed the blood of "the man who never feared the face of man," John Knox, in answer to this argument for delay, on the ground that we were "not yet ripe for a Declaration of Independence," replied "in my judgment, sir, we are not only ripe, but rotting."

The great question was carefully weighed by men of superior judgment and statesmanship; all the colonies except New York were by their independent action really in a state of rebellion, and it was argued that the great cause for which they were contending, would but gain in dignity and strength by announcing itself to the world in its true character.

The vote was postponed until the next day, when, on the 2nd of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was resolved upon by the unanimous vote of twelve colonies: it was formally adopted by New York on the 9th of July, and Congress then went into committee of the whole to consider the form of declaration to be adopted.

Three weeks before, at the time of Lee's motion, a committee had been selected to draw up a paper worthy of this great and solemn occasion. "Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert Livingston, were the members of the committee, and Jefferson, as representing the colony that had introduced the resolution of independence was chosen to be the author of the declaration." To quote literally Bancroft's fine lines, is the most fitting conclusion to the great subject of the Declaration of Independence.

"The bill of rights which it promulgates, is of rights that are older than human institutions, and spring from the eternal justice that is anterior to the State." "The heart of Jefferson in writing the declaration, and of Congress in adopting it, beat for all humanity; the assertion of right was made for the entire world of mankind, and all coming generations, without any exception whatever; for

the proposition which admits of exceptions can never be self evident. As it was put forth in the name of the ascendant people of that time, it was sure to make the circuit of the world, passing everywhere through the despotie countries of Europe; and the astonished nations as they

read that all men are created equal, started out of their lethargy, like those who have been exiled from childhood, when they suddenly hear the dimly remembered accents of their mother tongue."

CAROLINE PEARSON.

October 19th, 1899.

JOHN KALB.

It was not, as has been erroneously supposed, the lordly castle of a German baron, but the humble cottage of a Franconian peasant, which gave to the world the hero of whose career I will give a brief sketch. John Kalb was born the 29th day of June, 1721, in Huetendorf, a village then belonging to the Margraviate of Bayreuth, afterward under Prussian sovereignty. His father, John Leonard Kalb, was the son of Hans Kalb, yeoman, of Leinburg, near Altdorf, and figured in the church records as sojourner and peasant of Huetendorf. John passed his childhood in his father's house, and received his earliest schooling at Kreigenbroun. Then he became a waiter, and as such, when barely sixteen years of age, he went abroad. At this point his trace is lost for years. There can be but little doubt that he soon found his way to France, and cast his lot with military men for about the close of the year 1743, the peasant boy, John Kalb, turns up as Jean de Kalb, lieutenant in the regiment Loewendal of French infantry. It was Kalb's good fortune to receive his military training in the school of Marshal Saxe, the greatest captain of Europe in the period intervening between the career of Prince Eugene and that of Frederick the Great. From the subordinate position occupied by our hero, it is but natural that his name does not figure in the reports of this war; but there is evidence in papers still extant that he was even then a diligent and energetic officer, occupying all his leisure moments in the study principally of the modern lan-

guages and of the higher branches of mathematics as applied to the art of fortification and to the internal organization of various bodies of troops. Under these circumstances he could not fail to attract the attention of his superiors, and was not only assigned to service of importance, but rapidly promoted. In 1747 he was made captain and adjutant, and also charged with the duties of an "officer of detail." The colonel gave the regiment his name and was its representative abroad, the officer of detail controlled its internal administration. He conducted the correspondence with the commanding general and the Minister of War, reported the condition of the men, made requisitions to meet their wants, scrutinized and expounded the articles of war—of which each regiment had its own—vindicated their rights as against their superiors, suggested rewards and punishments, and acted, in short, as the virtual head of the regiment. A position at once so honorable to a young officer, and so responsible, could be well filled only by a man of intelligence, energy and integrity. It would require too much to follow Kalb through the seven years' war. On the return of the army to France, he went into garrison in the then French fortress of Landau. At the return of peace, Kalb, as an officer of experience and acknowledged ability, had every claim to be promoted to the rank of colonel; nevertheless one of the first measures adopted by the ministry in 1763, was the abolition of his office, which had been

created only for the duration of the war. Under these circumstances it was fortunate for our hero that in 1761, shortly before quitting the regiment Loewendal, he had purchased a captaincy in the regiment Anhalt. This precaution, so little agreeable to our modern views of military propriety, now stood him in good stead, securing him a safe though humble retreat. For the present, then, Kalb was only a captain, with the rank of lieutenant colonel; but of course, he was little disposed to rest content with this subordinate position. Very justly reflecting that with a court where all advancement depended upon the personal favor or caprice of those in power, personal solicitation was indispensable to success, he procured a furlough of six months and hastened to Paris, determined to secure a position commensurate with his rank in one of the foreign regiments. He received on all hands the most unqualified approbation of his services and the fairest promises for the future; but the professions were not made good, and the summer passed away without any change in Kalb's condition.

Weary of hope deferred and thoroughly tired of his fruitless stay at Paris, although his furlough lasted till October, he was on the point of returning to the province and assuming the command of his company, when an unexpected turn in his private affairs put an end, for the time, to his ambitious schemes. This sudden event was his betrothal, shortly followed by his marriage with Anna Elizabeth Emile Van Kovais. This union proved to be one of the happiest ever known. The warmth of this attachment remained unaltered to the hour of Kalb's death. Under the circumstances, it was but natural for Kalb to give up his company and to remain at or near Paris with his young wife in the neighborhood of her parents. He abandoned his former projects, and was glad to retire in 1764, upon his pension as lieutenant-colonel. This voluntary repose, however, was destined to be of short duration. A year had not elapsed since his marriage when Kalb tired of inaction, made another vigorous

effort to enter into service. He received from De Choiseul the secret mission to go to America to see whether the germs of revolt were sufficiently developed, and to stir up the feelings of the malcontents. He left London on the 4th of October, 1767, and acquitted himself of this dangerous role with intelligence. He traveled under a disguise, and was arrested in Canada as a suspect, but was freed through want of proofs. He then returned to France, but soon started again for America with Lafayette and other officers in the spring of 1777. On the 15th of September, Congress commissioned him major-general. He was with the column which Lafayette commanded in the march from South Carolina towards Philadelphia, and always showed the greatest courage. Suffering and privations he endured without a murmur, and could bear up for days under hunger and thirst, heat and cold, without permitting a sigh to escape his lips. He slept as well upon his knapsack and under his cloak, as on a downy pillow; in short he possessed all the physical power and endurance essential to our conception of a hero. During the American war, Kalb usually rose before daybreak, often at 4 o'clock in the morning, worked until 9, and then breakfasted on bread and water. After continuing his labors till noon, he rode or walked out, went to headquarters, inquired the news of the day, and then dined. His meal consisted, simply of soup, vegetables and meat; he drank only water. At the battle of Camden in South Carolina, Kalb fought at the head of the Maryland second brigade. Three times he had advanced and three times retreated before the force of numbers, but on the whole he maintained his advantage. His horse had been shot under him, a sabre stroke laid open his head. Jaquette, the adjutant of the Delaware regiment, hastily bandaged the wound with his scarf and besought his general to retire from the conflict. Instead of heeding this request Kalb led his Marylanders to the charge on foot. The bloody fight was hand-to-hand. All that could be done was to rescue the honor of the

flag. And once more Kalb at the head of his faithful few, rushed upon the enemy; it was the last time his powerful voice rang through the din of battle; the last time that his sword pointing toward the foe, he cheered his men, and drew them on to follow him. As he advanced he was struck by several balls, and the blood poured from him in streams. Mortally struck and bleeding from eleven wounds he sank exhausted to the earth. The fall of Kalb decided the fortunes of the day for the Americans were now without a leader. He struggled with death for three days and died the 18th of August at Camden, whither he had been carried after the battle. All his thoughts were with the brave soldiers and officers of his division. Immediately before his death he requested a friend to express to them

his thanks for their valor and to bid them an affectionate farewell. He died for the honor of the American arms, fanning with his latest breath the valor of his men. If he could not restore the day he rescued the fair fame of the Republican troops shamefully abandoned by the commanding general. At this proud moment we take leave of our hero. Germany has never advanced her claims on his renown, yet he has honored her name under the most difficult circumstances. South Carolina has raised a monument to perpetuate his memory, but the great republic for whose independence he sacrificed his life has almost forgotten his name and services.

MRS. ROBERT SNODGRASS.

January 17, 1900.

COUNT PULASKI.

The partition of Poland was accomplished by the ambition of three despotic powers, and has always been regarded by the friends of liberty and justice, with the greatest indignation.

It had once been the pride of the Poles to rally to the support of their Government, a republican system in many respects, but now weakened by factions and the burden of its ill-organized constitution. The privilege of election was enjoyed to a considerable extent and afforded, for a time, a check to the absolute tyranny of the rulers. It was this time, when governmental evils had become far-reaching, that Russia, Austria and Prussia formed the design of taking advantage of Poland's weakness, to crush its political existence, and then divide the plunder among themselves. This scheme was carried into effect, and has left a stain on the characters of its projectors which will forever remain in history.

That the Poles should be roused to action by such an act of indignity and oppression was but natural. Notwithstanding the deplorable state

which the nation had reached, the spirit of freedom was not yet extinct in the hearts of the Poles, and this crisis called into service men of high minds and noble character—generous patriots in whom the love of country and of freedom predominated over all other feelings and spurred them on to deeds of heroism.

Among these was our hero, Count Casimir Pulaski, born in Podalia, on March 4th, 1748. Educated for the profession of law, he became a soldier, enlisting in the army at an early age.

Perhaps Pulaski is best known and oftenest written of in Polish history as the instigator and leader in the plot of '71. He, with thirty-nine others, entered Warsaw, disguised as peasants, for the purpose of seizing Stanislaus, King of Poland. Not to assassinate him as has been falsely asserted, but with a view of placing him in their own camp, thus, making him a rallying point for his nobles and other true patriots of Poland and removing him from the influence of the allied powers. They hoped thus

to keep back the Russian forces which Catharine had sent against them. They succeeded in carrying the King out of the city, but owing to the darkness of the night and other unforeseen misfortunes, they were prevented from executing a plan, which might have saved Poland from the political death which has since become her lot.

"During eight succeeding years of a bloody war," says a writer who has eloquently described the situation of Poland in these calamitous times, "the operations of Pulaski were such as to challenge belief. Sometimes vanquished, much oftener victorious, equally great in the midst of a defeat, as formidable after victory, and always superior to events, Pulaski attracted and fixed the attention of all Europe."

Through the machinations of the Russian factions in Poland, Pulaski's estates had been confiscated, he was degraded from his rank and declared to be an outlaw. One of the last to retire from his country's contest, disguised and in hiding he left his native land, and after a variety of hair-breadth escapes, and wonderful experiences, he reached Turkey, whose hostility to Russia accorded with his own intense hatred of that country, and at the same time favored the patriotic plans which his ardent spirit still cherished. But his hopes were never realized for peace was soon afterwards concluded between Russia and the Porte.

From Turkey he went to Paris, resolved to link his fortunes with those of America. Here he held an interview with Doctor Franklin, and in the following year, 1777, we read of him in Philadelphia, offering his services to the American Congress. Doctor Franklin, in a letter written to General Washington, dated June 13th, 1777, wrote, "Count Pulaski, who was a general of the Confederates in Poland, and who is gone from us to you, is esteemed one of the greatest officers of Europe."

It would be impossible for me, in my limited time, to tell in detail, of Count Pulaski's achievements in our own country, flying our "Stars and Stripes;" but I have no words to write but those of praise for his gal-

lant services rendered us in our struggle for liberty and independence.

In the pages of American history we find Pulaski first mentioned in command of cavalry at the battle of Brandywine in the year 1777. In 1778 he formed his famous corps known as "Pulaski's Legion." During the winter of '78, Morristown, N. J., was the headquarters of General Washington. Here in a meadow, a few rods from the dwelling occupied by General Washington, Count Pulaski exercised his legion of cavalry, and his dexterous movements were the wonder and emulation of all the officers. It is related that among other feats, Count Pulaski would sometimes, while his steed was under full gallop, discharge his pistol, throw it into the air, catch it by the barrel, and then hurl it in front of him as if at an enemy. Without checking the speed of his horse he would take one foot from the stirrup, and bending over toward the ground, recover the pistol, and wheel into line with as much precision as if he had been engaged in nothing but the management of his horse.

In the spring of 1778 Pulaski was ordered to Little Egg Harbor, on the Jersey coast. While on his way there from Trenton, when within eight miles of the coast, he was surprised by a party of British. Information of his position had been given to the enemy by a deserter from his corps. The surprise was complete, and forty of his brave followers perished.

In February of the following year Pulaski was ordered to the South, and was in active service under Lincoln at Charleston, until the siege of Savannah. Savannah had repelled a British attack in 1776, but was taken by the British two years later. In October of 1779 an unsuccessful attempt was made to recover Savannah by the French and American forces. It was in this engagement that Count Pulaski participated and received the wound from which he died.

As a convincing proof that the assault, unsuccessful though it was, was made in true determined spirit I quote the following:

"After an obstinate struggle of fifty-five minutes, 677 French were killed and 264 Americans." Dr. James Lynch extracted the bullet that proved fatal to Pulaski. The operation was performed on the field in view of the lines of Savannah. The ball had entered the groin, and was removed with great difficulty, Pulaski bearing the operation with wonderful fortitude. He was removed to the United States brig "Wasp," where he died at the early age of 32. He is buried under a large tree on St. Helen's Island, about fifty miles from Savannah, where his name is a household word among its citizens.

Congress voted that a monument should be erected to the memory of Count Pulaski. This pledge of gratitude has never been redeemed; the vote still stands on the journals, where it was entered many years ago, a memorial to the services and merits of a brave man and of a nation's forgetfulness. Private individuals have acted a nobler part and contributed to lessen, in some degree, the reproach that rests on their country. When Lafayette was on a visit to Savannah, during his triumphal progress through these United States, he laid, with appropriate ceremonies, the cornerstone of a monument in that city, which was erected in loving memory and commemoration of the services of Generals Greene and Pulaski.

The few incidents I have mentioned in the life of Pulaski will enable you to form a fair estimate of his character. He was amiable, gentle, conciliating, candid, generous to his enemies, and devoted to his friends. His soldiers clung to him as to a brother, and willingly encountered perils the most appalling, when encouraged by his approbation or led on by his example.

Energetic, vigilant, untiring in the pursuit of an object, fearless, fertile in resources, calm in danger, resolute and persevering under difficulties, he was always prepared for events and capable of effecting his purposes with the best chances of success.

As a military man of science, knowledge and experience, as a sol-

dier in the highest sense of the word, quick to perform, prompt to act, unwearied in perseverance, collected in danger, brave without rashness, and discreet in his designs, Pulaski has few rivals in the lists of eminent warriors.

That he gained and preserved the friendship of Washington, who more than once in a public manner commended his military talents, his disinterestedness and zeal, is sufficient proof of his merits as an officer, and his conduct as a man.

His activity was unceasing, his courage was conspicuous on every occasion. He was true to his principles and firm in maintaining them. An ardent attachment to his country, and the hope of rescuing her from the bondage of despotic rule were the motives which roused his spirit, animated his zeal, and nerved his arm in battle, till the freedom of Poland expired in the hands of her powerful oppressors.

During his short career in America we perceive the same traits of character. He cherished our cause as his own, harmonizing as it did with all his principles of liberty, and human rights. He lost his life in defending it, thus acquiring the highest of all claims to a nation's remembrance and gratitude.

When it became known that Count Pulaski, the brave Pole, was organizing a corps of cavalry in Baltimore, the Nuns of Bethlehem, of our own great State, prepared a banner of crimson silk, beautifully made with the needle by their own hands, and presented it to Count Pulaski with their blessing. Pulaski received the banner with grateful acknowledgments, and bore it gallantly through many a martial scene, until he fell in battle at Savannah.

The memory of that event is commemorated in verse by Longfellow in the following beautiful "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner:"

"When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed

Faint light on the cowed head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the Altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with
prayer
Had been consecrated there.

"And the nun's sweet hymn was
heard the while
Sung low in the dim, mysterious
aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering
breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-clouds' encircling wreath,
Guard it!—till our homes are free!
Guard it—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,

In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But, when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow
Spare him!—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him!—he our love hath shared!
Spare him!—as thou wouldst be
spared!

"Take thy banner!—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's
bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.

"The warrior took that banner
proud,
And it was his martial cloak and
shroud!"

META B HASSLER.
(MRS. GILBERT-HERR HASSLER.)
January 17th, 1900.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

During the first century of the struggle of the freedom-loving Puritans with "the stern New England Coast," the "tidewater settlements" of Virginia increased so rapidly that adventurous young men already conceived the idea of "going west" to improve their fortunes. Among these colonists was Peter Jefferson, a Welshman of "superb physique and correspondingly vigorous intellect and enterprising temper." Early in life he "patented one thousand acres of land" in what is now Albemarle county, Virginia, and "bought four hundred acres more" from his friend William Randolph, the price being "Henry Weatherbourne's biggest bowl of arrack punch." In 1738 he married Jane Randolph and although of commoner blood than his patrician wife, he was a man of much note

in the colony, being a mighty hunter, colonel of his county and a member of the House of Burgesses. In the midst of his vigorous, busy life, he suddenly died, leaving to his widow, a comfortable property, an excellent family connection and eight fatherless children, one a boy of fourteen, the future American statesman and writer of the Declaration of Independence. This boy, Thomas Jefferson, was "athletic, fond of shooting and a skillful and daring horseman, even for Virginia. Mathematics, music and architecture were a passion with him." Being well tutored and studiously inclined he entered William and Mary College in 1760 at the age of seventeen. His family connections gave him a high social connection at Williamsburg, but although he made many friends and had great social

popularity, his studies always came first. He early learned the secret to success, "to ally one's self to superior men and women." In after years he wrote to his grandson: "I had the good fortune to become acquainted with some characters of very high standing and to feel the incessant wish that I could even become what they were. Under temptations and difficulties I would ask myself what would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe, Peyton Randolph do in this situation? What course in it will insure me their approbation? I am certain that this mode of deciding on my conduct tended more to correctness than any reasoning powers I possessed. Knowing the even and dignified lives they pursued I could never doubt for a moment which of two courses would be in character for them. From the circumstances of my position I was often thrown into the society of horse racers, card players, fox hunters, scientific and professional men and dignified men, and many a time have I asked myself in the enthusiastic moment of the death of a fox, the victory of a favorite horse, the issue of a great question eloquently argued at the bar or in the great council of the nation, which of these kinds of reputation should I prefer, that of a horsejockey, a fox hunter, an orator or an honest advocate of my country's rights?" After two years at college he began to read law and in five years from that time began to practice his profession with great success, the secret of which was "he always took the right side." Parton says: He has more of the requisites of a great lawyer; industry so quiet, methodical and sustained that it amounted to a gift; learning multifarious and exact; skill and rapidity in handling books; the instinct of research that leads him who has it to the facts he wants as surely as the hound scents the game; a serenity of temper which neither the inaptitude of witnesses nor the badgering of counsel could ever disturb, a habit of getting everything upon paper in such a way that all his stores of knowledge could be marshalled and brought into action; a ready sympathy with a client's

mind; an instructive sense of what is due to the opinions, prejudices and errors of others; a knowledge of the few avenues by which alone unwelcome truth can find access to a human mind; and the power to state a case with the clearness and brevity that often makes argument superfluous." A husky weakness of voice and lack of eloquence prevented his becoming an orator, but he was a brilliant conversationalist. Sometimes he wrote a speech for an occasion and a friend read it. Although not an orator he was able to hold his popularity with the people at a time when the absence of our present facilities for transmitting thought made the orator a man of wonderful power and oratory in a public man almost as essential as life itself. He was an intense admirer of this gift which he lacked, and he never ceased to wonder at the torrent of words which his brilliant friend, Patrick Henry, could pour forth.

In 1768 on entering the House of Burgesses, he made the resolution (never broken) "never to engage, while in public office, in any kind of enterprise for the improvement of my fortune." He took an active part in all proceedings of the House and especially in drawing up non-importation resolutions and refutations of royal speeches. The House of Burgesses came together in 1773 and again in 1774, and each time young Jefferson took his stand with the radicals. The House upon being dissolved by the Governor met of its own accord and passed most disloyal resolutions, one of them calling for a meeting at Williamsburg, August 1st. Owing to illness Jefferson could not attend this convention, but he sent by Peyton Randolph, a draft of instructions which he hoped to see given to the delegates to be sent to the general Congress of the Colonies. This draft was so well received by the convention that it was printed in pamphlet form under the title of "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." This pamphlet was extensively circulated not only in the colonies but in England, and caused Jefferson's name to be placed on a list of proscriptions commenced in

one of the Houses of Parliament. This summary view really formed the basis of the future Declaration of Independence. It was "singularly radical, audacious and well argued." It spoke of the migration of the Saxon ancestors of the English people being similar to that of the British immigrants to the American colonies. "Nor was ever any claim of superiority or dependence asserted over the English by that mother from which they had migrated; and were such a claim made, it is believed his Majesty's subjects in Great Britain have too firm a feeling of the rights derived to them from their ancestors, to bow down the sovereignty of their State before such visionary pretensions. And it is thought that no circumstance has occurred to distinguish materially the British from the Saxon emigration. America was conquered and her settlements made and firmly established at the expense of individuals, and not of the British public." The final conclusion reached was "that the British Parliament has no right to exercise authority over us," and when it endeavored to do so "one free and independent Legislature" took upon itself "to suspend the powers of another, free and independent as itself." Surely the hand that wrote these sentiments was already in training to be the author of the American Declaration of Independence.

Jefferson was one of the three score chosen ones of the thirteen colonies, who met in Congress in Philadelphia in the spring of 1775, of whose members Lord Chatham said: "They have never been excelled in solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion." Although, owing to his lack of oratorical ability, the young Virginian could take no part in debate, his reputation as a ready and eloquent writer soon made him prominent. He superseded Jay as document writer to Congress, and was a most valuable member in the committee room. He wrote to his loyalist friend, John Randolph: "I am sincerely one of those and would rather be in dependence on Great Britain, properly limited, than on any other nation on earth, or than on no nation.

But I am one of those, too, who, rather than submit to the rights of legislating for us, assumed by the British Parliament, and which late experience has shown they will so cruelly exercise, would lend my hand to sink the whole island in the ocean." A few months later, in August, 1775, he writes to the same friend: "Believe me, my dear sir, there is not in the British Empire, a man who more cordially loves a union with Great Britain than I do. But by the God that made me, I will cease to exist before I yield to a connection on such terms as the British Parliament propose, and in this I think I speak the sentiments of America. We want neither inducement nor power to declare and assert a separation. It is will alone that is wanting, and that is growing apace under the fostering hand of our King. One bloody campaign will probably decide, everlastingly, our future course; and I am sorry to find a bloody campaign is decided on."

In the spring of 1776 Mr. Jefferson was again in his seat in Congress. Virginia had instructed her delegates to move that Congress should "declare the united colonies free and independent states," and on June 7th Richard Henry Lee offered resolutions in accordance with these instructions. On the 11th of June Congress appointed a committee to "prepare a Declaration of Independence so that it might be ready at once when wanted." In Jefferson's *Miscellanies* we read: "A committee was appointed on June 11, 1776, to prepare a Declaration of Independence. The committee were John Adams, Dr. Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston and myself. * * * The committee for drawing the Declaration of Independence desired me to do it. It was accordingly done, and being approved by them, I reported it to the House on Friday, the 28th of June, where it was read and ordered to lie on the table. On Monday, the 1st of July, the House resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and resumed the consideration of the original motion made by the delegates of Virginia, which being again debated through the day, was carried

in the affirmative by the votes of New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia. South Carolina and Pennsylvania voted against it. Delaware had but two members present and they were divided. The delegates for New York declared they were for it themselves, and were assured their constituents were for it; but that their instructions having been drawn a twelve month before, they were enjoined by them to do nothing which should impede that object. They therefore thought themselves not justified in voting on either side and asked leave to withdraw from the question, which was given them." After further discussion the ultimate question was put at a late hour on July 4th, when "the whole twelve colonies authorized to vote at all gave their voices to it." As soon as adopted the Declaration was read from a platform in Independence Square and "the people went wild with joy."

The Declaration was written in a house at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market streets, Philadelphia, a site now occupied by the Penn National Bank. On the present building is a bronze memorial shield suggested by a woman, Miss Longstreth, the historian of Germantown. The inscription is:

[No. 700 M ^k t St.]	[No. 702 M ^k t St.]
On this site	
originally stood the Dwelling	
in which Thomas Jefferson	
Drafted the Declaration of Independence	
which was adopted by the	
Continental Congress	
in this city, July 4, 1776.	
Erected 1775.	Removed 1883.

Some historians say the Declaration was written at 700 Market street and others claim the same for 702 so on the tablet is a perpendicular line through the middle of the inscription showing the dividing line between the disputed houses and thus marking both of them. As to the document itself, one writer says, it is as familiar to the people of our country as the Lord's Prayer. The

faults which it has are chiefly of style and are due to the spirit of those times, a spirit bold, energetic, sensible, independent in action, the very best, but in talk and writing much too tolerant of broad and high sounding generalization. John Adams and Pickering long afterward, when they had come to hate Jefferson as a sort of political arch-fiend, blamed it for lack of originality. Every idea in it, they said, had become hackneyed, and was to be found in half a dozen earlier expressions of public opinion. The assertion was equally true, absurd and malicious. No intelligent man could suppose that the Americans had been concerned in a rebellious discussion for years, and engaged in actual war for months, without having fully comprehended the principles, the causes and the justification on which their conduct was based. It was preposterous to demand new discoveries in these particulars. Had such been possible they would have been undesirable; it would have been extreme folly for Jefferson to offer new and unsettling discussions at this late date. Of this charge against his production Jefferson said, with perfect wisdom and fairness: "I did not consider it as any part of my charge to invent new ideas altogether and to offer no sentiment which had ever been expressed before. The statement that 'all men are created equal' has been declared liable to misconstruction; but no intelligent man has ever misconstrued it, unless intentionally." So the criticism may be regarded as trivial. Professor Tucker justly remarks of the whole paper, "that it is consecrated in the affections of Americans and praise would seem as superfluous as censure would be unavailing." The paper as finally adopted differed but little from the original draft. Some verbal changes were made conducive to greater accuracy of statement. Two or three amendments were made by the omission of passages; one being the denunciation of George III. for encouraging the slave trade; another being relative to the hiring of foreign mercenaries by the English. No interpolation of any consequence was made. The paper as

originally presented was written entirely by Jefferson with a few interlinings by Adams and Franklin. The three days' discussion of the paper was sharp and galling to the sensitive author, who said never a word, but allowed John Adams, whom he called "the Colossus of that debate," to defend it. The tension of the hour was relieved by many jokes brought forth to cover the deep anxiety of patriotic hearts. Dr. Franklin told, for Jefferson's comfort, the now famous story of Thompson, the hatter. Others urged coming to a decision because of the intense July heat, using as an argument, "Treason is preferable to discomfort." John Hancock wrote his great signature, saying: "John Bull can read that without spectacles," and then made his remark about "all hanging together," to which Franklin made his famous reply: "Yes, indeed, we must all hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately."

There had been much discussion as to why the tall, raw-boned Jefferson, a youth of thirty-two, was made chairman of this important declaration committee and why being chairman he was asked to draft such a momentous document when the mature and able Franklin of "commanding distinction and approved literary skill" was a fellow member. Richard Henry Lee, by parliamentary etiquette should have been chairman but he was called away by illness in his family and it was but natural to fill the vacancy with one from the same colony, especially when that one had made himself prominent by his able and eloquent summary view and who was "a man without an enemy." Some historians take the view that Franklin's caustic wit prevented his selection, inasmuch as he could scarcely write without playing at words and in a crisis like this, although jokes might be acceptable as a means of relieving the tension, they were wholly undesirable in the text of a serious revolutionary document.

Jefferson declined a re-election to Congress partly owing to his wife's ill-health and chiefly owing to his desire to be in the Legislature of Vir-

ginia when the revision of the laws of the new State took place. "Jefferson, reformer and radical by nature, went forth zealously to this task." Some of the laws he introduced were not enacted for many years, but those reported by him "formed a sort of reservoir from which the Legislature drew from time to time in following years." The transfiguration of many laws was very easy. Jefferson wrote to Franklin in August, 1777: "The people seem to have laid aside the monarchial and taken up the republican form of government with as much ease as would have attended their throwing off and putting on a new suit of clothes. We are at present in the quiet exercise of complete and well organized government." Almost as soon as taking his seat in the Legislature he introduced a bill to establish courts of justice throughout the new State. A few days later he reported a bill doing away with the whole system of entail and another assailing the principle of primogeniture and so wrought a great social revolution and incurred thereby the hatred not only of immediate aristocratic families, but of their descendants for several generations. He next succeeded in separating church and State and of course this was detested by the dominant church faction, but he "made it possible for the Hebrew, the Catholic, the Dissenter, the Quaker, the Unitarian, the Orthodox and the Unorthodox to live in peace in Virginia and receive the protection and benefit of the law." In short, he established religious freedom such as now exists in our country to-day. He encountered defeat in his attempt to legislate against negro slavery. One of his dearest wishes, and one showing social and political foresight, was to free and colonize the slaves. When the Legislature would not adopt his proposed reform, he wrote, "The day is not distant when it must bear and adopt it, or worse will follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free." He also felt that "the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. The attempt would divide Virginians

into parties and produce convulsions which would probably never end but in the extermination of one or the other race." One point he did gain, that was to stop the importation of slaves into the State. Of this he said: "It will in some measure stop the increase of this great political and moral evil, while the minds of our citizens may be ripening for a complete emancipation of human nature."

We have already said that Jefferson was "a man without an enemy," and he was essentially a man of peace, consequently did not bring upon himself honorable distinction as war governor of Virginia, succeeding Patrick Henry, the first Governor. He lacked military genius as well as oratorical ability, and many Virginians were bold and outspoken in their criticism of his action, or rather lack of action, as Cornwallis led his victorious and marauding army into their unprotected State. He retired from office in a bitter frame of mind, resolving to leave public service forever after attending the next session of the Legislature to refute some of the scurrilous attacks made upon his administration. But by the time the Legislature convened, in December, 1781, Cornwallis had surrendered and the tide of public feeling had turned so that Jefferson's friends were easily able to pass a resolution "thanking him for his impartial, upright and attentive administration" and bearing testimony to his "ability, rectitude and integrity." As proof that public opinion has resumed its old attitude toward him, he was chosen, June 6th, 1783, by the Virginia Legislature as member of Congress. So it came about that "he had the pleasure of signing the treaty which established the independence declared in his document seven years before." He also had the pleasure of tendering to Congress Virginia's deed ceding her great northwestern territory to be held as the common property of all the States, an act really brought about by his own arguments. The draft for a report of the government of this region is in Jefferson's own handwriting, and one provision is "that after the year 1800 of the Christian

era, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said States, otherwise than in punishment of crimes." At this same session of Congress he suggested the dollar as the unit of currency and so gave us our simple and convenient decimal currency system.

In 1784, on his retirement from Congress, he was for the fourth time appointed to a foreign mission. This time he accepted and established himself in Paris "in considerable magnificence." His wife, Martha Skelton, whom he married in 1772, had recently died and he placed his two motherless daughters in a fashionable convent in France, and wrote affectionate letters of advice to the older one concerning the younger. He said: "Teach your sister, above all things, to be good, because without that we can neither be valued by others nor set any value on ourselves. Teach her never to be angry * *

If you ever find yourself in any difficulty, and doubt how to extricate yourself, do what is right and you will find it the easiest way of getting out of the difficulty. Give up the earth itself and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act. Determine never to be idle. It is wonderful how much may be done if we are always doing." While in France he spent much time in looking up agricultural and manufacturing interests and kept four colleges—Harvard, Yale, William and Mary and the College of Philadelphia—advised of new inventions, new books and new phases of the approaching French Revolution. He wrote to his friend, James Monroe: "The pleasure of a trip to Europe will be less than you expect, but the utility greater. It will make you adore your own country, its soil, its climate, its equality, liberty, laws, people and manners. * * * If all the evils which can arise among us from a republican form of government, from this day to the day of judgment, could be put into a scale against what this country suffers from its monarchical form in a week, or England in a month, the latter would preponderate." Of an official visit to London in 1786 he writes: "We were presented, as usual, to the

King and Queen at their levees, and it was impossible for anything to be more ungracious than their notice of Mr. Adams and myself. In spite of treaties, England is still our enemy. Her hatred is deep-rooted and cordial and nothing is wanting with her but the power to wipe us and the land we live upon out of existence. We are young and can survive them, but their rotten machine must crush under the trial.

* * * The English require to be kicked into common good manners. London, though handsomer than Paris, is not so handsome as Philadelphia." Although ill-treated in London, his position in France was all that could be desired. "No court in Europe had at that time a representative in Paris commanding or enjoying higher regard for political knowledge, or general attainment, than the Minister of this then infant republic." "His own predilections and his natural intimacy with Lafayette brought him from the outset into the society of the liberal or patriotic party. These men, moderate and reasonable reformers and not at all identical with the violent revolutionists of later stages, found in him a kindred spirit, long accustomed to think the thoughts they were just beginning to think, and to hold the beliefs which they were now acquiring. They made of him at once an instructor, counsellor and sympathizing friend. They recognized him as one of themselves, a speculative thinker concerning the rights of mankind, a preacher of extensive doctrines of political freedom, a deviser of theories of government, a propounder of vague but imposing generalizations, a condemner of the fetters of practicability, in a word, in the slang of that day, 'a philosopher;' and they liked him accordingly. * * * It has been the fashion to say that the feelings and ideas gathered by Jefferson in France constituted the predominant influence throughout his subsequent political career. In this there is much exaggeration and towards him much injustice. His character was more independent. Moreover, he was a mature man when he went abroad and had been busied from early

youth, alike in the way of theory and practice, with the political and social problems of government. The originating disposition and radical temper of his mind had appeared from the outset, and were only confirmed, not created, by his foreign experience. Neither was his affection for France, nor his antipathy to England then first inflated. Both sentiments were strong before he crossed the Atlantic; they were only encouraged by the pleasures of his long residence in the one country and the convictions borne in upon him during his brief visit to the other. His character would be ill understood if it were supposed that his subsequent political career was the exotic growth of French seeds, instead of being developed in the ordinary course from the native root. He would always have been a radical, an extreme democrat, a hater of England, a lover of France, a sympathizer with the French revolutionists, though he had never sailed out of sight of American shores." He returned in 1789, after an absence of five years.

He was at once urged by Washington to become Secretary of State and with much reluctance did so, thereby entering into a stormy political life which lasted almost uninterruptedly until his retirement from the Presidency in 1809. Closely associated with him in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury was Alexander Hamilton, one of the greatest financiers the world has ever seen. Two men naturally so antagonistic in their views could not long remain friends. One of the first difficulties arose out of the assumption of the State debts by the Federal Government. Jefferson blamed Hamilton for tricking him into trading votes for the assumption in exchange for a Southern site for the National Capitol. From this time on the feud daily grew in bitterness "until they distrusted and hated each other, and fought and denounced each other bitterly and believed every possible ill of each other during the rest of their lives." Out of this grew the formation of the two great national political parties. Hamilton's followers, styled Federal-

ists, approved of a strongly centralized government, a powerful army and navy, the assumption of the war debts of the individual States by the United States, the establishment of national banks, a high protective tariff, bounties for the encouragement of manufacturers and friendship with England rather than with France. Jefferson's followers, at first called anti-Federalists, then Republicans, then Democratic Republicans and finally Democrats, abominated most successfully all the principles of the Hamiltonian party! advocated a pure democracy, the will of the people with the least possible governing power, free trade, "States rights;" and opposed bounties, assumption, national banks and militarism.

Jefferson, always quick-witted and observant, soon appreciated with the most profound and sincere discernment that Hamilton was rapidly and skillfully constructing a powerfully centralized government. The cry of Monocrat and Anglomaniac was raised and a bitter and virulent controversy was waged in the newspapers of the day. Washington, in a spirit of concord and patriotism, made a noble, pathetic, but hopeless effort to conciliate his two secretaries. They were to far alienated to ever become friendly again and in the latter part of 1793 the Secretary of State resigned and retired to beautiful Monticello "with the joy of one freed from prison."

During Washington's second term Jefferson devoted himself to farming his vast estate, keeping all the while a keen eye on public affairs, although taking no part whatsoever in them. It is said that even if Jefferson had done nothing more than to add to man's knowledge of agriculture, he would have been a benefactor of the human race. He introduced many flowers, shrubs, vegetables, fine breeds of animals, all the latest agricultural improvements and endeavored to have others follow his example in progressive and advanced farming.

As Vice President with Adams, Jefferson, almost from the first, had no voice in the government. Jefferson's sensitive nature felt this slight keen-

ly and naturally it did not increase his love for the Federalist party. He wrote to a friend in Europe: "The aspect of our politics has changed wonderfully since you left us. In place of that noble love of liberty and republican government which carried us through the war, an anglican, monarchical, aristocratical party has sprung up whose avowed object is to draw over us the substance, as they have already done the forms, of the British Government. The main body of our citizens, however, remain true to their republican principles; the whole landed interest is republican and so is a great mass of talent. * * * It would give you a fear were I to name to you the apostles who have gone over to these heresies, men who were Samsons in the field and Solomons in the council, but who have had their heads shorn by the harlot, England. In short, we are likely to preserve the liberty which we have obtained only be unremitting labors and perils."

As the end of Adams' administration drew near, much interest was felt as to his successor. All knew that Jefferson was the supreme choice of the Republican-Democrats, and although he regarded the Presidency as "a splendid misery," it was probable that he had resolved to try to endure that misery for at least four years. At that time the votes cast by the electors for President and Vice President were not separate, the person receiving the highest number being declared President and the one having the next highest Vice President. When the time came to count the votes it was found that Aaron Burr and Thomas Jefferson each had seventy-three votes, so the election was cast into the House of Representatives. A trying season of suspense followed, during which there was a plotting of many schemes intended to throw the election to the Federalists. Hamilton nobly exerted his influence for justice and honorable procedure, so it came about that Jefferson finally owed his election chiefly to his formidable enemy, Hamilton. We are all familiar with the story of the simplicity of Jefferson's inauguration at Washington. Some writers

now regard this as an exaggerated legend and it does seem hard to believe that the owner of Monticello, who "drove through the country with a coach and four, attended by at least a dozen out-riders on blooded horses," should on entering on the highest office of the country ride unattended to the Capitol and tie his own horse to the fence. However, he might have done this in illustration of his opinion that "economy must prevail in national expenditure with the largest possible proper private outgo consistent with means."

His whole administration was marked by simplicity and lack of official display. In fact this was carried to such an extent that foreign envoys were sometimes inclined to regard it as a mark of disrespect towards themselves. As to the official acts of his administration we can find the most diverse opinion according to the Federalist or anti-Federalist writers. Doubtless he was not perfect and made many mistakes, but fewer probably than most men. Donaldson says: "The basic proposition of his political creed is 'All men are created equal.'" Some of his ideas of principles of government have proved false, but his purpose was honest and his hopes manly. He has been abused and misquoted, his memory libelled, his words questioned and some of his opinions declared fallacious; but in spite of these he is present in each second of the nation's existence and will continue to be. His views in the main were all men were created equal and with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He believed that laws are to be made without coercion or purchase of legislators or lawmaking bodies; that law must be impartially administered; that taxes must be evenly laid and collected; that the press must be free; that there must be no great standing army; that there should be no classes or orders of men; that education should be fostered by all means possible; that the general welfare of the people makes them homogenous; that there should be no other ruler than the people * * * that the Republic

ought to be partisan; that officials should be frequently changed since long continuance in power is monarchy; that merit should be the test of capacity; that law and protest (never license) should be heeded; that frequent elections are essential to the maintenance of liberty; that the nation's word once given should be sacredly preserved and faithfully kept. Some writers attribute to him the origin of civil service reform; others say that he at once turned out all Federalists. The questions he always asked of a man seeking office were: "Is he honest, is he competent? Is he an American?" His civil service policy is extremely like that practiced by Mr. Cleveland.

The most important act of his first term was the purchase of the Territory of Louisiana. In the course of this transaction there was an indication and development of that policy which was afterward called the Monroe doctrine which really owed its origin to Jefferson, or perhaps to Washington. The advantages of securing this territory, which had lately been ceded to France by Spain, were obvious but plainly unconstitutional and "in the dilemma Jefferson did what really great statesmen and philosophers have always done and always will do in such an emergency; he turned his back upon the doctrine and did the act." He said while the matter was still pending: "The Constitution has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our Union. The executive in seizing the fugitive occurrence which so much advances the good of their country have done an act beyond the Constitution. The Legislature, in casting behind them metaphysical subtleties and risking themselves like faithful servants, must ratify and pay for it, and throw themselves on their country for doing for them, unauthorized, what we know they would have done for themselves had they been in a situation to do it." Although his warmest admirers acknowledge him to be no financier, in the transfer of this property Jefferson showed "mercantile sagacity of which a tradesman might have been

proud. He brought upon himself the jeers of the Federalists for doing something which no monarch among them would ever have dared to do. By this act as well as by favoring bounties for the citizens of the new territory he went in direct opposition to all his former theories. Yet in a certain way he had been true to his fundamental principles in that he believed primarily in the will of the people and sought primarily the good of the people." His doctrine and his action though right made a dangerous precedent. But "certainly the history of the transaction puts it beyond a question that the statesman predominated over the doctrinaire in his composition, though his enemies to this day assert the contrary."

No President since Washington has been able to dictate to the people and to Congress as did Jefferson. His election to the second term was an overwhelming victory and showed the public approval of his first administration. He continued in office in a most sanguine frame of mind but his tranquility was soon disturbed by the treasonable conduct of his colleague Burr and by England's insistence that the United States should ally themselves with her against France. As the war clouds thickened Jefferson again showed that lack of spirit and military acumen which had been so derogatory to his rule as Governor of Virginia. Some writers assert that if he had shown a proper amount of spirit the War of 1812 would never have been fought. He continued to talk of peace, refused to strengthen the navy and recommended the Embargo Act, which almost caused the New England States to secede and which is now conceded by all to have been a mistake. The threatening war made him miserable and he did not seem able to cope with the situation. Near the close of his administration he wrote: "Five weeks more will relieve me from a drudgery to which I am no longer equal." The troublous times and his avowed principles made easy his refusal of a third term. "He retired with a reputation and a popularity hardly inferior to that of Washington. For a time he kept in close communication with Mr. Madison and had visions of

uninterrupted peace and prosperity for the country and of the United States owning the Floridas and perhaps Cuba." In 1820 the Missouri Compromise greatly disturbed his peace of mind and he prophesied civil war and said the North would be the section most to suffer from it. When he retired from the Presidency he expected to be "the hermit of Monticello," but he soon found that a man who had been a lawyer, agriculturist, Congressman, author, Governor, diplomat, Cabinet Minister, statesman, philosopher, Vice President, politician, educator and President could not so easily hide away from the eyes of man. Visitors great in number for even Virginia mansions thronged his halls. There were "persons from abroad, from all the States of the Union, from every part of the State, men women and children. In short, every day for at least eight months of the year brought its contingent of guests. People of wealth, fashion, men in office, professional men, military and civil, lawyers, doctors, Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests, members of Congress, foreign ministers, missionaries, Indian agents, tourists, travelers, artists, strangers, friends. Some came from affection and respect, some from curiosity, some to give or receive advice or instruction, some from idleness, some because others set the example." Fifty guests frequently spent the night. All this was flattering but irksome and the ex-President had to frequently flee to a distant farm to gain much needed rest. He was "really keeping a large and popular hotel at which no guest ever thought of paying his score." By degrees Jefferson became a poor man involved in pecuniary embarrassment. He promptly repudiated a gift or a loan from the State Treasury, saying: "In any case I wish nothing from the Treasury. The pecuniary compensations I have received from time to time have been fully to my own satisfaction." But from his countrymen-at-large he gratefully received offers of assistance, saying: "No cent of this is wrung from the taxpayers; it is the pure and unsolicited offer of love."

As to his religious belief there has always been much discussion and difference of opinion. He was quite a regular attendant at church and a reader of the Bible, but was opposed to identifying himself with any particular denomination and in all probability was a Unitarian at heart. He wrote in a letter on the subject: "I am a Christian in the only sense in which Jesus wished anyone to be; sincerely attached to his doctrines in preference to all others; ascribing to himself every human excellence and believing he never claimed any other."

One of the long cherished and dearest projects of his life was accomplished during these years of retirement. I refer to the establishment of the University of Virginia, of which he was made rector, and the plans for which he drew with his own hands. This seemed to round out the fullness of his life and it is surely a beautiful picture Mr. Nicolay gives of Jefferson "in his own house and garden, sitting in the refreshing shade of the trees he had himself planted, plucking the flowers and fruits he had himself reared, he talked wisdom to his gray-headed neighbors and contemporaries, gave kindly

admonition and instruction to inquiring youths or led his joyous and romping grandchildren through their juvenile games."

In the early months of 1826 it was evident that his strength was fast failing and that he was hardly able to read his last favorites, the Bible and the Greek tragedies. He longed to live to see once again the better day of our national independence and this wish was granted him. On that day he and his friend, John Adams, passed to their long rest. On the tomb which marks his grave in the little cemetery which he and Dabney Carr, the chosen friend of his youth, selected when they were mere boys, is an inscription written by Jefferson himself showing which three of all his great achievements were to him the dearest:

Here was buried
Thomas Jefferson,
Author of the Declaration of
Independence
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia.

MRS. IRA H. SHOEMAKER.
October 4th, 1900.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE CONFERENCE OF 1900.

Interesting Ceremonies at Wilkes-Barre, on Friday, the 19th of October, the Anniversary of the Surrender of Cornwallis.

In the assignment by our regent to those of us who were present at the State Conference at Wilkes-Barre of the different parts which she wished us to report, I cannot help feeling that the most difficult task was imposed upon me, for it is quite impossible in a very brief sketch to do justice to what, in my opinion, was the most interesting and enjoyable part of the proceedings.

The weather that Friday morning was delightful, the atmosphere so clear that the beautiful scenery of the famed Wyoming Valley was seen in perfection, and the crisp, bracing

air made the walks which we took from one historic spot to another a real pleasure. We started at half after nine in the trolley cars, and, after crossing the river, soon reached the quaint old church at Forty Fort where the exercises of the morning were to commence. The exterior of the frame building, which only dates back to 1810, was not nearly so impressive as our own far older Paxton Church, but the interior had all the air of hoary antiquity. The deep galleries which run around three sides, as well as the pews and the pulpit, twelve feet high, have never

been painted, and the rich brown tone was far more beautiful than the glare of shining paint, as well as more antique.

The exercises opened with the singing of a hymn appropriate to Forefathers' Day, the Forty Fort Band, which had generously donated its services for the occasion, accompanying the singing with a great deal of spirit. An impressive prayer was offered by the Rev. D. H. H. Welles, whose venerable appearance and silver hair seemed quite in harmony with the place. The orator of the day was Dr. Everett Tomlinson, of Elizabeth, N. J., a well known author of books treating of Revolutionary times, who prefaced his address by saying that he was between the horns of a dilemma, as he had at first been given permission to speak a little less than an hour, and afterwards he had been limited to a little over ten minutes; his talk was so interesting, and so full of humor that to none of his hearers would an hour have seemed too long. His address was entitled "The Women of the Revolution." He introduced his subject by reading a letter written by one of the officers of the army of Lord Cornwallis, which showed of what stuff he thought the women were made, for he wrote, that "Even if Lord Cornwallis should succeed in conquering all the men on the North American continent, he would still have enough to do to conquer the women; they hate and scorn us so intensely that they will not even wear the beautiful stuffs which they might have from England, but prefer their own ugly homespun; I am sick of the whole business, and wish I were at home." As Mr. Tomlinson remarked, we celebrate to-day an event which gave to this officer the fulfillment of his wish. The orator paid a beautiful tribute to the humble women of revolutionary times, whose names are unknown to fame, and whose sacrifices and sufferings are unsung, but who, in the quiet of their homes, had done as much mayhap to achieve the independence of our country as their husbands and sons on the field of battle. With graphic pen he sketched the most striking characteristics of some

of the prominent women of that early day, women of whose sayings and doings the chronicles and annals of the time give but a too meagre glimpse. As was most fitting, the first woman of whom he spoke was Mary, the mother of Washington, and it was evident that he agreed with those historians who assert that it was from the strong, sterling character and faithful, conscientious training of the mother, rather than the father, that the greatest American derived those traits which have made his name illustrious throughout the world. Martha, the wife, was sketched as the gracious, elegant woman who was so well fitted to lead the way in which "the first lady of the land" should always walk. Mrs. Gen. Knox was described as the great society leader of the cabinet during the first presidency of Washington; she even devised many delightful functions, albeit they were very simple, during the stress of the war, such affairs serving to relieve the intense strain and anxiety in the darkest and most trying hours. Mrs. Gen. Greene was pictured as the versatile woman who quickly turned her beautiful home into a hospital upon the breaking out of the war, and who, when the war was over, and her famous husband, second only to Washington in military skill, had received from his country as the reward of his services, a vote of thanks and a sword, cheerfully accompanied him to the South, to begin in poverty a new life upon the land which a Southern State was practical enough and generous enough to give to Gen. Greene, of New England, in recognition of his services in delivering the South from British dominion. We may remark here that the State of Georgia showed like generosity to our own Pennsylvania hero, Gen. Wayne, in return for his valuable services in that State.

The beautiful Dorothy Quincy, the charming and brilliant coquette, who became the wife of "King Hancock," as the wealthy Bostonian was often called, was also pictured in most attractive colors.

The enthusiastic singing of the Star Spangled Banner followed the close of an address, of whose interest

and brilliancy this short sketch gives but a faint idea.

The next step in the proceedings was the unveiling of a monument by the Children of the Revolution. This monument was intended to mark the site of Forty Fort, so called because forty pioneers had come from Connecticut to settle in this region, and to begin that struggle with nature which has resulted in the richly cultivated valley, and the still harder struggle with savage Indians, followed by the war for liberty which has filled the annals of the Wyoming Valley with the names of many heroes, of whom their descendants cannot be too proud. Mrs. McCartney, the energetic regent of the Wyoming Valley Chapter whose enthusiasm has inspired her chapter to do so many notable things, gave a most interesting account of how Forty Fort came to be constructed and the part it played in the disastrous battle of July 3, 1778, which was followed by the great massacre; then a little boy and girl, descendants of those pioneers, removed the flag which covered the simple boulder of conglomerate, which marks the site of the Fort, on the face of which was a bronze tablet with a most appropriate inscription. A few feet away from the monument, Master Charles Waller, a descendant of Capt. Joseph Wadsworth, who had hidden the famous charter of Connecticut in the historic old oak at Hartford, planted a sprout from the tree which had been grown from an acorn from the Charter Oak.

Another trolley ride brought us to the Wyoming monument on the bank of the river which was commenced years ago by some patriotic men of the region, but their ardor cooled to such a degree, that not until the Daughters took the matter in hand was it completed, but now its bronze tablets on four sides tell of the bat-

tle it commemorates, and immortalizes the names of the heroes who fought so valiantly, but so unsuccessfully to save their families and their firesides from savage Indians, and their equally implacable Tory and British foes.

From this point a short walk brought us to Queen Esther's Rock, upon which that savage woman slaughtered so many defenceless women and children. Relic hunters have been at work, so that the rock is now quite low and small, but, surrounded by a substantial iron railing, and covered with a strong iron grating, upon which is placed the bronze tablet which testifies to the work of the Wyoming Valley Chapter, it is now secure for all time from further desecration, or utter loss.

This was the last historic spot visited in this fascinating region, and as we returned to Wilkes-Barre through the same beautiful scenery, the heart of every visiting Daughter was filled with admiration for the Wyoming Valley Chapter which has so faithfully lived up to that clause of the constitution of the national society which states that one of the objects of the society is to mark historic spots, thereby keeping alive the names and deeds of those heroes of the American Revolution who established the independence of our country, and the minds of the members of the Harrisburg Chapter especially filled with the determination that our sister chapter, which, in her generous hospitality, had spared neither time nor trouble in planning for our pleasure, should a year hence find the same spirit manifested by the chapter which has the honor of having its home in the capital of our great State of Pennsylvania.

CAROLINE PEARSON.

December 14th, 1900.

JOHN HANCOCK.

In Boston, four years ago, on the 10th of September, a beautiful shaft of marble, with a medallion in bas-

relief of the first Governor of Massachusetts and signer of the Declaration of Independence was unveiled.

This monument is the tardy recognition—more than a hundred years late—erected by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts over the grave of John Hancock.

The Hancock family, originally from Cambridge, England, had been settled in the province of Massachusetts for several generations.

The Rev. John Hancock, the grandfather of the signer, was a man of pronounced personality. He was something of a dictator, and hence called "Bishop of Lexington." Notwithstanding this fact he was loved for his charm of manner, and highly respected throughout the community. To his son, the Rev. John Hancock, Jr., was born, on January 12th, 1737, the famous John Hancock.

This child lived as a healthy, happy boy at Quincy until his father died. Here he and John Adams used to play and quarrel and study their arithmetic together. Hancock generally won in the fights, but Adams came out ahead in the arithmetic. After his father's death, his mother, who was anxious for her son to have a college education but could not afford to give him one, consented to his adoption by his uncle, Thomas Hancock, of Boston.

This uncle, who had begun life as a bookseller, had become one of the richest men in the province. His house was of brownstone and granite ashlar. The furniture, window glass, wall paper, carpets, hangings and tall clocks were from England. The garden contained mulberry and other rare trees and shrubs. From the summer house in the grounds there was a beautiful view of the harbor and the surrounding country.

Young Hancock, dressed like a fashion-plate, with silver jingling in his pockets, was driven to and from school in his uncle's chariot. At first he went to the Latin School, then afterwards to Harvard, where he took his degree when seventeen years old. In later life he received the degrees of A. M. from Yale and Princeton, and LL. D. from Brown and Harvard.

His school life over, "Fortunatus" was taken in his uncle's counting house, where he served six years. Then his uncle sent him to England,

where he saw the funeral pageant of King George II, the coronation of George III, and was also presented at Court. This is a letter he wrote home. "March 2d, 1761, I shall with satisfaction bid adieu to this grand place with all its pleasurable enjoyments and tempting scenes, for the more substantial pleasures, which I promise myself in the enjoyment of my friends in America. I wish I had some news that you might communicate it to the man who is so fond of it—my friend the blacksmith at the bridge, whose name I have forgotten. I dare say he was full of it when he heard of the King's death." When Hancock returned to America, he was made a partner in his uncle's business. In four years Mr. Thomas Hancock died, leaving his favorite a fortune of something like \$350,000. This sum ranked him as the richest man in the province of Massachusetts. The heir entered into business with great zest and became a very prominent merchant and ship owner. The ships, which at this time were built in Boston, carried timber, tobacco, tar, rice and wheat from the colonies and imported manufactured and other articles from England. The laws of trade were far from favorable, but nevertheless the Boston merchants grew rich. Fine houses were built and furnished. Gentlemen walked King street in gold lace and fine ruffles. John Hancock is described sitting at home in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen, the edges of this turned up over the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white plated stock, a white silk embroidered waistcoat, black silk small clothes, white silk stockings and red morocco slippers. His portrait in oils, by Copley, which now hangs in the Boston Art Museum, was painted when he was thirty-five years old. Beside it hangs one of John Adams, which was painted by Hancock's order, to commemorate their long political union. Hancock's portrait shows him to be an unusually handsome man, above middle size and well proportioned.

Hancock was a merchant, statesman, gentleman. His military record

is so slight that in such a brief sketch as this no details are pertinent. He certainly lived in a very interesting period of American history.

As a statesman he assumed a great variety of public duties. His ability as a presiding officer was early discovered. He was selectman for the town of Boston, representative to the provincial Assembly, Speaker of the provincial Assembly, member of the Executive Council, president of the provincial Committee of Safety, president of the Continental Congress, and finally Governor of Massachusetts for thirteen years.

As a wide-awake merchant Hancock made active opposition to the stamp act and other trade restrictions. In celebration of the repeal of the stamp act he says: "The entire genteel portion of the town was invited to my house, while on the sidewalks I had a cask of Madeira for the common people." His business transactions were on a large scale and he acted as banker and broker for many smaller concerns.

In 1774 he was orator on the fourth anniversary of the Boston Massacre. Gracious, polished, handsome, a fluent speaker, he created great enthusiasm by his patriotic words. The credit of writing this speech, however, is always given to the silent, shrewd Samuel Adams.

By 1775 Hancock had lodged against him in the Court of Admiralty suits for over \$300,000; but these suits, which purely as a matter of policy made it prudent for him to be on the patriot side, so Samuel Adams advised, were now wiped off for all time by the battle of Lexington and Concord. To gain possession of Hancock and Adams was said to be one of the motives which led to the battle of Lexington, and resulted in their flight to Philadelphia. This flight to Philadelphia is one of the interesting incidents of their lives. Later Governor Gage offered pardon to all rebels except these two, whose offenses in his own stilted words, "were of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration but that of condign punishment."

Shortly after this Hancock was chosen President of the Continental

Congress. He was very much grieved and mortified when at the second session Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of the American army instead of himself. John Adams wrote of it: "Accordingly when Congress assembled, I rose in my place. * * * Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, so soon as he heard me allude to him, with his usual modesty, darted into the library room. Mr. Hancock heard me with visible pleasure, but when I came to describe Washington for commander, I never remarked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his face could exhibit them. Mr. Samuel Adams seconded the motion, and that did not soften the President's physiognomy at all." The next year Hancock, as President of Congress, signed his name first to the Declaration of Independence. This act alone will save his name from the smoothness of oblivion.

While Hancock was in Congress he found time for other writing besides legal documents, as this letter witnesses:

Philad'a 10th June.

My Dr. Dolly: I am almost prevailed on to think that my letter to my aunt and you are not read, for I cannot obtain a reply. I have ask'd a million questions and not an answer to one. I beg'd you to let me know what things my aunt wanted and you, and many other matters I wanted to know, but not one word in answer. I really take it extreme unkind, pray my Dr. use not so much ceremony and reservedness, why can't you use freedom in writing, be not afraid of me, I want long letters. I am glad the little things I sent you were agreeable. Why did you not write me of the top of the umbrella. I am so sorry it was spoiled, but I will send you another by express, which will go in a few days.

* * * I beg my dear Dolly, you will write me often and long letters. I will forgive the past if you will mend in future. Do ask my aunt to make me up and send me a watch string, and do you make up another and send me, I wear them out fast.

I want some little thing of your doing. * * * I have sent you by Dr. Church, in a paper box, directed to you, the following things, for your acceptance, and which I do insist you wear. If you do not, I shall think the donor is the objection. * * * One very pretty light hat; one neat airy summer cloak (I ask Dr. Church); two caps; 1 fan; * * * Adieu my dear girl, and believe me to be with great esteem and affection. Yours without reserve. John Hancock.

Remember me to Katy Brackett.

A few months after this Hancock hurried off to Fairchild, Ct., where he married the beautiful Dorothy Quincy. To them were born two children—a little girl, Lydia, who only lived a short time, and a boy, John George Washington, who died when nine years old from injuries received while skating. Dorothy Quincy, who was much younger than her husband, was a brilliant woman and fond of society. After his death she married Captain James Scott, who for many years had been in Hancock's employ.

On account of ill-health, Hancock left Congress after two years of service in 1777, and returned to Massachusetts, where he spent the remainder of his life. Here he became a member of the committee to form the State Constitution, under which he was subsequently chosen first Governor—another fact which adds interest to his name.

During Washington's visit to Boston, a foolish point of etiquette was raised by Governor Hancock as to priority of calls. The gouty Governor pleaded illness, and when finally he came officially to show the hospitality of Massachusetts to a guest who had properly stood upon his dignity, he was carried on men's shoulders—swathed in red flannel—as was said, "picturesque even in defeat." In Massachusetts at this time the question whether theaters should be allowed or not was of burning local interest. A company of players, encouraged by the townspeople, had hurriedly fitted up an old stable as a theater. This they called the new exhibition room, and the plays moral lectures. During a presentation of "School for Scandal," by Governor Hancock's orders,

poor Sir Peter Teazel was dragged off the stage to jail. After the "theater" had been closed a mob came to Hancock's house and wanted to pull the old building down. He mildly scolded them, forbade them to do so and sent them home. The *Columbian Sentinel* for December 22d, 1792, flatly accused him of gathering the mob himself for effect.

Hancock was treasurer of Harvard, but by some unaccountable mismanagement, had defaulted. He only escaped arrest for embezzlement through the fact that he was Governor of the State and no process could be served upon him. After his death his estate paid nine years' simple interest on the deficit and ten years later the principal. During his lifetime, however, he fulfilled his uncle's bequest of £500 to the library, and made liberal gifts to it himself. He assured the authorities that he had "the interests of the college at heart as much as anyone."

While Governor he introduced the playing of music on the common for the benefit of the people. Through his efforts also, the first Boston light-house was built.

Hancock was as sociable as he was generous. He loved dancing and music, rants and assemblies, and enjoyed himself immensely at card parties and dinners. All this, of course, was very shocking to some of his Puritan neighbors. A number of his entertainments are on record. On one occasion he entertained D'Estaing's fleet by a grand ball, the invitations to which were printed on playing cards. At another time he entertained five hundred gentlemen at a great banquet in Faneuil Hall. Frequently forty were present at his home dinners. Among his guests were such distinguished men as Lafayette and Paul Jones. Novel features were sometimes introduced, as for instance, requesting a guest to pull a small bell, which became the signal for discharge of all the guns in the harbor at once.

The Governor was pompous and very fond of display. He generally rode in his yellow coach behind six bay horses and servants in livery. Hancock had been troubled for a

number of years with gout. Shortly before his death he wrote: "I feel the seed of mortality ripening fast within me, but I think I have done my duty as a servant of the people. I never did and never will deceive them, while I have life and strength to act in their service." On October 8th, 1793, he died, aged only 56 years. He was accorded an imposing funeral. It was attended by the Supreme Court for the last time in full costume, with wigs and black silk gowns, and by dignitaries from far and near, and an immense concourse of other people.

John Hancock can scarcely be considered a great man. He certainly cannot in the sense in which Carlyle uses "great." His extreme personal vanity and a spirit of pettiness and jealousy keep him from being heroic. He was a man of considerable culture, and socially agreeable as a gentleman of refinement and grace.

He seems to have had a good, though not brilliant mind, and his character, though not weak, was not remarkably strong. His salient good points were patriotism and generosity. His life is a long record of giv-

ing and spending. He not only helped young men start in business, gave Boston church bells, fire engines and lavish public entertainments, but peculiarly sacrificed more for the Revolution than any other man.

It seems strange that no complete biography of this loyal patriot has yet been written. As Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., said at the unveiling of the Hancock monument: "He who would study the career of Hancock, must glean it piecemeal from the brief notices of encyclopedias, the pages of general history and the biographies of other men." There is considerable difference in the allusions of present writers to Mr. Hancock. John Fiske says: "He was generous and loyal, and under the influence of the iron-willed Adams was capable of good things." John Bach McMaster and Henry Cabot Lodge incline to the "empty barrel" and "statesman is a politician dead" view of him. But whatever conclusion may be reached as to his personal character, we can but honor and strive to emulate his ready patriotism and sterling loyalty.

MRS. GEORGE B. KUNKEL.

December 4th, 1900.

ROBERT MORRIS.

The Financier of the Revolution.

Next to the niche in which we have placed the great American hero, the "Cincinnatus of the West"—our beloved Washington—is the figure of Robert Morris, the "Financier of the Revolution." It is too true, however, that we in common with the people of all lands raise the warrior to the pinnacle of fame, which unfortunately overshadows the glory of the hero to whom the man is indebted for all his success in arms. And this was none the less the case during the struggle for independence, and it is perfectly meet and right that the Daughters of the American Revolution on all occasions when rehearsing the story of the eminent men who made independence possible, not to forget the services of that son of

Pennsylvania during the darkest hours of the War of the Revolution. Impartial history will forever invest the brow of Robert Morris with the chaplet of an immortal.

And who was this distinguished civilian of the Revolution? Who this great man who held the purse, during that terrible struggle for civil and religious liberty? Let us rehearse in brief the story of his checkered life, and take to heart his self-sacrifices in the contest.

Robert Morris, Jr., the son of Robert Morris, was born at Liverpool, England, on the 20th of January (O. S.), 1733-4. His father was a respectable English merchant. He held for a long time the agency of a very considerable tobacco house, and made

frequent visits to America in its interest—sometimes remaining several months. He was accidentally killed while temporarily residing at Oxford, on the eastern shore of Maryland. The son Robert came to America at the age of 13, and three years later entered the mercantile house of Charles Willing, of Philadelphia, as a clerk. He must have been faithful in his business relations, for subsequently we find him a partner with Thomas Willing, who succeeded his father, Charles Willing. The trade of the firm became extensive, and rapidly rose to the summit of commercial reputation. The foreign freightage required a large number of ships, and the financial credit of the partnership was established in every port of trade while Mr. Morris himself made several voyages as supercargo.

Although business was a pleasure to Mr. Morris, yet it encroached not upon the sphere of social cheerfulness, the simple and amiable arrangements of his counting house leaving him sufficient time to indulge his inclination for the enjoyment of friends, to whom he attached himself with all the ardor and sincerity of a generous and ingenious mind.

Did the limits of this biographical sketch allow of such amplification, it would be easy to detail instances in proof of the solidity of his friendships, but as the proper end of this brief portraiture will be best obtained by a summary of his political life, a single reference to such facts must suffice. A gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion who had lived on terms of intimacy with him, fell into sudden embarrassments, and became greatly distressed. As soon as Mr. Morris became acquainted with the matter, he advised an immediate removal to Baltimore, for the purpose of attempting to retrieve his broken fortunes, at the same time placing in his hands £500, with a written agreement never to demand its repayment, and taking as a nominal security the personal bond of the party obliged. To this sum he subsequently added another £500, neither of which loans was ever repaid him.

On the 2d of March, 1769, he renounced the unnatural solitude of

bachelorship, and intermarried with Mary White, the daughter of Colonel Thomas White, and sister of the amiable and learned Bishop White, of Pennsylvania. She was elegant, accomplished, and rich, and in every respect qualified to carry the felicity of connubial life to its highest perfection.

The objects and employments of Mr. Morris' life for some years after this change in domestic affairs were entirely of a commercial character. On the appearance of a rupture with the British Government, however, he was sent to Congress by the Assembly for Pennsylvania, at the close of the year 1775, and during that session was employed in some financial arrangements of the greatest importance to the operations of the army and navy.

During that period in our history Mr. Morris represented in Philadelphia, the same traits of character that John Hancock did in Boston, and Philip Livingston did in New York. All three were wealthy merchants, who threw themselves into the front ranks of the opponents of foreign rule, and risked the loss of their great property. Though Livingston died early in the war, yet in the year which he died he sold a portion of his private property to sustain the public credit; while Morris gave his personal endorsement to an amount exceeding a million and a half of dollars for purchases for the Government from parties who would not sell provisions for the army on any other condition.

Mr. Morris took the patriotic side from a very early day, resisting the application of the infamous stamp act, and signed the non-importation resolutions. And he did all this, notwithstanding his many business relations with prominent Quakers and other extreme loyalists of the metropolis. In November, 1775, the Assembly appointed Mr. Morris a member of the Continental Congress. He was placed on all the permanent committees of that body, on the navy, on the trade, and finance, and continued to act upon them during all the years up to the year 1781. In time, he became the official head of

the finances. It is true he opposed the resolution of the 2d July, 1776, declaratory of independence, from the fact that he wanted it settled whether liberty could be won by reconciliation or by independence. In a letter to President Reed, of Pennsylvania, of date of 20th July following, he wrote: "I have uniformly voted against and opposed the Declaration of Independence because in my poor opinion it was an improper time, and will neither promote the interests nor redound to the honor of America, for it has caused division when we wanted union, and will be ascribed to very different principles than those which ought to give rise to such an important measure." Nevertheless, when he was reappointed by the Assembly, he thought it a duty to submit, and when the Declaration was properly engrossed on the 2d of August, Robert Morris attached his signature to that immortal document, asserting in a letter to General Gates that he was dissatisfied with the conflicts and bickerings which arose in Pennsylvania over the new Constitution, and sincerely desired that the military operations should now absorb all the energy of the country.

During the march of the British troops through the Jerseys in 1776, the removal of the Congress to Baltimore is well known. For reasons of a commercial nature, Mr. Morris was left at Philadelphia, to remain as long as circumstances would permit. At this crisis, a letter from the commander-in-chief was received by the Government, announcing that while the enemy were accurately informed of all his movements, he was compelled from the want of hard money, to remain in complete ignorance of their arrangements, and requiring a certain sum as absolutely necessary to the safety of the army. Information of this demand was sent to Mr. Morris in the hope that through his credit, the money might be obtained. The communication reached him at his office, on his way from which to his dwelling house, immediately afterwards, he was met by a gentleman of the Society of Friends, with whom he was in habits of business and ac-

quaintance, and who accosted him with his customary phrase, "Well, Robert, what news?" "The news is," said Mr. Morris, "that I am in immediate want of a sum of hard money," mentioning the amount, "and that you are the man who must procure it for me. Your security is to be my note of hand and my honor." After a short hesitation, the gentleman replied: "Robert, thou shalt have it," and by the punctual performance of his promise, enabled Congress to comply with the requisition of General Washington.

The situation of General Greene in South Carolina was equally critical, his distresses rendering it scarcely practicable to keep his troops together, when a gentleman, Mr. Hall, of that State, by stepping forward, and advancing the necessary sums, enabled him to stem the danger. On the return of General Greene to Philadelphia, after the war had terminated, he repaired to the office of finance to settle his accounts, when the secret was divulged that Mr. Hall had acted under the direction of Mr. Morris. The General was hurt at such apparent want of confidence in him; but on reconsidering the subject, at the request of the financier, he admitted the wisdom of the caution which had been used. "I give you my opinion," said he, "that you never did a wiser thing; for on other occasions I was sufficiently distressed to have warranted my drawing on you, had I known that I might have done so, and I should have availed myself of the privilege." Mr. Morris rejoined, that even as matters had been conducted, the Southern expedition had gone nearer than the operations in any other quarter, to the causing of an arrest of his commercial business.

By a resolution of Congress, the office of Financier was established in 1781, and Mr. Morris was unanimously elected as the superintendent; the first and only office of the kind created in the history of our country. Previous to this election, he had formed a mercantile connection with Isaac and Richard Hazlehurst, of Philadelphia, and his fear lest the duties of an official situation of such

importance should interfere with his engagements in business, prevented his acceptance of office until Congress had specifically resolved that his fulfillment of his commercial obligations was not incompatible with the performance of the public services required of him.

The low state of public credit, from the want of solid funds to support it, had induced the United States in Congress to call for an impost of five per cent. on all goods imported, and all prizes and prize goods to be granted for the payment of the principal and interest of the debts contracted, or which might be contracted during the war. Some of the States complied with the demand. The two most Southern States were in such disorder, that a compliance from them could not reasonably be expected, nor was it relied on; but Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Delaware, Maryland, and North Carolina delayed passing the necessary laws. On the 7th day of July, 1781, an energetic appeal from the Financier procured the compliance of the States of New York, Delaware and North Carolina, and the accession of the others was confidently anticipated. This was of the last importance, as the impost could not be carried into effect without the concurrence of every State in the Union. Thus instead of realizing funds from this source, the Financier was compelled patiently to await the event. In the month of July, notwithstanding the pressing instances of Mr. Morris, very little hard money had been obtained from the States on the past requisitions of Congress; and not more than \$1,000,000 during his whole administration. But we cannot refrain from presenting an extract from his eloquent appeal made on the 9th of July, 1782, to the State of Virginia: "What, in the name of heaven, can be expected by the people of America, but absolute ruin, if they are so inattentive to the public service! Not until December will Virginia give anything, you say, towards the service of the coming year. How then are we to carry on those operations which are necessary? How is our country to be defended? How is

our army to be supported? Is this what is meant by the solemn declaration to support with life and fortune the independence of the United States?"

To trace Mr. Morris through all the acts of his financial administration, would be to make this sketch a history of the last two years of the struggle for independence. He was virtually the "Purse of the Revolution." When the exhausted credit of the Government threatened the most alarming consequences; when the soldiers were utterly destitute of the necessary supplies of food and clothing, when the military chest had been drained of its last dollar and even the intrepid confidence of Washington was shaken; upon his own credit, and from his own private sources did Mr. Morris furnish those pecuniary means, but for which the physical energies of the country, exerted to their utmost, would have been scarcely competent to secure that prompt and glorious issue which ensued. Gouverneur Morris, of New York, who was not a relation of Mr. Morris, but was more than that, a trusted friend, was named by him as his deputy. The former accepted this position of Assistant Financier on a salary of 1,850 dollars a year, but made this remark in doing so: "Greatly to curtail salaries is false economy, because it brings men into office who are incapable of the duties or unworthy of confidence." One of the first acts of Robert Morris' financial government was the proposition to Congress of his plan for the establishment of the Bank of North America, which was chartered forthwith and opened on the 7th of January, 1782. In less than two weeks after the bank was opened for business, the directors loaned the United States \$100,000; in February, March and June following \$300,000 more, making in all \$400,000 on a capital of \$300,000. These loans were not finally reimbursed until January, 1784.

"I have labored," Mr. Morris eloquently remarked, "to establish a credit for my country, that when the period should arrive (and I hoped it was not far distant) in which I would lay down the burthen now pressing

upon me, my successor in office should have no other difficulties to struggle with than I have, which necessarily attend an extensive and complicated administration. It is therefore with no common degree of anxiety and distress that I see my wishes frustrated. I feel as an American for my country—as a public servant for the interest and honor of those whom I serve—and as a man that I cannot enjoy the ease and tranquillity I have sought for, through a life of continued care and unremitted labor. It is my duty to mention to you (Congress) the fact to apprise you that, in such circumstances, our operations will continue to be the desultory efforts of individual power, rather than the combined exertion of political strength and firmness."

At this time "the States" were half a million dollars in debt on that year's taxes, which had been raised by anticipation, on that system of credit which Mr. Morris had created, and but for this, his plans of finance must have been entirely frustrated. On his retirement from office, it was affirmed by two of the Massachusetts delegates that "it cost Congress at the rate of eighteen millions per annum, hard dollars, to carry on the war, till he was chosen financier, and then it cost them about five millions."

But his position was not a "flowery bed of ease." Even in those days there were carping critics everywhere. Robert Morris had both, in and out of Congress. In the beginning of the year 1782, the Financier was rewarded for saving his country in the hour of her extreme peril by various charges, and these resolved themselves into the following points:

1. That he had robbed the Eastern States of their specie.
2. That he was partial to Pennsylvania, being commercially connected with one-half the merchants in Philadelphia.
3. That he was partial to the disaffected.
4. That he had established a bank for sinister purpose.
5. That his plan and the plan of Pennsylvania, was to keep the State of Virginia poor.

6. That with the Secretary of Congress, and a Mr. Coffin, he was engaged in speculation.

Now, with regard to the first point, the Eastern States themselves entertained a wholly contrary opinion, although there were a few persons in different parts of those States, who, from their extreme latitude of conscience did not scruple to assert what they knew to be false and to invent untruths with the design to injure the public service, and sow dissension among the States. In fact, Mr. Morris had not received either from the Eastern or Southern States one shilling in specie from the time of his appointment to the office of Financier, although he had sent very considerable sums both eastward and southward, as the exigencies of the service required.

By the representations of a committee of Congress, Mr. Morris was induced to abandon his intention of quitting office in 1783, and he accordingly continued to superintend the department of finance to the 30th of September, 1784, when in a letter to the Commissioners of the Treasury Board, he resigned his office, and immediately issued an advertisement, pledging himself to the payment of all his outstanding notes, as they should arrive at maturity.

On the day when Robert Morris ceased to have any connection with the Treasury, on the 30th of November, 1784, he wrote not to Congress, but to the people of the United States, a farewell address, which may have served to suggest to Washington his own farewell address to the people twelve years later. Like Washington, Morris in his address takes the part of counsellor to the people, and we give one or two sentences from the weighty words he then uttered, although they ought to be familiar to every lover of his country:

"Our prospects in a war are far from flattering; and unless our union be more strongly cemented, they will become gloomy indeed. The inhabitants of a little hamlet may feel pride in the sense of separate independence; but if there be not one government which can draw forth and direct the combined efforts of united

America, our independence is but a name, our freedom a shadow, and our dignity a dream. * * * * What may be the final event, time only can discover; but the probability is, that first divided, then governed, our children may lament in chains the folly of their fathers."

Upon the conclusion of the war, Mr. Morris was among the first who engaged in the East India and China trade, which by an increase as astonishing as it is unexampled has now become a lucrative branch of revenue and commerce. In the spring of 1784 he dispatched the ship "Empress of China," Captain Green, from New York, to Canton, being the first American vessel that ever appeared in that port. He also made the first attempt to effect what was termed an "out of season" passage to China; this passage being effected by going around the South Cape of New Holland, thus avoiding the periodical winds prevalent at certain periods in the China seas.

In October, 1788, Mr. Morris was elected by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to a seat in the United States Senate of the First Congress, William Maclay, of Harrisburg, being the other Senator who drew the short term in determining their services. Mr. Maclay's diary of his two years' services in the Senate gives some interesting reading, not only in regard to the members of that first United States Senate, but also to his fellow senator from Pennsylvania, Mr. Morris. At the end of his official life he became fatigued with political cares and was anxious to retire to the relaxation of private life. That Mr. Morris was not avaricious after influence, may be sufficiently established from the fact of his refusal to accept the situation of Secretary of the Treasury, which General Washington wished him to fill. On his being requested to name a gentleman for that office he nominated Colonel Alexander Hamilton, and on the expression of some surprise by the General, who was not acquainted with the Colonel's qualifications in that department, Mr. Morris decidedly declared his own knowledge of his entire competency,

and he was accordingly appointed to that important post.

That his long continuance in the public service, and his unremitting attention to the business of his country, had caused some confusion in his private affairs, is not surprising. In addition, the opening of the Land Office in Pennsylvania, which had been closed during the Revolutionary era, afforded opportunities for speculation in lands. The formation of the Holland Land Company, the North American Land Company and the Population Land Company, furnished chances for the wildest kind of speculation. From what we learn of Mr. Morris it would seem that after the war he embarked all his capital in the purchase of wild lands at the South, West and East. He owned lands in New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Maine, Georgia, Virginia and the District of Columbia. It would not be possible perhaps to tell how many millions of acres he possessed, though most frequently it was jointly with others that he was interested.

With these land speculations commenced his very sad misfortunes, events melancholly and mortifying to us as a people. It was not through his interest in his country's welfare, begging himself, as many have thought, which reduced Mr. Morris from affluence to extreme poverty. It was confidently expected that with the return of peace, the emigration to this country would be promptly augmented—but immediately after the war, the peoples of the old world had their misgivings as to the success of a free government, and as prosperity of the country was not then so inviting—at least not such as to fulfill the hopes of the speculators in the ready sale of the lands to actual settlers or to European capitalists; and after borrowing for several years, Mr. Morris at last found himself without any means of paying his pressing debts.

For months Mr. Morris was threatened with imprisonment in the debtor's prison, of Philadelphia. He wrote a letter to his wife in February, 1798, to warn her of its probability, and that she should not be alarmed when the event came. The

blow finally fell at the hands of a Shylock creditor, Charles Eddy, and on the next day, after he had warned Mrs. Morris, at that date, February 15th, 1798, he wrote John Nicholson, his partner, and to whom he was more indebted for his financial distress than to any other:

"I am here in custody of a sheriff's officer in my own house. Charles Eddy is the most hardened villian God ever made. * * * He was positively determined to carry me to Pruett street last night, but the sheriff humanely relieved me from his rascally clutches. * * * As I believe you want money as much if not more than I do at this moment, I return the forty dollars received in your note of this day, with thanks for your kind attention."

On the 20th of February following, he again writes the former that he was then a prisoner in the debtor's prison, and not in his own house. "This place ought to be avoided by all that can possibly keep out of it, and I hope to God you may succeed, but I doubt it."

To his son, a member of the Legislature, he writes under date of the 24th following: "It is to be sure an unpleasant, an unfortunate, and I may add an unexpected occurrence, brought on me by a desire to provide too amply for a family whose happiness is my greatest enjoyment. As events have turned up, it becomes a duty to submit to fate—to meet the bad as well as the good with fortitude."

The culmination of Robert Morris' misfortunes in a protracted imprisonment of a man sixty-six years of age, painful as it is to contemplate, was an event almost unavoidable in the then state of the law. Imprisonment for debt was the rule in all our States, thirty to forty years later. And in the poverty of the country at that time and the amount of millions of dollars of debts of Mr. Morris, it may have been next to impossible to make any combination which could have relieved him from the degrading penalty.

The mechanics of the city offered to aid him, but conscious that the relief would only be temporary, he de-

clined to avail himself of their kindness.

This noble man in prison, was he of whom John Hancock said during the war: "All depends upon you;" and Charles Lee, that "his labor was most Herculean;" and General Gates, "your head is equal to anything official;" and Governor Livingston, "In the name of liberty and our independence, let us be indebted to your talents for being rescued from the brink of destruction."

From the 16th of February, 1798, until the 26th of August, 1801, a period of three years, six months and ten days, was that noble old man confined in the debtor's prison.

In 1798, General Washington, when in Philadelphia, visited Robert Morris in prison, so stated by Custis. On his return, he and Mrs. Washington wrote a joint letter to Mrs. Morris inviting her to Mount Vernon, and assuring her of their "affectionate regard" for her and her husband. Fortunately for many of the later years the resources of Mr. Morris' family were the annuity of fifteen hundred dollars settled upon Mrs. Morris for her right of dower to the millions of acres purchased by the Holland Land Company. When he was released from prison, he went to live with his beloved and suffering wife, who resided in Twelfth street below Market street.

After a life of inestimable utility, Mr. Morris died in Philadelphia on the 8th of May, 1806, in the seventy-third year of his age, and was interred in the White and Morris family vault, in Christ Church graveyard. His wife survived her husband twenty-one years. She was lovely in her life, of womanly sweetness and grace, and one whom every American Daughter should delight to honor.

Mr. Morris' correspondence was exceedingly voluminous, of which the late General John Meredith Read acquired sixteen folio volumes, including his official private diary. And these were only a portion of the work of that distinguished man. In perusing his letters of the Revolutionary era, one is thoroughly convinced that he was a man of great energy and power, who was pushing on the

war by all sorts of means and in every direction, by land and sea, purchasing flour, flour barrels, guns, lead and gold, giving his opinion as to the number of troops that should be employed and the amount of their pay. He held up the world upon his shoulders.

It was with the sinews of war provided by Robert Morris, that in the very year in which he became Financier, having been the one who suggested the attack on Yorktown, General Washington obtained the surrender of Cornwallis. While those well read in the history of their country, consider that next to Washington, as heretofore said, the successful termination of the Revolution was due to Robert Morris, the national heart will respond, that if anything can be done it will be done; and it is with patriotic pride that we

observe the efforts being made by the moneyed men of America to do honor to the great Financier of the Revolution—and we feel greater pride in the fact that our Pennsylvania philanthropist, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, is the leader in this movement. It was Robert Morris, who, in the hour of his country's peril, leaped into the breach and saved its credit.

[The writer is indebted to the following works for authority in the sketch of Robert Morris here given: American Archives, Pennsylvania Archives, second series, Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution, Journals of Congress, III. History of Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania Magazine of History, Diary of William Maclay, etc., etc.]

CATHERINE IRWIN EGLE.

January 24th, 1901.

D. A. R. CONGRESS.

The following report on the national congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Washington was presented to the Harrisburg Chapter March 13, 1901:

I am very sorry that my report of the congress cannot begin at the beginning, but the "grip" and quinsy had laid such violent hands upon the regent and historian of the Harrisburg Chapter that it was quite impossible for us to leave home in any earlier train than the 1.40 on Monday, which did not take us to Washington until the business of the first day was over. But we arrived in time for one of the most brilliant social functions, viz., the reception which was tendered by the Board of Trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art to the Daughters of the American Revolution from 9 to 11 o'clock Monday evening. As Mrs. Hall had saved our tickets of admission for us, and as I was so fortunate as to meet friends who were going, our regent being obliged to take a rest, in view of her duty on the morrow at our State meeting, I decided to make one of the three thousand who were in-

vited to be present at a private view of the beautiful collection.

The art gallery is only about four squares from the Ebbitt House, the headquarters for the Daughters of the American Revolution, but our carriage stood in line so long that one of the party at least wished herself back beside the cheerful open fire she had left; the only consolation for the interminable waiting being that mean one of knowing that you were at least more comfortable than the long line of people who were standing on the sidewalk in the cold, biting wind, which has such full sweep through the wide streets of our country's capital.

At length we entered the gallery, and as the clock showed the time to be five minutes after 10, and we had left the hotel a little after 9, we may be pardoned for feeling that a little impatience was excusable. The crowd inside was dense, a broad line of people, apparently stationary, hoping in course of time to reach the receiving line.

The case looked so hopeless that our small coterie left the line and

wandered up the middle of the room until, seeing the familiar face of one of the vice-presidents general of New York, we were directed to where Mrs. Manning was standing beneath a certain marble bust of some hero of the ancient world. But tall as Mrs. Manning is, her diamond tiara was all that was visible, with a faint gleam of a white satin gown, and a magnificent bouquet of orchids. Mrs. Fairbanks stood beside Mrs. Manning then came all of the national officers, with whom we managed to shake hands, when, having performed this duty, we were free to look about us and admire the beautiful building with its wealth of statuary and pictures, the marble pillars twined with smilax, myriads of electric lights making it as bright as day. The dressing was magnificent, so much elegant, filmy lace that it was a marvel how it escaped destruction in the great press of people, while diamonds were as common as insignia and badges of all description. Indeed, Sousa, with his decorations, would have looked quite plain in such a scene. But the whole effect was brilliant and beautiful, especially when one looked down over the balustrades of the picture gallery or watched the moving mass of varied and beautiful colors as the wearers of the lovely gowns passed up and down the broad marble staircase, at the top of which was placed an impressive marble statue of Caesar, the representative of the great power of antiquity, looking down upon the representatives of one of the greatest powers of the modern world.

But please do not think that we spent all of our time watching the gowns; we had many pleasant talks with acquaintances, met at conferences and congress, and we listened to much discussion of the respective candidates for office, and heard so much both for and against them all that we were fain to exclaim, as did one of the finest women of the congress after she had listened with amazement to such different versions of the same subject, "Where is truth to be found?"

We also went through the rooms looking for favorite pictures which

cannot be seen too often, the beautiful, haunting face of Charlotte Corday, looking through her prison bars, and the life-like painting of the old Dutch fisherman in his boat, his little granddaughter beside him lending him "a helping hand," the little hands pressed down so hard on the heavy oar, the fair curls escaping under the little white cap, and the serious look of responsibility on the childish face. It was hard to leave the fascinating rooms, so full of interesting, beautiful and historical pictures, but as it was almost 12 o'clock the thought of the duty of the morrow hurried us away.

The next morning your delegate was in her seat in the Opera House in time to hear the congress called to order by the president general, Mrs. Manning, after which the chaplain general offered prayer; "America" was sung, the minutes were read and, in my opinion, as well as in that of the lady who offered the resolution, properly corrected, by making them read, "The Star Spangled Banner," our national anthem, was sung, instead of calling it merely "a patriotic song."

The whole morning was spent in vainly trying to hear the reports of the national officers, for this year, as at the congress three years ago, the Pennsylvania delegation was seated under the gallery, so that very little could be heard. At that congress, having been only an alternate, I had a splendid seat in the front row of the gallery near the stage, where I could hear and see everything, but this year, being a delegate, I felt that rather than sacrifice my dignity by going to the gallery, I would sit in my own proper seat and depend upon the Washington newspapers for accurate accounts of what was said and done. Then, too, there is no doubt that women were great talkers. Indeed, there was so much noise and confusion that Mrs. Sherman, of Mount Vernon, rose to a question of privilege in order to ask whether we were attending an afternoon tea or a session of the congress, as there was so much talk about utterly irrelevant matters. But I did hear enough of the report of the regis-

trar general to learn that while in 1892 our organizations had numbered but 1,200, it has now increased to 35,059. I was also able to hear all of the report of the treasurer general, Mrs. Darwin. She spoke distinctly, and the house was more quiet, the delegates evidently realizing the importance of knowing all about our financial condition. The report showed that the permanent fund contained \$71,307.13, while contributions during the past year for the Continental Hall amounted to \$10,723.47, of which sum Pennsylvania gave \$1,339, being only exceeded by New Jersey, Connecticut and New York. It was a splendid report and showed such a great amount of hard and accurate work that the vote of thanks that was given to Mrs. Darwin was well deserved.

In the afternoon the State regents gave three-minute reports, which were exceedingly interesting, showing a great variety of work done by the chapters, the giving of prizes, medals or money for the best essays on American history written by scholars in the public schools, the placing of tablets to mark historic spots, the restoration of historic houses, the presentation to the public schools of pictures of Washington and other great men of our country, the placing of genealogical works in public libraries, the marking of the graves of Revolutionary soldiers, and the erection of a drinking fountain by a chapter in Massachusetts to commemorate the birthplace of the mother of Franklin. This combination of honor to the dead with benefit to the living struck me as being a very fine idea, and well worthy of imitation. With all honor to our own State, which showed a membership of 2,300 in its 41 chapters, with a fine record of patriotic, civic and educational work, I must confess that Massachusetts bore the palm above all the other States. The regent, Miss Sara W. Daggett, read her report splendidly; her voice was so fine and her pronunciation so cultivated that it was a delight to listen to her, and when her three minutes had expired the congress unanimously called upon her to finish

reading her report, which showed how much the 56 chapters of that State had done to promote the study of American history by giving money to Harvard, so that the Cuban teachers might be instructed in our history, and by arranging courses of lectures so that the ignorant foreigners who are crowding into that old stronghold of the Puritans might be taught the principles upon which the greatness of our country is founded. The report showed that \$3,000 had been spent during the past year upon educational work alone.

As I knew full well that Pennsylvania could show no such record, I was glad to remember that the Harrisburg Chapter had, almost from its organization, done much to encourage the study of our early history by means of the offer of prizes for the best essays written by the members of the girls' graduating class of the High School, and that our example has been followed by many other chapters in different parts of the State, a regent of one of the Philadelphia chapters having told me, at the Corcoran reception, that her chapter was about to imitate us in this work; I thought it was a little late in the day, but then we all know that it is hard for Philadelphia to be obliged to follow Harrisburg in anything.

The most interesting business of Wednesday morning was the report of the Continental Hall Committee by the chairman, Mrs. Manning; the report was very encouraging, showing, as was stated before that \$10,723.47 had been given for this purpose the past year; the report concluded with an earnest appeal for more money. The fact that the rent for the Opera House for this congress was to be \$2,800 was certainly a cogent reason why we should, as soon as possible, have a home of our own, and Mrs. Manning's eloquent appeal was responded to from all parts of the house by chapters and individuals. Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Fairbanks each gave \$100, and \$100 was given by a member of the Harrisburg Chapter; the Mary Washington Colonial Chapter, of Savannah, gave \$35, with the wish that it was

\$3,500, but, as was stated, unfortunately, "while their hearts were big, their purses were small;" the chapter at Dallas, Texas, pledged \$10 a year until the hall was finished, while another chapter pledged \$25 a year for the same length of time. The smallest gift was \$2, a personal gift from Mississippi, which doubtless represented real sacrifice. I could not get all the amounts, consequently cannot give the total, but it was a large sum. Mrs. McLean then made an eloquent speech on the subject, stating that five years ago the New York Chapter had had a very handsome spade made for the purpose of digging the first spadeful of earth for the foundation of the building, concluding by offering a resolution for the appointment of a committee to ascertain the minimum price of land for a proper site, said committee to report the result to the congress; and although it seemed to me that the resolution was adopted, there was so much discussion and parliamentary jangling that I think in the end a substitute was adopted, which instructed every member to speak or write to her congressman urging him to vote for the bill giving the necessary ground, such a bill having passed the Senate, but still hangs fire in the House. Your two delegates accordingly took the time on Saturday to call upon our congressman, Mr. Olmsted, at the House of Representatives, and having sent in our cards to him, laid the matter before him with all the eloquence at our command.

On Wednesday afternoon the Daughters went to the White House by invitation of the President and Mrs. McKinley. There had been a State dinner the evening before, and the floral decorations which still remained in the east room were simply perfect; the four large mantels were banked with tulips, roses, azaleas and crotons, while the delicate asparagus vine waved over the large mirrors, and a lovely combination of rare tropical plants and beautiful ferns filled the space above the great central doorway. We remained in the east room for some time, meeting acquaintances not seen for years,

then passed into the corridor and across into the red room, where we had ample time to admire the beautiful portraits of Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Hayes, and the older pictures, and listened to the music of the marine band, which played in the State dining-room, for we were only allowed to pass into the blue room one at a time, where the President shook hands with each of us, Mrs. McKinley, seated, smiled pleasantly, and the wives of the Cabinet officers gave a cordial greeting to all. Those who had attended many congresses said that this was the most elaborate reception since those given by President Harrison.

We then drove to Mrs. Nash's reception given for the Daughters. Mrs. Nash is a South Carolinian who has lived in Washington since her marriage; we found her a most cordial hostess and met many pleasant people, among them some members of the Bellefonte Chapter whom we had not seen before.

As the evening program promised nothing of interest, I went with some friends to the Halls of the Ancients, a unique building on New York avenue, with a grand Egyptian facade, where models and casts of the beauties and grandeurs of Egypt, Assyria, Pompeii and other ancient civilizations are displayed, for the purpose of showing how a great group of national galleries might be constructed in Washington, which would not only beautify the city, but be of immense educational value. On my return to the Ebbitt House at a late hour, with my mind filled with the thoughts of the dead past, I was quickly recalled to the active, living present, for our regent met me at the elevator to tell me that a grand rally for Mrs. Fairbanks was to be held in the red parlor. Of course I now felt no inclination to "woo tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and was soon a witness of the excitement and an interested listener, as delegates from many different parts of the country told how many of their chapters or States could be depended upon to vote for Mrs. Fairbanks.

Thursday was the eventful day, the day on which nominations were to be made for the national officers, and the votes to be cast for the same. The first business was the announcement of the names of the newly elected State regents, the delegates of the Harrisburg Chapter feeling honored by hearing the name of one of their own members, Mrs. Louis W. Hall, pronounced as the choice of Pennsylvania. The remainder of the morning was spent in most tedious, time-wasting discussion about the number of tellers and inspectors, so that it was lunch time before the calling of the roll showed that there were present 593 delegates, of which number Pennsylvania had forty-eight. We hurried back after lunch, only to listen to more endless discussion as to the time which was to be given for nominating and seconding speeches; indeed, if a patent were to be given for a time-wasting machine it would certainly be awarded to the Tenth Continental Congress above all competitors. At length, all preliminaries being arranged, the nominating and seconding speeches for Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Roebling were made, some of the speeches being eloquent and inspiring, while others were commonplace and some even silly. Then followed nominations for the other national officers, and at long last the ballots were distributed, and after most minute directions about everything we began to write down our votes, and about 6 o'clock Alabama, the first State on the roll, was called and the regent, Mrs. J. Morgan Smith, followed by her delegation, passed down the middle aisle, and after depositing their vote went out. How long it seemed before Pennsylvania was called, and how tired we were, locked in until after 9 o'clock; but then, after a late supper, we could go to rest, while the tellers and inspectors were kept up counting the votes until between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning, their only comfort being that they were allowed to bring the precious ballot-box into the official parlor of the Ebbitt House, instead of being obliged to remain in the big, empty opera

house. Let it never be said again that women cannot keep a secret, for these thirty tellers and inspectors were obdurate to all appeals of reporters and curiosity mongers, and no one knew the result until Mrs. Park, of Georgia, chairman of tellers, appeared upon the stage, soon after the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Bishop Satterlee, and announced that Mrs. Fairbanks had received 333 votes, Mrs. McLean, 208, and Mrs. Roebling 42. Wild enthusiasm broke forth when the election of Mrs. Fairbanks was announced, and it was a long time before sufficient quiet was restored to enable her to make her address of acceptance, but when she began to speak there was perfect silence, and her clear, well modulated voice could be heard in every part of the house. She spoke with evident sincerity and deep appreciation of the honor and responsibility of the high office to which she had been elected. Then followed the announcement of the election of the other national officers, and I was very glad that Mrs. Lindsay, of Kentucky, who, as chairman of the Founder's Badge Committee, had so charmed me three years ago by her brilliant report, received the highest number of votes, 446; it always makes me feel so comfortable when any of my particular candidates are elected. Doubtless you have all read in the papers the names of the other officers who were elected, so that I shall not lengthen my paper by naming them.

The afternoon was devoted to a memorial service in honor of Miss Eugenia Washington, one of the founders of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. What a contrast between this sombre scene and that brilliant event of three years ago, when the medals were presented to the founders, one of whom had so lately passed away, while the other two were now to pay tribute to her memory. Miss Desha's address was short, but very touching; she told how Miss Washington, when the society was first organized, although descended from a colonel, declined to allow the requisite for membership to be de-

scent from an officer, but said that claims should be founded upon service or suffering only; not upon rank. Miss Desha summed up Miss Washington's character in the three words, "truthful, faithful, honest."

Mrs. Walworth's appearance presented a striking contrast to that eventful evening, when she was arrayed in black velvet and diamonds; now her deep mourning reminded every one of the daughter who had died while nursing our sick and wounded soldiers during the Spanish War. Mrs. Walworth began her address, which was very eloquent, and finely delivered by a beautiful tribute to General Washington; she then traced the relationship of Miss Eugenia Washington to the greatest American, and spoke much of her noble character. Mrs. Walworth was well qualified to speak of Miss Washington, for she had known her ever since 1867, when she came to Washington, an exile from her ruined home on the Rappahannock, bringing with her her father, a helpless paralytic, for whom she cared with deepest devotion and self-sacrifice during the remaining seven years of his life. Mrs. Walworth then told of the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution on the 9th of August, 1890, by Miss Eugenia Washington, Miss Desha and herself, and spoke of the work Miss Washington had performed during the first six years; she then traced the growth of the society from this small beginning, down to the present time, making a touching and beautiful allusion to Mrs. Harrison, who was invited to be the first president. The whole address was intensely interesting, and a fitting tribute to the woman who had been so instrumental in founding a society, which, it is hoped as the years pass, will do much to preserve the memory of the great men and great deeds of the early days of our country, and by so doing inspire coming generations to like deeds of service and heroism. The members of the society who had served with Miss Washington on the national board sat upon the stage, and many of them spoke in praise and admiration

of a life which had been so full of sacrifice for others. The George Washington Chapter of Galveston, Texas, of which Miss Eugenia Washington was a member, presented a beautiful floral tribute, a star made of white carnations, the star being the emblem of their State. A mixed quartette sang several selections, the last one, Kipling's Recessional, being especially appropriate and beautiful.

The Mary Washington Memorial Association, to which some of our members belong, held a meeting in the Ebbitt House parlor immediately after the memorial service. At this meeting it was urged that a great effort should be made to secure this year the 11 members still needed to bring up the membership to the required 600. I had arranged to go to a reception at Mrs. Lindsay's, and was obliged to leave early, so that I could not learn what plans were adopted. As I stated before Mrs. Lindsay was my especial candidate for vice-president general, so that I was very glad to meet her in her own home. I found her a most gracious and delightful hostess; Mrs. Fairbanks, the new president general, stood beside her, and received many congratulations upon her election and also upon her address of acceptance. There was a long receiving line, most of the ladies being from Virginia or Kentucky, and their warm-hearted and gracious manner of greeting so many entire strangers had all the charm which we of the colder North admire so much in the Southerners.

The evening was devoted to a patriotic service in honor of Washington's Birthday. A fine orchestra played patriotic airs, and we were all filled with expectation to hear the address of Secretary Long. Mrs. Manning presided, and she certainly looked queenly; her gown was of pale green velvet of a most perfect shade with exquisite applique in white on the skirt; her white hat was an unmistakable Paris creation, while her ermine-lined wrap was indeed a thing of beauty. Mrs. Manning introduced the Rev. Mr. Bristow, who began his address by saying that he was only to speak until Secretary Long came,

and then paraphrased the old saying in this wise: "Woman wants but little here below, but wants that little long very much." As I had always been taught that a pun was the lowest kind of wit, I felt that the commencement was not very hopeful, even though the speaker was the pastor of the church which President McKinley attends, but my opinion soon changed, for I have never heard a more eloquent, interesting and scholarly address upon Washington. He dwelt especially upon the character of Washington, proving conclusively that it was his noble character which, by enabling him to conquer almost insurmountable difficulties, had made it possible for him to achieve the independence of our country, and which gives him to-day his exalted position throughout the world. He also paid a beautiful tribute to the mother, whose training had such great influence over the formation of this character; at this I looked at my star with great satisfaction, feeling proud that I was a member of a society whose design is the perpetual care of the grave of "Mary, the Mother of Washington." At the close of the address, the band played some patriotic selections and several of those plaintive negro melodies, among them "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River" and "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," whose pathetic minor tones always touch the

heart of the listener with some of their own sadness. Still the Secretary did not appear, so Mrs. Manning introduced the Hon. Horatio King, of New York, who had thus the unexpected honor of making an address before the Daughters of the American Revolution. His humorous beginning at once seemed to put him in touch with his audience, and he then proceeded to pronounce a fine eulogy upon Lincoln and Grant, the two other members in the triumvirate of the greatest Americans. At the conclusion of this address the band played "Dixie," which was applauded to the echo. No doubt the strains of this Southern war song did something to soothe the feelings of the many Southern women present, which was quite necessary, for certainly there was much in the address that must have been extremely painful to them. Then came "The Red, White and Blue," perhaps as a recognition of the North, and to conclude "The Star Spangled Banner" for us all. On the instant the immense audience rose to its feet, and as I looked at the beautiful flags entirely covering the front of the galleries, I felt that we could not be thankful enough that over our whole great country there now floats but one flag, "The Star Spangled Banner."

CAROLINE PEARSON.

MOLLY PITCHER.

When, for certain reasons I decided to write a sketch of Molly Pitcher, a train of thought was awakened which led me back to the Columbian Exposition, with its picturesque lagoons winding among the beautiful buildings on the shore of Lake Michigan; the whole scene appearing at this distance of time like a lovely city of dreams. I recall the exhibits of the different States which were arranged in such a manner as to proclaim to all the passing world the products and achievements of which each particular State was the

most proud; and when I think of Washington, with its complete display of a school system of which even Massachusetts need not to have been ashamed, I remember my surprise that such progress along educational lines had been made on the shores of the Pacific. Again I recall the intense interest I felt as I stood before the glass cases from Illinois, in which were arrayed clothing which had been worn, and belonged to our great Martyr President, whose Emancipation Proclamation removed forever the dark blot upon the fair



"This gavel was made from wood of the 'Molly Pitcher' house, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania."

fame of our country, which for so many years had made the words of our national anthem, "The land of the free," such a bitter mockery in the face of our enslaved millions. When I think of our own State of Pennsylvania I see before my mind's eye that wonderful display of iron which testified that our mountains, which have made our State famous for its grand and beautiful scenery, contained within their depths material enough for innumerable ocean greyhounds for the transport of the eager traveler to the scenes of beauty and historic interest in the old world, while there still would be left an abundance with which to build all the battle ships that might be needed to remind that same insolent old world that she must ever be mindful of the Monroe Doctrine. In the New Jersey exhibit, one object is indelibly impressed upon my memory; an oil painting in a most conspicuous place, showing a cannon in the foreground, which a woman is firing off, while at her feet lies outstretched a man, apparently either dead or dying; nearby there is an officer on horseback, and in the dim distance a church spire points to heaven. As at that time I had not been for seven years the historian of the Harrisburg Chapter, and consequently obliged to revive and to add to my knowledge of American history, the picture was an enigma to me, but my companion instantly exclaimed, "That is Molly Pitcher," to which I innocently replied, "And who is Molly Pitcher?" The rebuke I received for my ignorance in regard to the heroine of Monmouth was so crushing that I determined nothing should prevent me from at once finding out all about her. But perhaps we all know by experience as well as by report the usual fate of good resolutions, so that no one will be surprised to hear that it was only very lately that I began to try to unravel from a confused mass of contradictory statements the actual truth about the woman whom New Jersey so delighted to honor. Even the important facts in regard to her nationality and the place of her birth and death, as well as many other

things about her, were very uncertain; one authority stating that she was the daughter of Dutch parents, who lived in Pennsylvania, while another declared her to be of Irish descent, and that she ended her days, soon after the close of the war, near Fort Montgomery on the banks of the Hudson; one writer said that she was buried "with the honors of war," another that she was buried quietly and without military honors. But persevering research was rewarded, as it usually is, and the truth about Molly Pitcher was found at last. Her father was a German, by name John George Ludwig, who came to this country with the Palatines, and settled on a small dairy farm between Princeton and Trenton, in Mercer county, New Jersey, where, on October the 13th, 1744, his daughter Mary, the subject of this sketch was born. "It is said that she was not pretty, but had Titian hair, blue eyes, small features and was rather short in stature, but she was so strong that she could carry a three bushel bag of wheat across her shoulder and deposit the same in the upper room of the granary." She wore the customary dress of the day for persons in her station of life, "the short gown and petticoat," which consisted of a loose sack with a blue and white cotton skirt. In regard to her education we quote literally: "As is the manner in German households, Mary was taught first obedience without question; to work willingly and cheerfully; to utilize what was at hand and make the most of circumstances; when times bettered not—to thank God they were no worse."

Such training was just the preparation needed to make her the heroine she became. When Mary was about twenty or twenty-five years of age, the dates of historians differ hopelessly at this point, Mrs. General William Irvine, of Carlisle, was visiting in Trenton, and being in need of a faithful, industrious girl, as Mary was reported to be, she hired her and took her back with her to Carlisle.

I hope I shall be pardoned a slight digression at this point, for I cannot

forbear stating that General Irvine was the colonel of the Seventh Pennsylvania regiment, which, with two other Pennsylvania regiments, a Maryland and a Virginia regiment were selected by General Wayne to check the assault of the enemy at Monmouth, in one of the most critical moments in the history of the Revolution, and his grave is one of those of five general officers, which lie within a radius of fifty miles of our city, over which no stone is placed to tell the passing traveller that here lies a hero. May the day be not far distant, when the Harrisburg Chapter shall lead the way for the neighboring chapters to repair this shameful neglect. But to return to my story. In Carlisle Mary met her fate, in the person of John Hays, the village barber, but they had been married only a short time, when the peaceful dwellers in the Cumberland Valley were startled by the news of the fight at Lexington. From every hill and valley in New England men marched with all speed to Boston, "until by Saturday night, General Gage found himself besieged by a rustic army of 16,000 men." But not only New England, the whole country was on fire: to quote literally from Bancroft: "With one impulse the colonies sprang to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other" to be ready for the extreme event. "With one heart, the continent cried 'Liberty or Death.'" This momentous event, the first irrevocable step in the independence of our country, disturbed the happiness of Mary Hays, for her husband enlisted in Proctor's First Pennsylvania Artillery, Continental Line, and the newly wedded wife was left in the service of Mrs. Irvine to spend sorrowful days as she spun, brewed and baked. She had also to endure, as best she might, the jibes and jeers of her acquaintances, who were constantly telling her that she "had lost her pretty barber" and that she "would never again lay eyes on him." But her faith in him remained unshaken and it had its reward. On a July morning of that same year, after hanging the washed clothes upon the lines, she went to

the hillside to gather blackberries. Suddenly she saw a "horseman riding like lightning to General Irvine's" (her own words, as years after she related the occurrence to her granddaughter, Polly McLaester). She hurried to the house, hoping to hear news from the army, and indeed there was joyful news for her; there was a letter from her husband in which he told her to ride with the bearer to her parents, they needed her, as the army was near Princeton he might sometimes be able to see her. She obeyed instantly, unpegged her own clothes from the lines, and she said they "were quite wet," made them into a bundle, which was attached to the pommel of the saddle, mounted the horse behind the messenger, and started for home.

Her child, John Hays, Jr., was born at her father's house, where she lived an industrious life, and went to the camp to see her husband as often as possible.

It was after the battle of Princeton, on January 3d, 1777, that she had the first chance to distinguish herself. After the Continental army had gone, she came to search among the dead and wounded for her husband's friend, Dilwyn, whom her husband had charged her to find dead or alive, and care for him. In her search she came across a cannon charged and with a lighted fuse nearby, the fuse being a piece of rope soaked in some combustible substance, and slowly burning at one end was used in discharging cannon. This gun was said to have been a British cannon which was too cumbersome for the Continental army to drag to Morristown. Mary Hays touched off the gun, and just at the right moment, for Lord Cornwallis' advance guard was just within range. As they feared a trap they wasted an hour in searching for the concealed enemy, and when at length they swarmed into the enclosure they found no gunners, never suspected the red-haired German woman, who was carrying away on her shoulder a dead soldier as easily as she used to carry the bags of wheat to the granary. The soldier was Dil-

wyn, who, however, was not dead; she carried him to her father's house, two miles away, where she nursed him to health. He showed his gratitude by sending her a box of fine dress goods, which she never made up, for to her simple taste they were too lovely to mar with scissors.

The delay of the British at Princeton was of great advantage to the Continentals, who rapidly pushed northwest, and by midnight were eighteen miles away.

At length the day dawned, which was to place high on the roll of honor the name of the humble German woman, and to cover with infamy the name of the haughty Englishman, General Charles Lee, whose treachery almost caused the loss of the battle of Monmouth. Had not Wayne, with the regiments before mentioned, succeeded in checking the assault of the enemy at the well-known orchard of Monmouth, and Washington, with the true instinct of a great general, been able to snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat, the day would have been lost.

But it is not our purpose to write the history of the battle of Monmouth, which had such "a great effect on the public mind," destroyed the belief in the invincibility of the well-disciplined British troops, established the fame of Wayne, and filled the whole country with the praises of Washington. Our task is with the man behind the guns, or to be more exact, the woman behind the gun, for Mary Hays was with her husband on the field of battle that memorable Sunday, the 28th of June, 1778, ready to do whatever a loving heart and willing hands could find to do. In a ravine nearby there was a spring, and from that spring, unmindful of the terrible heat, for the thermometer stood at 96 degrees in the shade, she carried water in the cannon's bucket for her husband's cannon and to refresh his comrades of Knox's artillery. As the men saw her coming they would call out, "Here comes Molly with her picher," for some men will joke even though death is all around them; perhaps it is a relief to the terrible strain, and as the

battle grew fiercer, and the heat more intense, as soon as she appeared with her bucket of cold water, on all sides was heard the cry, "Molly Picher! Molly Picher!" And thus she gained the name which has become historic.

But at length, as she breasted the slope, she saw her husband stretched motionless beside his gun, and as she drew nearer she heard General Knox give orders for its removal. It was a terrible moment for the faithful, loving wife. Should she give way to her grief or was there a call to a higher duty, since her husband was beyond help; ought she to serve the living? In a moment her resolve was taken; she took her husband's place behind the gun, and "when the men came to take it away, they found the gunner's wife

"Loading, firing that six-pounder,
And she bravely, 'till we won, work-
ed the gun."

"Though like tigers fierce they
fought us, to such zeal had
Molly brought us;

That tho' struck with heat and
thirsting, yet of drink we felt
no lack;

There she stood amid the clamor,
swiftly handling sponge and
rammer,

While we swept with wrath condign,
on their line."

Her services were highly appreciated. General Greene complimented her on the field of battle, and General Washington sent for her to come to his tent.

But with her clothing so soiled and torn, how could she enter the presence of the commander-in-chief? At length one of the soldiers put his own coat on her, which made her look a little more presentable. Washington praised her highly, conferred upon her the brevet of captain, and said that she should have half pay for life. Then the gallant Lafayette asked that his men "might have the pleasure of giving Madame a trifle." "Although there were no French troops in the field at that date, yet there were many French officers who had volunteered into

American regiments," and they showed such great appreciation of the plucky woman who had fought so bravely against their hereditary enemy that they emptied their pockets, so that the "trifle" bestowed upon the "brave Marie" proved to be a hatful of coin. The enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds, and they cheered to the echo. Just here one of the many blunders in connection with Molly Pitcher must be corrected: Sergeant Hays was not dead as he appeared to be, and as many writers assert, but, completely overcome by fatigue and the terrible heat, he had fainted beside the cannon he was working. He served faithfully to the close of the war, after which he took his wife and child back to Carlisle, where he worked at his trade again, and his wife did washing, so that with the annuity of forty dollars granted by Congress, they lived very comfortably until his death in the early part of the nineteenth century.

A few years afterwards Mary was so misguided as to marry a drunken Irishman named McCauley, who cared more for her small pension than for the fame she had won, and who ill-treated her to such a degree that his death was a blessed relief from his cruelty.

"On February 27th, 1822, the Pennsylvania Legislature, by special act, granted her an annuity for services during the Revolutionary War, the sum of forty dollars immediately, and the same amount half yearly during her life. The bill was passed without a dissenting vote."

Thus did the State of her adoption pay honor to the woman who had served so efficiently on the field of Monmouth, where such great glory had been won by Pennsylvania troops, under a Pennsylvania general. Molly died in Carlisle in 1823, was buried in the cemetery which

had been given to the town by William Penn, and at her request in the same grave with her first husband, John Hays.

For more than forty years the grave was unmarked, but on July 4th, 1876, the people of Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, placed over her grave a handsome slab of Italian marble which bears the following inscription:

Molly McCauley,
Renowned in History as "Molly
Pitcher,"

The Heroine of Monmouth.

Died January 22d, 1823,

Aged Seventy-nine years.

Erected by the Citizens of Cumberland County,
July 4th, 1876.

A little distance back of the monument is the grave of Peter Spahr, who died September 1st, 1834. He was the man who conceived the idea of erecting this memorial and collected the money for it.

At Freehold, New Jersey, November 13th, 1884, there was unveiled, with imposing ceremonies, the magnificent granite monument, more than a hundred feet high, which was erected to commemorate the battle of Monmouth. Upon one of the five bronze tablets, at the base of the shaft, is carved the same scene that attracted my attention in the oil painting in the New Jersey exhibit which was described in the beginning of this paper. Thus did her native State pay honor to the woman who helped to win the battle which for many reasons was such a great event in the progress of the Revolution, and which placed undying laurels upon the heads of Washington and Wayne.

CAROLINE PEARSON.

June 28, 1901.

A HISTORIC PASTOR.

Memory loves to dwell about the old churches of our State, especially those near our homes, around which

from our childhood days have clung the mystery and romance of a far-away and historic past.

Thus with love and reverence we regard old Paxton, the old church at Derry; St. James', at Lancaster; St. John's, at York.

A deeper sanctity, an especial peace, seems to rest upon these old buildings, especially when they stand, as many do, in the country and surrounded by God's acre, where "lies the sleeping dust of those long departed."

So, no services ever more appealed to me than those I used to attend at St. David's at Radmore, where one can sit in the old Wayne pew and look out through generous, old-time windows, upon the monument of that one of the greatest of our Pennsylvania heroes, its white sides and darkening lettering gleaming through aged trees and the sweet wild growth of that ancient graveyard, so filled with gray and moss-covered memorials of its earliest days.

For these old churches, to which we ever turn with affectionate reverence, we can even at this late day thank God that they held for us only pleasant memories, unshadowed by the dark wings of tragedy, as were some of the sacred edifices more distant from us.

The paper just read on "Mouth" suggests a sister State and a story of Revolutionary days and disaster in connection with the old churches of Elizabeth and Springfield.

The first church in that part of New Jersey was Presbyterian and was established very early at Elizabeth and was attended by persons from great distances, many walking from Rahway, Westfield, Springfield and other points.

A second church soon followed at "Connecticut Farms," and in 1746, nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, a third was organized by the Presbytery of New York at Springfield.

The first pastor, the Rev. Timothy Syms, came from Maine, was himself the grandson of a clergyman. He was a graduate of Harvard at 17 and was ordained at 20. He was the father of Judge John Cleaves Syms, one of the most distinguished patriots of the Revolution, and as a

member of the Council of Safety had the honor in common with Governor Livingston and Silas Conduit, of having a price set on his head by the British.

One of his daughters married General Harrison, afterwards President of the United States, and a son, Captain John Symmes, who added two new letters to his name, fought in the War of 1812.

The old manse of which only a picture now remains was built in 1764, and was one of the three buildings left standing when Springfield was burned by the Hessian army. So, there were only a few peaceful years given before the rumblings of the Revolution were heard and felt by the little community and their remarkable and patriotic pastor who, with his fair wife, came to them in 1774 and remained with them twenty-seven eventful years, together facing the storm without flinching. This man was the Rev. Jacob M. Artsdalen. He was a strong and beautiful character, and his memory is still held in affectionate reverence.

In 1778 the church was so taken up with stores and "ammunition that it was a question what to do about the services. The good pastor, Rev. Artsdalen, was full of expedients and fitted up the garret as a temporary place of worship. "Thus," said one of the later pastors of the church, "was the building itself dedicated to the 'God of Battles.'"

"It was in 1773 when a vacancy occurred in the pastorate at Springfield that the Rev. James Caldwell, pastor of the First Church at Elizabeth, 'High Priest of the Revolution,' and, perhaps, the most heroic and dramatic character in the history of Springfield, preached several times to the congregation."

Mr. Caldwell was born in 1734 at Cub Creek, in what is now Charlotte county, Virginia, graduated at Princeton in 1759, became pastor of the large and important church at Elizabeth.

He married in 1763 Hannah Ogden, of Newark. Her tragic fate has made her name familiar to all readers of Revolutionary history. Mr. Caldwell from the first warmly espoused the

cause of the people and by his personal influence and eloquence aroused the spirit of resistance. He acted with the army, both as chaplain and as commissary. It was said that no other man in New Jersey could so quickly and effectively have gained responses to his appeals.

He was so hated and persecuted by the British that he removed his family for safety to the "Connecticut Farms." The British were then in possession of New York and Staten Island, and made frequent incursions into New Jersey, on which occasions the bell of Mr. Caldwell's church always rang to give the alarm and to arouse the country.

January 25th one of the parties captured a number of officers and men at Elizabeth, plundered the inhabitants and the town was burned. Caldwell's church and a private residence were burned at the same time, set on fire by the torch of an ardent Tory, who when he saw the building in flames, exclaimed "that he was sorry that the black-coated Caldwell had not been in his pulpit." This detachment received their deserts, as they were made to retreat with heavy loss.

Another expedition which started June 5th, 1780, was considered large enough to subdue the Jerseys and to restore the Jerseymen to their allegiance. In the advance General Sterling was killed from a random shot fired by a sentry, and General Knyp-hausen himself took command.

Information having reached Washington in time, he moved forward in person, securing the passes of the Short Hills, directly in the rear of Springfield, and commanding the approaches to Morristown.

This action caused a precipitate retreat, during which the houses of villagers were plundered and burnt, and the murder of Mrs. Caldwell occurred. She is described as having taken her little children into an inner room, was holding one child, an infant, in her arms, and was at the moment earnestly engaged in prayer. A musket discharged through a window sent two balls into her breast, and she fell lifeless to the ground. Her remains were taken to

a place of greater security by a young American, an officer in the British army.

The unhappy husband and father was on duty at Washington's camp. Having passed a night of great anxiety, he came over in the morning under a flag of truce, only to find his worst fears realized.

The news that Parson Caldwell's lovely wife had met her death from the bullet of a British soldier flew far and wide and caused as great excitement as the death of Jane McCrea. No doubt it nerved all hands to save the country, and to end the British campaign in the Jerseys on that day, two weeks later, when on the morning of June 23d came into Springfield messengers running swiftly with the fearful cry, "The British are coming, they are near!" "Nearer and nearer," says a recent writer, "to the peaceful village came the sound of the tramp of feet, of bugles and drums. The great signal guns on Short Hills boomed forth, and answered from the peaks around. A small detachment of the American army was placed at different points, and the minute men, 'the embattled farmers,' as at Lexington, came rushing in crowds from the fields and plowshares. Fancy a moment when the red-coats appeared upon the main road of the village near the old church and parsonage in battle array, with twenty pieces of artillery, cavalry and infantry, 5,000 strong, and led by the veteran, General Knyp-hausen.

"It was enough to make hearts quail, yet we read of no consternation, only of determined valor.

"We see the pastor standing in the door of his parsonage, encouraging the patriotic ardor of his people and their faith in victory.

"Picture the advance of the noted squadron of cavalry, Simcoe's regiment of Green's Rangers, with drawn swords and glittering helmets, followed by the British and Hessian infantry and artillery!

"It was a supreme moment and one of the most critical of the war * * The British were very near gaining, at last, what they sought, 'the pass

of the hills,' and entrance to the stronghold at Morristown.

"It was in the midst of the greatest excitement of the battle that a noted event occurred, the gun wadding for the muskets of the soldiery gave out, instantly the 'Fighting Chaplain,' Caldwell, galloped to the church, and returned with his arms full of hymn books, calling out, 'Put Watts into them, boys! Now, boys, give them Watts!'"

The heroism of that day won the victory, but at the cost of the homes of Springfield, for the town was burned, only three homes being left, one of which was the parsonage.

The brave pastor continued to live with his impoverished people. Full of resources he fitted up his barn and here the congregation worshipped for ten years. They sealed the old barn up to the plate and gable-end beams. They put in galleries with seats, reserving the right hand side of the pulpit for singers and they called it "God's Barn." In 1791 the present church building was put up on the site of the old one.

Length of days and a peaceful death were not granted to Mr. Caldwell. On November 24, 1781, he was killed by a British sentinel on duty at Elizabeth, guarding the landing of a small vessel which, under a flag of truce, made weekly trips for the benefit of prisoners between the British headquarters and that point.

Mr. Caldwell, having undertaken either to meet a passenger or to execute a commission returned from the vessel with a small package, and was shot by the sentry as he was entering a chaise awaiting him. The sentinel in deference to popular clamor was arrested and tried for murder. His plea of having acted in obedience to orders did not save him and he was convicted and hanged.

The two, for so short a time divided, were buried in the Presbyterian church yard of Elizabeth.

On the sixty-fourth anniversary of his death a costly monument was erected to the memory of Mr. Caldwell and his wife by the citizens of Elizabeth.

A short poem of Brete Harte's seems a fitting conclusion to this paper.

—

CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD.

[New Jersey, 1780.]

Here's the spot. Look around you.
Above on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that
church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And
here ran a wall,
You may dig anywhere and you'll
turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, wa-
ters run, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three
years ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay one
moment; you've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once
preached the word
Down at Springfield? What, No?
Come—that's bad. Why he had
All the Jerseys aflame! And they
gave him the name
Of the "rebel high priest." He
stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God—and he
hated King George!

He had cause, you might say! When
the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen, they
stopped on their way
At the "Farms," where his wife, with
a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it hap-
pened none knew
But God—and that one of the hireling
crew
Who fired the shot! Enough—there
she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her hus-
band, away!

Did he preach, did he pray? Think
of him as you stand
By the old church to-day;—think
of him and that band
Of militant plowboys! See the
smoke and the heat

Of that reckless advance, of that
straggling retreat!

Keep the ghost of that wife, foully
slain, in your view,
And what could you, what should
you, what would you do?

Why, just what he did! They were
left in the lurch

For the want of more wadding. He
ran to the church,

Broke the door, stripped the pews,
and dashed out in the road

With his arms full of hymn-books,
and threw down his load

At their feet! Then above all the
shouting and shots

Rang his voice—"Put Watts into 'em
—boys; give 'em Watts!"

And they did. That is all. Grasses
spring, flowers blow,

Pretty much as they did ninety-three
years ago.

You may dig anywhere and you'll
turn up a ball—

But not always a hero like this, and
that's all.

—Bret Harte.

MRS. LEVI B. ALRICKS.

June 28, 1901.

THE BUFFALO CONVENTION.

Some months ago the 430 members of the Buffalo Chapter, D. A. R. (the largest chapter in existence), issued a cordial invitation to all the other Daughters of our broad land to meet with them on Flag Day, June 14th, at the Pan-American Exposition. The date selected was an ideal date for such a gathering. The day itself was ideal, so was the place of meeting, the magnificent Temple of Music, and so too was every detail of the fine program.

The great burden of the preparations for this grand gathering fell on Mrs. John Miller Horton, first vice regent of the Buffalo Chapter. She enlisted the active co-operation of the exposition authorities and together they succeeded in making the D. A. R. convention the leading feature of the month.

Everywhere the stars and stripes were in evidence. The largest flag ever unfurled, 60x100 feet, floated over the Esplanade, while from each building waved countless other banners of great size and beauty.

At 1 o'clock a thousand pigeons were unloosed from crates by the Court of Fountains, and in one compact flock as by one common impulse they darted to the Triumphal Causeway, where they hovered in graceful circles above the enormous flag.

It was a most auspicious inauguration of the afternoon's program. The ceremonies at the Temple of Music commenced at 2 o'clock. Through the medium of the public press, the only practical method of reaching the visiting members, all D. A. R. delegates were requested to register at the Woman's Building on Thursday or on Friday morning, and there secure their badges.

Now the majority of women in Buffalo at that time were not devoting much time to the newspapers; they were busy "doing" the exposition, and they had no time for newspapers or for anything else save the exposition and—its Midway.

The Woman's Building is spacious and attractive. It has delightful verandas and is tastefully fitted up. Unfortunately for many of the delegates, it was situated at the rear of the large buildings and rather on the outskirts of the grounds. Therefore many of those who did read the papers failed to find the Woman's Building, and so went to the Temple without any badge. As those wearing badges were admitted at half-past 1, while all others were compelled to wait until the doors were thrown open to the general public, and as Music Temple seats but 3,000 people, while 6,000 desired admission, your

delegate was very glad that she had chanced to read the papers and had persevered in finding the Woman's Building, where she duly registered and secured the badge that proved to be the open sesame to many portals that afternoon.

It is almost impossible to give any adequate idea of the immensity and enthusiasm of that crowd. Three thousand people stood throughout the entire exercises, many of them gray-headed men and women.

The pony battery of the Hudson River Military Academy acted as an escort of honor. The younger members of the Buffalo Chapter, D. A. R., acted as ushers and their office was no sinecure.

The center of the temple was reserved for the D. A. R. On their left sat members of the Grand Army of the Republic, of the Medal of Honor Legion, the Loyal Legion and the Union Veteran Legion.

In the balconies were members of the Relief Corps, Daughters of Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Spanish War Veterans, Sons of the Revolution, Colonial Dames, Children of the Revolution, Daughters and Sons of 1812 and, I presume, a score of other societies as well, which I failed to note.

Badges were conspicuous everywhere. Some of the delegates seemed almost beneath them. But the badge of honor and distinction was the D. A. R. badge.

The decorations were in most perfect taste and were most elaborate, palms, flowers, double flags and army standards being everywhere visible. On the platform were Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Horton, regent and vice-regent of the Buffalo Chapter; Mrs. Fairbanks, General Miles, Captain Hobson, the Mexican Ambassador and his attaches, the National Board and many officials prominent in the political and military life of our nation. It was very pleasant to see a familiar Harrisburg face among all the notables. Our city was quite honored in having Mrs. J. Heron Crossman on the platform, she being there by virtue of her office as a vice-president general of the U. S. D. A. R. from the State of New York.

Sousa directed the musical part of the program and with the famous band sat on the east of the great pipe organ. At quarter past two Mrs. Horton gave a pre-arranged signal to Sousa and immediately his band broke into the magnificent strains of Weber's "Jubilee Overture." When the strains melted into "America" the immense crowd rose to its feet as if swayed by one common thought and not a whisper was heard in that vast temple while our national anthem surged aloft.

A fine rendition of Gounod's "Ave Maria," with a harp accompaniment, was followed by the singing of "America," Sousa's band and the organ leading and the entire audience of 6,000 joining in the song. It was something worth hearing, something to be remembered always. The Rev. William D. Walker made a fervent prayer, after which a fine quartette, directed by Sousa, sang "To Thee, O Country." The first speaker of the day was Mrs. Mary N. Thompson, who has been regent of the Buffalo Chapter since its organization, ten years ago. She was greeted with a perfect storm of applause as she stepped forward and in graceful terms thanked all those present in the name of the Buffalo Chapter for honoring the occasion with their presence. Judge Ervill, a prominent member of the G. A. R., spoke next upon various phases of patriotism, illustrating his speech by personal recollections of patriotic acts that occurred during the Civil War.

Mrs. Fairbanks, our president general, was cordially received. Her splendid presence and her fine self-possession won her many new friends, while it increased the admiration of her old ones. The D. A. R. and their relation to Flag Day formed the theme of Mrs. Fairbanks' happy little talk.

It is impossible in a very brief resumé like this to give any outline of the speeches, but I do wish to say that the women present had reason to be proud of their sex. All of the women spoke clearly and distinctly. Some of them—notably Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Horton and Mrs. McLean, have exceptionally fine voices and

fine articulation. With the exception of Hobson, however, the men who spoke could be heard only by those fortunate enough to be seated near the platform.

As Mrs. Fairbanks concluded her appropriate and eloquent speech, Mrs. Manning, the former President General of the D. A. R., stepped forward and in behalf of Mrs. Waring, of South Carolina, presented Mrs. Fairbanks with a palmetto wreath. Mrs. Fairbanks accepted the gift in her own gracious manner—immediately presenting it, however, to Mrs. Horton. It had been tacitly understood beforehand that the wreath should be passed on to Mrs. Horton in recognition of her untiring efforts to make the D. A. R. gathering an unparalleled success.

After Mr. Burton had given a superb rendering of Handel's "Where E'er You Walk"—General Miles was introduced by Mrs. Horton. The audience rose to its feet, cheering vociferously, while Sousa's Band struck up "Hail to the Chief Who in Triumph Advances."

It seemed fully six or seven minutes before quiet was restored and while the cheering lasted General Miles stood perfectly still, evidently enjoying the ovation. Neither he nor Hobson wore their uniforms, and their plain frock coats presented a striking contrast to the really gorgeous and elaborate toilets worn by the women who sat near them on the platform; in fact they were completely surrounded by brilliant silks, laces, flowers and jewels.

General Miles spoke for some twenty minutes on the "Triumphs of the Stars and Stripes;" his speech was scholarly and finished. As I sat near the platform, I was able to hear all of it, but those further back were not so fortunate. Music Temple is an immense place—its vaulted dome rising to an enormous height. General Miles either failed to gauge its size correctly or else found himself unequal to the task of filling it. He paid an eloquent tribute to the defenders of the Stars and Stripes who have made this nation to-day one of the highest glory and renown.

In concluding he turned to the great flag standing near him and said feelingly:

"Embrace it, oh mothers, and heroes
shall grow
While its colors blush warm on your
bosoms of snow;
Defend it, oh fathers, there's no
sweeter death,
Than to float its fair folds with a
soldier's last breath;
And love it, oh children, be true to
the sires,
Who waved it in pain by the old
camp-fires."

Sousa, who can always be depended on to do the right thing at the right time, struck up "The Stars and Stripes Forever"—giving for an encore the "Red, White and Blue"—and adding "Dixie" to the end of the piece.

Enthusiasm reached its culminating point when Mrs. Horton introduced Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson. The ovation accorded him fairly outvalued that given General Miles. Every one was on his feet. Handkerchiefs and flags waved; cheers resounded and the band played.

Hobson has an older, stronger face than he had a few years ago, when he came to this city to serve as usher at the marriage of one of our members.

He seemed so thoroughly self-poised and practical, that one found it hard to realize that he had really been the hero of those various "kissing" episodes which so jarred on the finer sensibilities of the nation.

After all, he was not very old at that time, and he had done a great enough thing just then, to be allowed a little frivolity.

Then, too, he had Adam's old, old excuse—"The woman tempted me." But there is no doubting the place which Hobson holds to-day in the hearts of the American people. Flag Day proved that—as well as several other things.

Captain Hobson spoke for a full half hour on the exploits and glory of the American navy. Every syllable that he uttered reached distinct-

ly to the remotest corners of the building. He graphically sketched the encounters which our navy has had with the proudest navies of the world, paying tribute royal, at the end, to Schley, Dewey and Sampson. He closed with a reference to the birth of our nation, when a "new constellation of stars burst upon the firmament 125 years ago."

The applause was tremendous and every one present felt that the hero of Santiago had won new laurels for himself in a new field—laurels that many an older man and a more experienced speaker might well have envied.

In response to calls from the audience Mrs. Donald McLean made an eloquent little speech, most of which was a tactful eulogy of Hobson. He looked more uncomfortable while listening to his own praises than he

probably did when facing the Spanish guns.

After a spirited singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" a reception was given at the Woman's Building.

It was a very delightful affair; it would have been still more delightful had the building been ten times larger, for the crush was tremendous. However, every one was good-natured—as befitted Daughters of the A. R.—and this social portion of the program passed off with as much eclat as had the literary part.

Unquestionably, Flag Day was the greatest day in the eleven years history of the organization of the D. A. R. Its influence will be potent in establishing the good character of the society with the army, the navy and the patriotic societies of the nation.

MABEL CRONISE JONES.

June 28th, 1901.

NATHANIEL GREENE.

Nathaniel Greene was born at Warwick, Rhode Island, and his entrance upon the life that so deeply influenced the destiny of his and our country is quaintly recorded as occurring on "the 27th day of fifth month, 1742, about 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the third day of the week." Historians differ in giving this date because allowance is not made—or is wrongly made—for the fact that the Gregorian calendar was then still in use, and March, therefore, was the first month.

His ancestors, for several generations prior to John Greene, the original emigrant, are recorded as being gentlemen and landed proprietors in Dorsetshire. John Greene, who was a surgeon, came to America in 1635, in quest of religious freedom. The colony of Massachusetts not offering what he desired, he joined Roger Williams and aided him in establishing the colony of Rhode Island, and was among the small company of settlers whose opinions still form the foundation principles of our government. Warwick was the home of his de-

scendents, as well as his own, and of them no generation lacked men of prominence. From him, Nathaniel Greene was the fifth descendant, and was the fourth son in a family of eight boys and one girl. His father, also Nathaniel, was a prominent Quaker preacher and was widely known as a large landed proprietor. He owned a forge, flour, grist and saw mills, and in them and in the fields Nathaniel and his brothers were early trained to work, for in those thrifty days working with the hands was the honored custom of all. He seems, in many ways, to have been a typical boy. He had a strong, well-framed body, a good mind and a happy disposition, and Bancroft tells us that he "excelled in diligence and manly sports. None of his age could wrestle, or skate, or run better than he, or could stand before him as a neat ploughman or skillful mechanic." He was especially fond of dancing, which pleasure was an abomination to his Quaker father, who never spared the rod when his son was caught indulging in this forbidden

pleasure; and young Nathaniel's first practice as a strategist was in trying to out-manoeuvre his father in this matter and, in later years, the quickness with which he comprehended a situation and took action, at least had opportunities for development in these early days. The important deprivation, however, resulting from his father's religious views was in the matter of his education, for being a Quaker meant great limitations in that direction. His father was abundantly able to send him to Harvard, Yale or King's College, but it would have been sinful from his point of view to do so. Therefore, Nathaniel and his brothers enjoyed the instructions of an itinerant teacher, who taught only the harmless branches of reading, writing and ciphering. These subjects being mastered, the Holy Scriptures and some religious writings were considered all that was "needful or useful."

At the age of 14 he met a young collegian named Giles, and as a result of their conversations he asked his father for better means of study. This request was granted after much hesitation and he was allowed to study geometry and a little Latin. He was very studious, and not only improved all opportunities that presented themselves to him, but he made opportunities. He devised ways to earn money to buy books, and a happy coincidence gave him, in their selection, the benefit of the friendly interest and advice of the Rev. Ezra Stiles, afterwards president of Yale. He also made the acquaintance of Lindley Murray, and profited intellectually by it. Not only did he read and study, but he practically applied in his daily pursuits the knowledge so gained. Euclid was his constant companion, and his application of it to surveying and navigation was most useful. At the age of 20, through the disposition of some property, he had occasion to look into the law, and thereupon he made a practical study of it.

Slowly he added to his collection of books such as would be prized and permanent acquisitions, and finally, in later years, he was the owner of a well-chosen library of 250 volumes.

It has been well said that a man may be known by what he reads, and so it is of interest to know what Nathaniel Greene read and valued in literature. Among his books the chief place was held by such works as Watt's "Elements of Logic," Locke on "The Understanding," English and Roman history, Vattel and Hume, translations of Homer, Caesar and Horace, Butler's "Analogy," Plutarch's "Lives," Turenne's "Memoirs," Ferguson's "History of Civil Society"—from which he shaped his ideas of history—"The Spectator," Blackstone, Swift—who was his literary model—Pope, Sterne, and many others of similar character. By reading he made the thoughts in the books his own, and although he never ceased to feel conscious himself of his lack of early education, he was never regarded by others as an uneducated man. He talked and wrote well, and "had a clear mental vision and sound judgment." Besides the companionship of his books, he appreciated being in company, and in correspondence, with cultured people, and ever used such opportunities for self-improvement. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "Have you not felt, on seeing or reading of noble deeds or generous actions, pleasant emotions mixed with the desire of imitation? These are the advantages that spring from choice books and the best of company." His Democratic estimate of character is shown in the following extract from another letter to a young friend of a prominent family: "It is very fortunate for you to be able to enumerate a long train of noble ancestors, but to equal the best and excel the most is to have no occasion for any." Thus, from his youth, that innate tendency—which is the birthright of every human soul—to strive for something higher and better, was the dominant note of his thoughts and actions.

In 1770 his father, who died soon after, placed him in charge of the forge and mill at Coventry, and there he built a house, in which his books occupied the best room. The iron forges and furnaces owned by Nathaniel Greene and his brothers were the most important of the few that

existed at the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

When it was decided to change the location of Rhode Island College (Brown University) from the town of Warren, Nathaniel Greene was very active in trying to secure it for his section of the colony, but failing in this he established a public school in Coventry, which was the first one organized there.

Contrary to his Quaker blood, he was greatly interested in military affairs, and bought books upon these subjects. In his plain garb he went to see military parades and drills, and assisted in organizing the Kentish Guards, in which he was afterward a private. He well knew that this course would exclude him from the "meeting," and that this was a great trial but he felt that nothing less than recourse to arms would meet the country's peril, and, having deliberately made up his mind as to his duty, he then, as in other matters, unhesitatingly adhered to his decision, although he was always deeply attracted to the simple Quaker religion.

In 1774 he was married to Miss Catharine Littlefield, of Block Island. At that time he was nearly 32 years old, and she was 20. They went to live at his house in Coventry, and the marriage was a very congenial and happy one. To them were born five children, two sons and three daughters.

Soon after he took up his residence in Coventry, in 1770, he had been elected a member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, and was afterward several times re-elected. No record exists of his taking a prominent place in that body during the four years in which he was one of its members, but subsequent events show that he had the confidence of his associates, for when, after Lexington, the Rhode Island "army of observation" was raised he was unanimously chosen to command it. We are told that "there is no distinct clew to what caused his selection," and it seems to have been due to the fact that the Assembly instinctively discerned in him the inborn qualities for leadership, the varied ability and the

integrity that were requisite for filling that most important position. Certainly his elevation from a private in the Kentish Guards to the command of three regiments shows the estimate that his associates had of his military talents, while the fact that this unusual advancement excited no jealousy displays the loving regard in which he was held. Thus, at the age of less than 33—leaving wife, home and business interests—he took his place as one of the leaders of the Revolution, among whom he was to attain the distinction of being second only to Washington.

When Greene took command of his troops they were undisciplined, and without military training. He instituted daily drills, and left nothing undone that lay in his power to make good soldiers out of his farmer boys, with the result that Washington's military secretary pronounced them "the best-disciplined and appointed in the whole American army."

Upon Washington's arrival at Cambridge began what proved to be a life-long friendship between himself and Nathaniel Greene. "On the one side it was based upon profound respect and admiration, unquestioning loyalty, willing obedience and unbounded faith; on the other, upon the fullest confidence, affection and esteem." Washington now became commander-in-chief, and the colonial militia, the Continental army. Congress appointed four major-generals and eight brigadiers—Greene being one of the latter.

He was stationed at Prospect Hill during the siege of Boston, and this period was not without its compensating pleasures. There was much friendly intercourse among their own numbers, and when, in the late autumn, Mrs. Washington joined her husband in camp, Greene at once sent for his wife, who brought with her their infant son, George Washington Greene, born after his father had left home. The two wives formed a warm attachment for each other, that was subsequently strengthened when they met in the same manner at Morristown, Valley Forge and Middlebrook. Their friendship, like that of their husbands, was also life-long, and

when in the course of time George Washington Greene had a sister, she was named Martha Washington Greene.

Upon the evacuation of Boston, Greene was ordered to Long Island, where, on August 9th, he was promoted to the rank of major-general. The troops there were formed into a division under his command. He built fortifications, and constantly drilled his men, reconnoitered the surrounding country, and in every way made preparations for the attack that was expected, but when it came, he was lying at death's door of a raging fever. Thus the first large battle of the war was fought without him, although it was against his own soldiers and on his own ground. It was a "crushing defeat," but how much his presence might have altered the result can only be a matter of conjecture. Sullivan succeeded him in command, but Greene reassumed it later at Manhattanville, in which action he first came under fire, volunteering, with some other officers, to take part in the fight to encourage the troops.

It was while at Long Island that Greene saw Alexander Hamilton, then a young captain, drilling his company, and at once perceived his ability—and he was the first military man to do so. He ascertained his name, invited him to dine, and introduced him to Washington. This quick recognition of worth in another shows his alert and generous nature, and in this instance it proved to be of inestimable service to his country.

Concerning Greene's part in the engagements at Fort Washington, and immediately after, at Fort Mifflin, historians differ, and when this is the case, who shall decide? The result in both cases was very disastrous to the American cause, and both Washington and Greene felt that mistakes had been made, but we are told that Washington never attempted to shirk his own responsibility by pleading the advice of his subordinate, and Greene never answered the criticisms on his advice by calling attention to the indecision of his chief. We, at this day, can do no better than to

follow their example, and let the facts stand without trying to explain them.

In contrast to the last two defeats we have Trenton and Princeton, and in both of these battles, as well as in the preparations for the expedition against Trenton, Greene was of the greatest assistance to Washington, whose estimate of his services is shown by the fact, that when the application was made for Greene to be sent to Rhode Island, his commander-in-chief would not consent to his leaving him, and again, at a later date, when it was proposed to send him to the Northern army, Washington again refused to part with him. Hamilton, in Greene's funeral oration, pays him the following tribute: "As long as the enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawning of that bright day which afterward broke forth with such resplendent lustre, so long ought the name of Greene to be revered by a grateful country."

At the Brandywine, Greene's great ability was conspicuous, and his services were most valuable. It was here that he marched his men, toward the sound of the cannon, over nearly four miles, in forty-five minutes, and "averted the impending destruction of the army."

In the battle of Germantown Greene commanded the left wing, and again a difference of opinion arises as to his share of blame for the defeat. Owing to a heavy fog, and the guide losing his way, there was a delay of nearly three-quarters of an hour in Greene's reaching the position assigned him in making the attack. The result of this misfortune was, of course, serious, and Bancroft attributes the loss of the battle chiefly to this cause, and records that Greene "fell under the frown" of Washington at this time. Other historians do not support him, however, in this censure, which certainly seems unfair, when we remember that the battle continued for two hours after Greene's arrival, that in it he showed both courage and skill, and that our army was on the point of victory, when a panic—the cause of which has never been entirely clear—seized our troops.

They began a precipitate retreat, and the most gallant efforts of the officers could not check it. Greene's division brought up the rear, and with Pulaski's cavalry, for a distance of about five miles it kept up a running fight with Cornwallis, who then gave up the pursuit. Owing to his belated arrival, Greene felt this defeat keenly, but was evidently free from self-censure, for, concerning the affair, he wrote to Colonel Lee: "I think, if ever I merited anything it was for my exertions on that day." Excepting those enemies who seized any pretext for their jealous criticisms, his contemporaries did not blame him, nor did Washington—on the contrary he regarded him with ever increasing confidence and affection.

The winter at Valley Forge found the quartermaster's department in a chaotic state, and as a consequence the troops were without the necessary clothing and food, and discipline was much impaired, so that the army was in danger of dissolution, and changes were imperative. After much solicitation on the part of Washington and others, Greene finally consented—although it was far from his desire—to take charge of this department for one year, upon the conditions that he should retain the right to command in the field and that he might choose his own subordinates. Thus, on March 2d, 1778, Congress elected him quartermaster-general. The results of his administration are little less than marvelous when we remember the extent to which he was handicapped on all sides, and deep sympathy is elicited as we follow him through the trials and vexations that he endured while serving his country in this office. He was anxious to resign, but Congress would not accept his resignation, until finally, in the summer of 1780, that body instituted some changes that proved to be the "last straw" for him, and he wrote a hasty and scarcely discreet letter to Congress, and then—August, 1780—his resignation was accepted. He undoubtedly was the most efficient quartermaster-general of the war, and of his services Washington said

that he "conducted the various duties of his office with capacity and diligence, and with the strictest integrity."

At the battle of Monmouth, June 28th, 1778, Greene acted in the dual capacity of quartermaster-general and commander of his troops, and after rendering invaluable service on the field of battle, proceeded at once, without taking any rest, to the numerous duties which devolved upon him as quartermaster-general.

When the scene of action was to be transferred to Rhode Island, Greene's request to be sent to this—his home—was granted. Here he repulsed the British force that was located but fifteen miles from his own house, from which the smoke of battle could be seen, and the firing heard. He did all in his power, while in New England, to restore good feeling between the allies.

The following winter and spring, the general headquarters were at Middlebrook, and the presence of the ladies again enlivened and cheered the camp. In a letter Greene wrote: "We had a little dance at my quarters a few evenings past. His Excellency and Mrs. Greene danced upward of three hours without once sitting down." Evidently camp life gave the visitors, as well as the soldiers, great powers of endurance.

The following June Greene repulsed the British at Springfield, and he and his officers were thanked in general orders. Thus ended the fighting of the war on New Jersey soil.

In September, when Washington went to Hartford to confer with Rochambeau, he left Greene in command of the army for a period of about ten days, and in his instructions to him he said: "I have such entire confidence in your prudence and abilities that I leave the conduct of it to your discretion, with only one observation; that with our present prospects it is not our business to seek an action, nor accept one, but upon advantageous terms."

It was during Washington's absence that Greene received word from Hamilton of Arnold's treason. It affected him deeply, and in a letter to his wife he said: "My pride and

feelings are greatly hurt at the infamy of this man's conduct. Arnold being an American, and a New Englander, and of the rank of major-general, are all mortifying circumstances." Greene was president of the court appointed to consider Andre's case, and is said to have signed the report with tears in his eyes.

In October he was appointed to the command of West Point, but had been there less than a week, when Congress directed Washington to order a court of inquiry on Gates, the commanding general in the South, for his conduct at Camden, and to appoint a successor to him. Greene received this most important appointment, and he was also to conduct the court of inquiry. As the former gave scope for his military genius, so the latter tested his character, but he proved worthy of himself in both. Gates had been his enemy throughout the war in the North, and now Greene was to supersede him, and to hold a court of inquiry upon him, but the greatness of his nature found in this no occasion for revengeful triumph, and his magnanimous conduct won for him Gates' life-long friendship. It was through his efforts that the order for the court was finally rescinded, and Gates restored to a command in the army. In other instances, also, enmity toward him was changed to friendship, for the former feeling seemed to vanish under the high influence of his presence.

The command of the Southern army was no longer to be a co-ordinate and independent one, but it was to be under the control of the commander-in-chief. This was practically nominal, however, for Washington was too far away to co-operate. Greene had been invested by Congress with extensive powers, and his commander-in-chief conferred upon him entire liberty in conducting the campaign, which proved to be the crowning glory of his military career.

The 2d of December found him at Gates' headquarters, near Charlotte, South Carolina, ready to take the command of the Southern army. The task that he here found before him

was indeed appalling. Washington's word that "There is a material difference between voting battalions and raising men" applied with disheartening force. Congress had voted the battalions, but they were only on paper, and upon Greene devolved not only the duty of commanding an army, but of raising it. Moreover, the few troops that he had were not only undisciplined, but some were even "defiant of discipline." They were neither properly clothed nor fed, there were no wagons for transportation, little ammunition, and no ready money to buy what they lacked. Naturally these circumstances, and the defeats which they had suffered dispirited them. They visited their homes at will, and returned at their own discretion. Besides all this, the opposing army was larger than his own and was composed of British regulars, well equipped, having every want supplied, and supported by a Tory militia. There were also other difficulties. The prevailing Tory sentiment in the extreme Southern colonies added greatly to the strength of the enemy, while it lessened his own resources. The power of the government was much less than in the North, and the people knew little of control, while, having come from such widely scattered places, they lacked a national sentiment. Truly a brave, hopeful heart, a firm hand and an indefatigable will were needed to meet this situation—but Nathaniel Greene possessed them all.

He at once instituted military discipline. He forbade the habit of going home without leave, and made doing so an act of desertion, punishable as such, and the first man who was caught disobeying this order was shot in the presence of the whole army. Although he was firm in discipline he was very humane, and no one but a deserter ever died by his order. His kindness influenced his officers, and they never committed the cruel deeds that were so commonly enacted by the British—and constantly he endeared himself to his men by "sharing every peril, and more than sharing every toil." He lost no time after his arrival in ob-

taining information about the fords and transporting capacity of the rivers, and, finding the country about Charlotte greatly devastated, he moved his forces into camp in a fertile, unravaged place on the Pedee, at the head of boat navigation. Here he sought to improve the spirits and discipline of his men. His force was too small to attack Cornwallis, and he divided it for the purpose of thwarting the enemy's movements in various ways. The troops detached under Morgan defeated Tarleton at Cowpens in a most brilliant manner. After this the forces were again united.

Greene's retreat through North Carolina, which drew Cornwallis 200 miles from his base, was a superb piece of manoeuvring, and upon its success depended the safety of the Southern colonies. Greene's management of it "was so comprehensive that nothing was neglected," and his skill in baffling the plans of Cornwallis entirely justified the opinion of that general, expressed in the Jersey campaign, when he said, "Greene is as dangerous as Washington; he is as vigilant, enterprising, and full of resources. With little hope of gaining an advantage over him, I never feel secure when encamped in his neighborhood." Washington wrote him: "Your retreat before Cornwallis is highly applauded by all ranks, and reflects much honor on your military abilities," and a British source pays this tribute: "Every measure of the Americans during their march from Catawba to Virginia was judiciously designed and vigorously executed.

Following the famous retreat, came the battle of Guilford Court House, which, while not technically a victory, practically was one, for by it the British army was ruined, and the virtual defeat of Cornwallis was acknowledged in Parliament.

So indefatigable had been Greene's energy that he had not taken off his clothes for six weeks, and many times he had not slept more than one hour in a day. The exhaustion, inevitable even to one so robust as Greene, followed, and the day after Guilford he fell over in a faint. A

continuance of the trouble made a rest imperative, but he quickly regained his usual health, and in a few days was again moving with his army.

The battle of Hobkirk's Hill and the siege of Ninety-six intervened between Guilford and the battle of Eutaw Springs, fought on September 8, 1781, which, with Yorktown, on the 19th of October, practically ended the war. From this time until peace was declared, Greene's handling of his troops required all the skill and fortitude that even he possessed, and it was not until the summer of 1783 that his military duties in the southern campaign ended.

His conduct of the southern campaign was so masterly that he has been favorably compared with Turanne and Washington. His military ability, which budded with so much promise in the North, reached its full flower in the South. His resources were of the poorest, and his achievements of the best, and it is said of this part of his career that "the intellectual qualities that he showed were precisely those that have won distinction for the foremost strategists of modern times." In summing up his campaign Bancroft says: "He had been in command less than nine months, and had recovered the three Southern States, excepting only Wilmington, Charlestown, and Savannah. His career had not been marked by victories, but he always gained the object for which he risked an engagement. * * * He succeeded in driving Cornwallis out of the Southern States, and breaking up every British post in South Carolina outside of Charleston, having had, like the commander-in-chief, to contend with every evil that could come from the defects of government, and from want of provisions, clothes and pay for his troops. Cheerful activity and fortitude never failed him. His care extended to everything in the Southern departments. In the opinion of his countrymen he gained for himself, as a general in the American army, the place next to Washington." In recognition of his distinguished services, Congress voted him two pieces

of captured ordnance, a British standard, and a gold medal, while valuable grants of land were made him by both North and South Carolina and by Georgia. The latter grant was a fine estate called Mulberry Grove, and was situated on the Savannah river about fourteen miles from Savannah. Later, this became his home.

After peace was declared, and all the troops were sent home, Nathaniel Greene, now the highly distinguished general, started on his homeward journey, on August 15, 1783. He traveled on horseback, and it required fifteen weeks to cover the more than one thousand miles that separated him from his Rhode Island home. He was received with honor at nearly every town through which he passed but nothing gratified him more than the welcome of the Kentish Guards at his old home.

Having decided to live on his estate of Mulberry Grove, he removed there with his family in the autumn of 1785. The pleasures of a happy home-life were doubly dear to the long-absent husband and father, and

their enjoyment would have been almost without a shadow, had it not been for the financial vexations that resulted from his having gone surety on bonds, in order that his soldiers might be saved from starvation and might be clothed.

It seems particularly sad that this happy home circle was so soon broken by his death, which, resulting from sunstroke, occurred on the 19th of June in the following year—1786—and in the 44th year of his age.

Congress voted that a monument be erected to Greene at the seat of government, but it was more than ninety years before this was carried out, by the placing of an equestrian statue, by Henry Kirke Brown, at Washington. In Savannah, a monument erected jointly to Greene and Pulaski, stands in the public square—both enduring testimonials to his greatness—but it is not in bronze or marble that his noble deeds will live so long as in the grateful hearts of a free people.

MRS. M. W. JACOBS.

December 4th, 1901.

THE BATTLE OF COWPENS, AND ITS HERO, DANIEL MORGAN.

By Mrs. Keats Peasy.

On the 17th of January, 1781, was fought the great battle of Cowpens, in Spartanburg county, South Carolina. An able and honest historian said: "The battle of Cowpens was the first link in that chain of events which finally led to the capture of Cornwallis and the successful termination of the Revolutionary War." Howard, Pickens, Washington and McCall immortalized themselves on that memorable day, but standing out in bold relief, is the name of Morgan, the hero of Cowpens. Regarding the ancestry, the parentage and even the early history of Daniel Morgan but little is known. He was always reticent and uncommunicative concerning his childhood. We know that he was born in the winter of 1736 and was of Welsh extraction, but there is some

doubt concerning his native State. Both Pennsylvania and New Jersey claim that honor. At the age of seventeen he settled in the then wilds of the Valley of Virginia, and labored on a farm. He was with Braddock's army as a teamster. Upon one occasion a difficulty arose between the captain of a company of Virginia troops and a powerful fellow who accompanied the army, and who had the reputation of being a skillful pugilist and a bully. It was agreed between the disputants that upon the first halt the matter should be settled by a fight. As soon as the company halted the captain stepped out to meet his antagonist, when he was accosted by Morgan—"Captain," said he, "you must not fight that man. You are our captain, and if



Monument in Memory of General Daniel Morgan.

that fellow was to lick you, we should all be disgraced. But I will fight him, and if he licks me it won't hurt the credit of the company." Morgan at once engaged the bully, and in a short time gave him so severe a beating that he was unable to rise from the ground. It might be pertinent to remark here that Morgan was large, strong and muscular, six feet in height, and had a stentorian voice. This voice was destined to become famous, and it was said that his commands could be distinctly heard by his troops above the roar and din of battle. As soon as the Revolutionary War broke out, living then at Winchester, Virginia, he raised a company of hardy mountaineers, containing ninety-six men called the "Morgan Rifles." Each one wore a hunting shirt, on the breast of which were stitched in letters by their wives, mothers or sweethearts the words: "Liberty or Death." He marched with his company six hundred miles to Boston, where George Washington was then in command of the Continental forces. Arriving near Boston late in the evening, his company were resting under the shade after their long march, when Morgan saw Washington riding out alone. He had been with Washington at Braddock's defeat, and recognized him at once. He drew up his men into line, as Washington approached, and saluting him, said: "General, I come six hundred miles from the right bank of the Potomac and bring to you these gallant men, every one of whom knows how to shoot a rifle and every one of whom knows how to die for liberty; for you see, sir, that each man bears his banner upon his breast, 'Liberty or Death.'" The great Washington leaping from his horse, went down the line, and shook hands with every man and with tears streaming down his face, remounted his horse and rode off without saying a word. Morgan was next heard of on the plains of Abraham, charging the bastion of St. Roche, when the glorious Montgomery was killed and Morgan was taken prisoner. Here let me relate another incident which illustrates his character as a man as well as a soldier. He made at the

head of his riflemen so gallant a charge and fought so desperately that the English were filled with admiration for his bravery. He was now their prisoner, and was sent for by the British general, who in flattering terms offered him a commission as colonel in the English army if he would abandon the cause of the rebels (as he called them) and join the English army. This was a tempting offer to a poor, humble and uneducated man like Morgan, but he spurned the offer and the words which he uttered ought to be engraved in enduring marble forever. "I hope," he said, looking sternly at the English general, "that you will never again insult me in my distressed and unfortunate situation by making me offers which imply that you think I am a scoundrel."

In early life Morgan was dissipated, but happily, by the time he was twenty-seven, had reformed his habits. At this time he married Abigail Bailey, who for the rest of his life was his affectionate wife and devoted companion and counsellor. Morgan rendered valuable service during the memorable campaign between Gates and Burgoyne, and was one of the heroes of the battle of Saratoga. Upon his return to headquarters one night after a hard day's fighting General Gates embraced him, saying, "Morgan, you have done wonders this day. You have immortalized yourself, and honored your country; if you are not promoted immediately I will not serve another day." Morgan replied, "For God's sake, General, forbear this stuff, and give me something to eat and drink, for I am ready to die with hunger and fatigue." Alas for fickle human nature, for notwithstanding the important services which Morgan rendered in this campaign, they were not deemed worthy of more than a cursory notice in Gates' dispatches, and his name was not even mentioned in the official account of Burgoyne's surrender.

In this case there was *not* enough glory for all. Gates at this time entertained strong hopes of being enabled to supplant General Washington in the chief command of the American army. Immediately after

Burgoyne's surrender Morgan visited Gates on business when he was taken aside by the general and confidentially told that the main army was extremely dissatisfied with the conduct of the war by the commander-in-chief, and that several of the best officers threatened to resign unless a change took place. Morgan sternly replied, "I have one favor to ask of you, sir, which is, never to mention that detestable subject to me again; for under no other man than Washington, as commander-in-chief would I ever serve."

Morgan frequently told his men in battle to shoot at those who wore epaulettes. At the first glance many would condemn a practice of this kind, as adding unnecessarily to the sanguinary features of war. But this constitutes one of the principal arguments in its defense. Every additional horror which war acquires lessens in a corresponding degree the likelihood of a resort to it, and thus tends to perpetuate the blessings of peace.

Morgan was an ideal commander. He appealed to the pride rather than to the fears of his men, and always encouraged them to come to him whenever they had any just cause of complaint. He took great pains to have them provided at all times with a sufficiency of provisions, clothing and everything necessary to their comfort; and the wounded and sick experienced his constant attention and care. He never permitted any of them to be brought before a court martial or to be punished by whipping. When one of them was charged with an offense which called for punishment the accused if guilty, was taken by Morgan to some secluded place where no one could witness what might occur, and there, after a lecture on the impropriety of his conduct, would receive a thumping more or less severe, according to the nature of his offense. Morgan rode up one day where a number of men, under the command of an ensign, were repairing a road. The ensign looked on while two men struggled but without effect to remove a huge rock. "Why don't you lay hold and help?" inquired Morgan, addressing the ensign. "Sir," replied the latter, "I am

an officer." "I beg your pardon," responded Morgan, "I did not think of that." Instantly alighting from his horse he approached the rock, seizing hold of which he exclaimed to the men, "Now heave hard, my boys." The rock was soon removed, when Morgan, without another word, mounted his horse and rode off.

Morgan's rifle corps frequently received the public acknowledgments and thanks of the commander-in-chief, and no regiment of the Revolutionary War contributed as largely to the success of the cause or the glory of our arms as Morgan's "Rangers."

He received his commission as brigadier general just before the battle of Cowpens. His promotion should have come long before this for he had served actively and with great distinction throughout the entire war, with the exception of fifteen months when he was compelled from illness to retire to his home to recuperate. There was no period during the whole war when the condition of affairs was more gloomy than just previous to the battle of Cowpens. At the North even the great Washington, devoted as he was to the cause, could scarcely hold together a little handful of brave but famishing men. At the South the whole country, except where a few heroic partisans maintained their birthright with their good swords, was in the possession of the enemy, and the people were in despair. They had to meet in this fearful conflict not only the British but their allies, the worthless Tory and the savage Indian. Every incident that could add horror to war was thus present with these unhappy people. The country from Charleston to the mountains was in the possession of the British, and the people were subjected to the cruel domination of military rule. It was at this time, so full of hopeless despair, that Greene, the great soldier and unconquerable patriot, was assigned to the command of the Southern department. Under Greene were three Virginians of remarkable ability, Henry Lee, familiarly known as Light Horse Harry, William Washington, a distant cousin of the commander-in-chief, and Daniel

Morgan. The British forces in the South were commanded by Cornwallis. In order to confuse Cornwallis, Greene divided his army, sending one part to the northeast part of South Carolina to threaten Cornwallis, and the other to the southwest. This compelled Cornwallis to divide his force. He sent half of his army to the southwest under Colonel Tarleton to meet Morgan, and they met at Cowpens.

The place was called Cowpens on account of it being a grazing ground for cattle, for in the genial clime of South Carolina where the grass is springing in every month of winter, cattle grazed in the field all the year round. Morgan had been advised to avoid an engagement, but he finally found this impossible. With a noble confidence in himself and in his troops, he resolved to give battle to his pursuers. In the evening of the 16th he moved among his men inspiring them with cheerfulness. An hour before daylight he saw that Tarleton's troops were within five miles of his camp. One of the first duties of a commander is to keep himself well informed of the movements of his adversary, this is the chief element of military success. In his long career, Morgan never experienced a surprise. His men were roused quietly, breakfasted, and prepared for battle. The principal commanders under Morgan were Howard, Pickens, Triplet and Wm. Washington. Morgan's last words to his assembled troops before the battle commenced were these: "The old wagoner will crack his whip over Ben Tarleton in the morning as sure as he lives. Just hold up your heads, boys; three fires, three cheers and a charge, and you are free. And then when you return to your homes how the old folks will bless you, and the girls kiss you for your gallant conduct." More eloquent and stirring words have been said—said by Napoleon when on the soil of old Egypt and under the shadow of the Pyramids just before he fought the Mamelukes, he proclaimed, "Soldiers of France, from the heights of yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon you." Or when Nelson threw out his glorious ensign at the battle

of Trafalgar, in the presence of all the sailors of England upon which were emblazoned the words: "England this day expects every man to do his duty." Or when Wellington, in the supreme and decisive moment at Waterloo said to his veterans, whom he had held in reserve, "Up guards, and at them."

I say, these words by these great leaders may have been put in more eloquent phrase, but they were not *more effective* to stir the patriotism and stimulate the courage of a true soldier than the homely but immortal words of Daniel Morgan. "When you return to your homes how the old folks will bless you, and the girls kiss you for your gallant conduct."

In a short time the conflict was over; the battle was lost and won; victory, so long a stranger, perched on our banners, and the battlefield of Cowpens became sacred to Liberty for all time.

The rout of the British was complete, and the fugitives did not halt until they reached the camp of Cornwallis. The results of the victory of Cowpens were of vast importance. By it the British not only lost their hold on Georgia, North and South Carolina, but they were forced ever after to act on the defensive. Thus it was that the battle of Cowpens made the siege and capture of Yorktown possible. Without Cowpens we might not have had Yorktown. In the battle the British greatly outnumbered the Americans, but the result was—Americans, 12 killed and 60 wounded, British, 300 killed, 500 prisoners, 2 standards, 100 dragoon horses, 35 wagons, 800 muskets, 82 field pieces, a traveling forge and all the enemy's music.

To the honor of the victors notwithstanding the cruel warfare which Tarleton had waged had exasperated the Americans to the last degree, not one of the British was killed or wounded or even insulted after the surrender. Here is Morgan's modest report of the battle to Congress: "Our success must be attributed to the justice of our cause and the gallantry of our troops. My wishes would induce me to name every sentinel in the corps I have the honor

to command." In Tarleton's own report of the battle are these words: "The defeat of the British must be ascribed either to the bravery or good conduct of the Americans, to the loose manner of forming which has always been practiced by the King's troops in America or to unforeseen events which may throw terror into the most disciplined soldiers or counteract the best concerted designs." A verse from one of the oldest Revolutionary songs says:

"Come listen awhile,
And the truth I'll relate,
How brave General Morgan
Did Tarleton defeat;
For all his proud boasting,
He forced was to fly,
When brave General Morgan,
His courage did try."

At the close of the battle of Cowpens when the Americans were chasing the British from the field, Col. Washington spurred his horse and rode in hot pursuit of three horsemen who were riding abreast. Washington was so excited that he failed to see that he had gone far ahead of his troops. The horsemen seeing him alone took advantage of the situation and one of them made a lunge at him with his sword. Washington wounded him in the arm and his sword fell to the ground. Instantly another one of them came to the rescue and would undoubtedly have killed Washington, but just in the nick of time a boy (who had followed the American troops) rode up, drew his pistol and shot the soldier in the shoulder. Washington spurred on his horse for the third rider, for he was now close enough to recognize the terrible Tarleton himself. They engaged in a hand to hand encounter and both were slightly wounded. Unfortunately Tarleton succeeded in making his escape. The wound that Tarleton received from Washington was twice the subject for the sallies of wit of two American ladies who were sisters, daughters of Col. Moulton of Halifax, North Carolina. When Cornwallis and his army were at Halifax on their way to Virginia,

Tarleton was at the house of an American. In the presence of Mrs. Jones, one of the sisters, Tarleton spoke of Colonel Washington as an illiterate fellow, hardly able to write his name. "Ah, Colonel," said Mrs. Jones, "you ought to know better for you bear on your person proof that he knows very well *how to make his mark*."

At another time Tarleton was speaking sarcastically of Washington in the presence of Mrs. Ashe, the other sister, "I would be happy to see Colonel Washington," Tarleton said with a sneer. Mrs. Ashe instantly replied; "If you had looked *behind* you, Colonel Tarleton, at the battle of Cowpens, you would have enjoyed that pleasure."

It is related that while at Salisbury the British officers were hospitably entertained by Dr. Newman, notwithstanding he was a Whig. There in the presence of Tarleton and others, Dr. Newman's two little sons were engaged in playing the game of the battle of Cowpens with grains of corn, a red grain representing the British officers, and a white one the American. Washington and Tarleton were particularly represented as one pursued the other as in a real battle, the little fellows shouted, "Hurrah for Washington, Tarleton runs! Hurrah for Washington." Tarleton looked on for a while but becoming irritated he exclaimed, "See those cursed little rebels."

After the battle of Cowpens, Morgan received a letter of thanks from the commander-in-chief and congratulations from the principal officers in the army. Congress gave him a vote of thanks and a gold medal, and Virginia voted him a horse and a sword. At the close of the Revolutionary War he retired to his estate in Virginia, a few miles from Winchester, which he called "Saratoga." He served a term in Congress during the administration of John Adams. In the year 1800 he changed his residence to Winchester, where he died in July, 1802, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. His grave is in the Presbyterian cemetery at Winchester, and over it stands a plain horizontal

marble, raised from the ground, with this inscription:

"Major General Daniel Morgan departed this life on July 6th, 1802, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Patriotism and valor were the prominent features of his character, and the honorable services he rendered to his country during the Revolutionary War crowned his life with glory, and will remain in the hearts of his countrymen a perpetual monument to his memory."

The Cowpens Centennial in 1881 was a great event in Spartanburg, a few miles from the site of the battle. A century after Morgan's brilliant victory the Forty-sixth Congress by a unanimous vote appropriated \$20,000 for the bronze statue which crowns the monument in Spartanburg. The prediction on his tomb proved true, even in the fourth generation. "To

live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." I am greatly indebted to the Hon. Wm. A. Courtenay who was chairman of the centennial committee, also to Mrs. D. A. DuPre, historian of the Spartanburg Chapter who furnished me with information contained in my paper. At the unveiling of the Morgan statue, it was a notable gathering—senators and representatives, officers of the army and navy, mayors, governors, masons of high degree and descendants of the noble heroes of Cowpens. The statue was unveiled amidst a burst of oratory and patriotic song. At last full honor was bestowed on Daniel Morgan, the hero of Cowpens.

To his memory his grateful countrymen erected that noble statue, a mute but eloquent memorial of a brave soldier and incorruptible patriot.

MISS SNYDER'S REPORT OF THE D. A. R. CONGRESS.

The following is the report of Miss Cora Lee Snyder, regent's delegate of the Harrisburg Chapter, D. A. R., to the national congress of the society held recently in Washington:

The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution celebrated its eleventh birthday with a roll of nearly forty thousand members, 3,680 of whom were admitted during the past year. At Chase's Grand Opera House, Washington, Monday morning, February 17, at 10 o'clock, Mrs. Fairbanks' gavel fell sharply on the table, delegates were called to order and the eleventh continental congress was formally convened. As there were over 800 accredited delegates this was the largest congress held in the history of the organization. The newspapers say it was also the most peaceful. Here one met bright and cultured women from every State and Territory in the Union. Lineal descendants of sterling qualities, who pledged their lives and fortunes for the establishment of a free government, and who

from Bunker Hill to Yorktown fought for the principles which are the concrete foundation of the greatest and best government in the world. The interior of the theater was beautifully decorated with flags, the colors of the order, potted plants and a profusion of flowers. Above the stage hung the national emblem in immortelles and pampas grass. Seated upon the stage were the president general, executive officers and members of the press. Mrs. Fairbanks, beautifully, though quietly gowned, wearing the broad blue and white sash across her breast, presented a striking appearance, when seated in the high, straight-backed cathedral chair, which is surmounted by three cross-like ornaments. "Doesn't she look like the Empress Augusta on her throne?" was heard on every hand. She proved herself to be an admirable presiding officer, a parliamentarian of ability, courteous and affable under most trying circumstances. Flowers were literally showered upon her. One lovely sheaf

of Golden Gate roses from the Californians, bore the inscription: "Beautiful flowers for a beautiful woman." The boxes were devoted to the vice-presidents general and the ex-officers, while the delegates occupied the whole lower floor. They were seated according to States, each section marked by a blue flag bearing the State name.

The pages were young ladies from the different States, and were truly "willing workers." At the opening exercises a prayer was made by the chaplain general, Mrs. William A. Smoot, of Virginia, followed by a patriotic song sung heartily by the vast assemblage. The address of welcome was gracefully expressed by the president general. Regarding the objects of this congress she said: "It has often been asked by the uninformed, perchance skeptical, why do the Daughters of the American Revolution have this yearly congress? It is known to all, that the Daughters of the American Revolution come here in order to exchange their views on their own government; to formulate laws which shall bring nearer to perfection its working powers in all chapters making up its grand union, to receive from all parts of America advices of what is being accomplished by every chapter, every member. This is done in order to increase the power of the organization, inasmuch as union of thought and concentration of action give certainty of success. There has grown up a strong belief, as it is the highest authority, that the continental congress is to act as a court in which any Daughter in the society may seek redress. In fact, it may be considered to all intents the present court of appeals of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Another object of this congress is to deepen the interest and exalt the power of the society which it represents. These purposes may be aided by listening to the reports from the different States of the work already accomplished, that which they are doing now, which they may hope to do in the future. Even the stories of their failures may be of some value, may serve as a guard or incentive. It

is the prerogative of our national patriotic society to promote loyal allegiance to the institutions of the great republic and inculcate principles of good citizenship. It therefore follows that it is the duty of every Daughter to cultivate in the highest degree, reverence for the laws, devotion for the flag, untiring interest in the advancement of the organization and her native land; remembering always there is no more fatal sign of decay for a society or a nation than a want of zeal in the inhabitants, for the good of their country. The vestal virgins held that the extinction of the sacred fire in their temples was emblematic of the extinction of the state, so they diligently and sedulously fed the flame that it might not be extinguished. Daughters of another clime, daughters of a far different and grander civilization, Daughters of the American Revolution, you may find in this ancient practice an exalted example. So let it be your sacred duty to hold eternal vigil that the lamp of liberty may forever shine from a modern temple where are taught the lessons of enlightened freedom; a temple dedicated to the service of our cherished native land, to love and fraternity among its people."

At the close of her address Mrs. Fairbanks feelingly referred to the death of Mrs. Louis Hall, our own State regent, who was one of the brightest and foremost members of the society. Mrs. John H. Swift, of California, long identified with the work of the Daughters on the Pacific coast, responded to the address of welcome, saying in closing: "Madam President, we pledge you our sacred honor that the second congress of the twentieth century shall be conducted in a spirit of good fellowship and fairness and that we shall endeavor to make a reputation for ourselves as an orderly body of dignified women." The press characterized the proceedings of Monday afternoon as the "strenuous" kind. The report of the credential committee was unanimously adopted without debate, and the roll-call following lasted about forty minutes.

Then the troubles of the Warren Chapter, of Monmouth, Ill., came up for decision. This affair has been pending for three years and both sides of the controversy seemed anxious to have it decided "once for all" by this court of appeals. A resolution was offered providing for the appointment of a committee of five to investigate the case and report to the congress. A heated discussion followed the offering of the resolution, which was many times seconded. However it was unanimously adopted, and later the president general appointed a committee, the members of which were neither State nor chapter regents. This committee reported on Saturday morning as follows:

"Your committee appointed to investigate the Monmouth, Ill., controversy, has been in continuous session, and after strenuous and unremitting investigation into all official documents and correspondence furnished by the national board bearing upon the matter, and a vast amount of written evidence furnished by both of the contending factions, and examining an equal number of authorized witnesses for both sides, is of the opinion:

"That the action of the majority of Warren Chapter on June 2, 1898, in attempting to disband said chapter, its subsequent formation of a new chapter, under the name of Puritan and Cavalier, with the election of a requisite number of officers, and the application for a charter therefor, forfeited their position as officers in the said Warren Chapter and disqualified them as members therein, it being impossible for any person to hold two offices or to belong to two chapters at the same time. (See Article VII, Section 1, of Constitution.)

"The committee also finds that the action of the minority in declaring the chapter still in existence and in proceeding constitutionally to elect officers to fill vacancies was legal. Warren Chapter never having been legally dissolved, and the remaining minority members were still a quorum sufficient to transact business.

"The committee, realizing fully the discordant conditions existing in

Monmouth, Ill., therefore, recommend that the name of Warren Chapter be forever discarded, its charter returned to the national board, and application be made for permission for the formation of two new chapters at Monmouth.

"Respectfully submitted,

"Mrs. Caroline R. Nash, South Carolina, chairman,

"Mrs. Frances J. Ormsbee, Vermont.

"Mrs. Edith D. Ammon, Pennsylvania,

"Mrs. Elizabeth D. F. Foster, Washington,

"Mrs. Mary A. Orton, Ohio."

Then Bedlam seemed to be let loose! During the discussion the opposing faction removed their masks of courtesy, but the report was finally adopted. A telegram from Mrs. Manning, honorary president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was sent from Albany. "Heartfelt greetings to my Daughters and yours, with the best wishes for a successful congress."

The amendments to the constitution were next in order. That declaring no one shall be eligible to office in the national society until she has been two years an accepted member, brought out a running fire of protest. Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York, led the fight against the amendment, but it was adopted by an overwhelming majority. The second amendment is known as the tenure of office act. It was adopted and that clause of the constitution will now read:

"These officers shall be elected by ballot biennially, by vote of the majority of the members present at the meeting of the continental congress, and shall hold office for two years, and until the close of the continental congress at which their successors shall be elected, except that at the continental congress of 1899 ten vice-presidents general shall be elected for one year, ten vice-presidents general for two years and thereafter ten vice-presidents general shall be elected each year to hold office for two years. No person shall hold office more than two terms successively, and no one shall be eligible to hold office in the national society un-

til she has been a member of the national society two years."

Mrs. McLean then presented to the congress resolutions of respect in memory of the late President McKinley, which were unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

Of the many brilliant receptions held in past years by the Daughters of the American Revolution, none can compare with that of Monday evening at the National Museum. For the first time there was room and to spare, yet it is said fully four thousand people passed through the doors during the receiving hours. This reception tendered the Daughters by the museum officials, signalized the opening of the new lecture hall in the northeast corner of the building and the installation of a fine new electric lighting plant. It was in this hall the reception proper took place. Mrs. Fairbanks, in a beautiful gown of white French mull, embroidered in colors, glittering with diamonds, took her position on a small platform erected for the purpose, and was assisted by a receiving party extending the length of the hall. Tropical plants, banners and flowers were everywhere, and above the head of the president general hung a gigantic emblem of the order, aglow with jeweled electric lights. The receiving party was escorted into the reception room in true military style. A detail of minute men formed a double line and met their carriages at the west entrance, and with fife and drum playing "Yankee Doodle," took them to the south entrance, where the minute men formed a doubleline and presented arms as the ladies passed through. As the guests arrived they were formed in two long lines in the rotunda of the building and were marched down to the main corridor, which was closed to all except the persons in line, and passed into the lecture hall through a small gate guarded by two sergeants of marines. (It took us about forty minutes to reach the receiving party.) As the door of the lecture hall was entered they were taken in hand by the minute men who formed in line with drawn swords, directly opposite

the receiving line, and held back the crowd on the other side. In this way the usual jam and push was avoided. The scene was indescribably beautiful. The magnificent gowns and jewels of the women, the dazzling uniforms of the men, the inspiring music of the Marine Band, the brilliancy of light and color everywhere made one feel sure that Fairyland had at last been reached and that, after all, it hadn't changed much since the days of Cinderella. Everyone seemed to be happy! Even the mummies wrapped in the impenetrable silence of thousands of years appeared a shade less solemn as they gazed on the twentieth century women flitting in and out among them like gay butterflies.

Tuesday was a great day in the congress. Ringing speeches, lively tilts, attempted ignoring of parliamentary rulings, and a general absence of the repose of manner "marking the caste of Vere de Vere" characterized the proceedings. But when night came at least one troublesome question had been settled. The issue came up in the form of three amendments to the constitution, the consideration of which was the occasion not only for debate, but a division of the body into two evenly strong factions. The debate did not lag until the tide had set in so strongly in favor of holding to the present methods that there could be no doubt of the answer delegates were prepared to give. This was the culmination of a controversy which has been going on in the society for some time. The battle has been waged between women prominent in the national organization who are members of large local chapters and those who have no direct affiliation with the national leaders, and are members of the small local chapters. The former desire to bring about a new system of choosing representatives to the congress. They advocated the selection of delegates on the ratio representation plan. That is, make every State regent a delegate, and giving each State an additional delegate for each 100, 150 or 200 members. In the opinion of the small chapters this

would result in practically limiting representation in the congress to the large chapters. As the constitution stands each State regent is a delegate, the regent of each chapter is a delegate, and each chapter has one delegate for every fifty members. The opposition desired to perpetuate "the chapter representation system." After speeches on both sides every amendment affecting the small chapters disadvantageously was voted down by large majorities. The most noteworthy event of the entire day's session was the manifested strength of those in favor of retaining the membership of the congress at its present number, allowing for natural growth of the society. Able arguments were advanced to prove that many years must elapse before the organization attains such proportions as to make a theater as large as the Grand Opera House too small for the conduct of business. An amendment to allow the chapters to retain three-fourths of the annual dues, cutting down the proportionate amount paid into the national treasury, was laid on the table. So this victory was with the opponents of the chapters.

There were many pleasant social events during the week, some given to State delegations, others to the entire congress. Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks, assisted by members of the national board, received all the Daughters. Their spacious and beautiful home was totally inadequate to accommodate the eight hundred guests who were present, so this was really the great "crush" of the week. The exquisite floral decorations were special gifts sent to Mrs. Fairbanks by various members of the society. Refreshments were served in two rooms by pretty young girls. A charming feature of this occasion was the appearance in the rooms of an aged, white-haired, white-bearded man, who wore a loose-fitting suit of black, with soft white Byron collar turned over the coat. We discovered him to be 92 years old, and the only surviving member of the celebrated Hutchinson family, who crossed the country many years ago on concert tours. With him was a little

lady over eighty, Miss Thomas, of Portland, who was attending the suffrage meetings. These two dear old souls clasped hands and sang, "Where are the friends that to me were so dear? Long, long ago, long ago." It was a touching sight, and we persuaded them to sing until they were tired.

Friday afternoon the surgeon general and Mrs. Sternberg received in honor of the Children of the Revolution (of which society Mrs. Sternberg is president) and the Ohio delegates. As the guest of the vice-State regent of Ohio I had the pleasure of meeting some distinguished people and seeing the children dance the minuet and Virginia reel.

The largest and most brilliant reception was held in the banquet hall of the Arlington on Friday evening by the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Schley. All the Daughters were included in the invitation, and, despite the hail, wind and rain nearly every one accepted. The white lily is the flower of the chapter and clusters of these stately blossoms added their beauty to the profusion of palms and southern smilax about the room. Mingled with the national colors was a large flag of black and gold, the State colors of Maryland. This, of course, was in honor of Admiral Schley. The handsomest gowns worn during the week were displayed here. Every one seemed to have made an extra effort to appear as fine as possible. Mrs. McLean wore an exquisite gown of silver-spangled gauze over pale violet silk, while Mrs. Schley looked very sweet in black lace with red roses on her arm. The ices were served in the large gold bowl which was presented to Mrs. McLean by the New York Chapter on her return last year from the tenth continental congress, Daughters of the American Revolution. During the evening the Admiral was escorted to the table, and we all drank his health. Then hands were joined and the sweet strains of "Maryland, My Maryland" sounded through the rooms, every voice joining in the singing.

The closing tea of the week's festivities was given by Mrs. A. L. Barbour, at Belmont, her stately home, crowning the heights at Fourteenth street. This place is sometimes called Barbour castle, and is one of the most beautiful of Washington homes. All the flowers and table decorations were of pure white. In the dining room white shaded candles burned in silver candelabra; and in the center of the table was a massive loving cup of frosted silver filled with long-stemmed white roses. The receiving party was a large one including besides Mrs. Barbour and Mrs. Fairbanks such prominent people as Mrs. Rohlf, Miss Anthony and Miss Clara Barton.

Owing to the inclement weather of Friday and Saturday the attendance at the congress was very small. Snow, sleet, wind and rain played havoc with the gorgeous apparel of the delegates. Pennsylvania avenue was a canal of slush, and the pavements were so icy, many were afraid to venture out. 'Twas then those who had voted against a change of date for the congress wished for the soft air and sunshine of April. The chief interest at this time was the report of the committee on Continental Hall. Mrs. Fairbanks, the chairman, made an extemporaneous speech, saying in part: "The committee understood and appreciated that the hall was to stand as a temple of liberty, erected to the memory of those who fought and bled in the Revolution, and who gave us the liberty we prize. We were filled with the loftiest of sentiments regarding the structure, but we had also to take into consideration some sordid thoughts. We had to remember that we must build a hall which we can rent to other organizations, thereby receiving money by which to maintain it. A site was finally chosen (\$107,000) but it was not purchased, as we were unable to secure the consent—because of unavoidable absence—of three-fourths of the national board. We settled on the Corcoran gardens, on Connecticut avenue, back of the house now occupied by Senator Depew. This site is probably not acceptable to each and every

member, but you must remember that no site would be. This site I ask you to help us buy. Give all the money you can and then be able to stand up within the walls of the Continental Memorial and raise up your hands and say: 'I did this! This is my hall! My contribution made this magnificent temple of liberty possible.'"

Mrs. Darwin, the treasurer general, sat at the top of the steps leading to the stage to receive contributions. Gold, silver, greenbacks and checks were given her as fast as she could take it, and the leather bag into which the wealth was stuffed soon proved too small to hold it. Yet still the money came, till \$7,727.85 was contributed, swelling the hall fund to \$109,000. Pennsylvania has given \$2,070 of this amount. Regarding the purchase of a site, it was at last decided that twenty-five of the seventy members of the site committee must agree on the location before purchasing. Reports of committees, votes of thanks to those who had assisted in making the congress a success and various announcements followed in swift succession. Discussions of the matter of insignia, and of Mormonism and polygamy as practiced in Utah were of great interest.

Then it was discovered that Miss Anthony, the venerable advocate of woman's suffrage, was in one of the boxes. When her presence was announced she received an ovation from the Daughters. Myriads of handkerchiefs were waved in greeting, and a speech was demanded. Miss Anthony responded gracefully and in her brief address declared the Daughters to be "emancipated women."

Last of all, the results of the State elections of regents and vice-regents were announced and at 11:30 o'clock Saturday evening, after singing "America," the eleventh continental congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was declared by Mrs. Fairbanks to be adjourned sine die.

Respectfully submitted,

CORA LEE SNYDER,

Regent's Delegate.

March 6, 1902.

OUR FLAG.

To-day is Flag Day, and all over this broad land from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, people will find time to pause in the busy struggle of life and notice the national emblem. Ours is the largest country on the face of the globe over which a common flag floats, and it is our fervent prayer that so long as time shall last, no other banner than the one we to-day hail shall float over this great nation.

Never should we forget that our flag stands for our government, it stands for all that is great and noble in the past history of our country, for the holiest memories of those who have died to save it from desecration. This beautiful banner floating out upon the soft June winds, to-day, represents, in the words of the poet:

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips.

Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

In every secret thought, in every spoken word, by every outward act, we should reverence our flag. It should be put to no base uses for personal profit, it should take no second place when displayed together with the former flags of our adopted citizens. At home and abroad, on every sea and shore, it should ever be maintained as the emblem of American freedom, the fairest promise granted by heaven to the hopes and aspirations of man, as it "proclaims liberty to all the earth."

The flag is indeed a language; it represents the only real language of a nation. Proclaiming to the civilized world that nation's sovereignty,

it speaks of its strength, its character, its ideals. That sovereignty can only be established by the affection in which the flag is held at home and by the respect which it commands abroad. It was not so much that a hostile shot was fired, but that the flag was lowered that aroused the wrath of the North in April, 1861, that shattered all party ties, united the people in a sublime patriotism and swept millions of dollars into the national treasury and a million of men to the front.

All that is sentimental in a nation can be found in the flag, and the value of this sentiment can never be over-estimated. Some one has said that "A nation without sentiment is a nation without virtue, without character, without aspiration or self-respect." This love of country and devotion to its emblem is inborn; it is in every noble nature, even although it may be clouded over for the time by fierce storms of party strife and unholy warfare against that country and its emblem. We read in the undying verse of Whittier how the desecration of the old flag, by his own command in a moment of thoughtless anger, brought the "blush of shame" to the cheek of the noble Southern leader when the prayer came to him from the trembling voice of old age to spare his country's flag. To the true patriot even although in open rebellion against his government, this flag represented home, family, all that he held dear, and he recognized that in dishonoring that flag, he dishonored his home. Barbara Fritchie replaced the banner which has immortalized her name for all coming time, and it remained, floating over the heads of Lee's invading army.

"All day long that free flag tossed,
Over the heads of the rebel host.

"Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On loyal winds that loved it well.

"And through the hill gaps sunset
light,
Shone over it with a warm good
night."

From the most remote times the colors of banners carried a significance, and they have varied but little for centuries. Blue, and in some countries white, was the emblem of purity and innocence; red for valor. In our own day we have come to look upon the "red flag" as the emblem of crime.

The first flag raised in the Western Hemisphere was the flag of Spain which Columbus unfurled when he took possession of these shores in the name of that crown. This flag was quartered red and white; upon the red quarters were yellow castles, upon the white, red lions, suggestive of the union of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon under Ferdinand and Isabella. The next flag raised in our country was the national banner of England, the St. George cross of red on a white field. In 1606, upon the union of Scotland with England, the national banner of that country, the St. Andrew's cross of white on a blue field, was combined with the cross of St. George and known as the King's colors. So it will be seen that we have inherited the red, white and blue of our national standard.

We can well call this beloved emblem of ours "Old Glory," for it is older than the flag of many of the oldest of European countries. The present flag of Great Britain, which waves so proudly to the breeze over an "Empire on which the sun never sets," was not established until the year 1801. The French tri-color was decreed in 1794, the lately humiliated yellow and red emblem of Spain was adopted in 1785, the flag of Portugal in 1830, the Italian tri-color, the red, white and green, in 1848 and the national banner of the Empire of Germany represents the sovereignty of fourteen distinct states established in 1870. The youngest flag in the world is that of the Cuban Republic, the blue and white stripes with single white star in a red field.

Before the outbreak of hostilities at Concord and Lexington in 1775, it

would seem that the flags used by our colonies would naturally have been that of England, though such does not appear to be generally the case. During the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, a "go-as-you-please" policy seems to have been adopted by the colonies, relative to their standards. During the preliminary squabbles with the mother country, at least a dozen different flags were introduced and carried by militia companies or suspended from the poles erected by the Sons of Liberty. At the battle of Bunker Hill the colonists had their own standard, and the gallant Warren was shot while attempting to rally his men, by reminding them of the patriotic inscription on their ensign, "Come if you dare." This flag carried a blue field, with one corner quartered by the red cross of St. George, in one section of which was a pine tree. This pine tree flag, probably the first flag used by the colonists and taken from the great seal of Massachusetts, was adopted by Washington's army from October 1775 to July, 1776.

One of the favorite flags at this time was the "Don't tread on me," "Unite or die," Rattlesnake flag, the Gadsden flag, which was presented to Congress on the 8th day of February, 1776; it carried a field of yellow with a lively representation in the middle of striking a rattlesnake in the attitude of striking. The Westmoreland, Pa., regiment had a similar flag, with a red field; the first regiment of Pennsylvania a tiger flag, with a deep green ground. There are several of these "rattlesnake flags" in the museums at Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

The history of the "Eutaw Standard" is a pretty romance. Miss Jane Elliott, the sweetheart of Colonel William Washington, finding that his regiment had no flag, cut a square of red silk damask from a stately chair in her drawing-room, and said, "Colonel, make this your standard." It was mounted on a hickory pole and carried at the head of Colonel Washington's troops during the remainder of the war. It was after-

wards known as "Tarleton's Terror." This flag was presented, April 19, 1827, by Mrs. Jane Elliott Washington to the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston. It is now kept in a safe deposit of that city. It was my good fortune last winter, while on a visit to Charleston, to see this celebrated Eutaw Standard, so called from its having been carried first at the battle of Eutaw Springs.

The necessity of a common national flag does not seem to have been thought of until a committee of the Continental Congress, composed of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; Thomas Lynch, Jr., of South Carolina; and Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, was appointed to consider the subject. They decided to retain the King's color or Union Jack, but coupled with thirteen stripes alternate red and white. This flag was first thrown to the breeze, January 2, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. Washington, two days later in a letter to Joseph Reed, says: "We hoisted the Union Flag in compliment to the United Colonies." The British Annual Register, about this time, contained this paragraph: "They (the rebels) burned the King's speech, and changed their colors from a plain red ground, which they had hitherto used, to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the union and number of the colonies."

Some patriotic persons have suggested that the stripes were taken out of compliment to General Washington's coat of arms, but this is purely assumption, as there are no facts to justify it, and Washington himself is absolutely silent in his writings on the question of the flag, its creation and adoption.

On the 14th day of June, 1777, the American Congress "Resolved that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Thus was the announcement proudly made to the world that "a new country had been born, a new government, a new people, a new flag—the American."

To our State is due the honor of designing the first official flag combining the Stars and Stripes. Pennsylvanians love to tell how it was made, under the personal directions of General Washington himself, by Mrs. Betsey Ross, of Philadelphia, a milliner, who performed the handiwork in her quaint little house at No. 239 Arch street, which is still standing. The bricks in the old building came over as ballast in the hold of William Penn's ship, the "Welcome."

New York is entitled to the credit of having first flung the new banner to the breeze; this was at Fort Stanwix, where an American force was besieged by a combined army of British and Indians. The garrison made a sudden sally, drove their assailants before them in precipitate flight, and captured five British flags. An American flag had been hastily improvised, the officers giving up their white shirts to furnish the white stripes, and some pieces of red flannel from the petticoat of a soldier's wife serving for the red ones. A blue military cloak was sacrificed to form the blue field, and the remaining bits of white were cut into stars. Thus complete in detail, though crudely constructed, the American flag was displayed with the captured British banners beneath the Stars and Stripes.

The first regular flag unfurled in battle was carried at the head of the colonial troops commanded by General Washington on September 3, 1777, when they met and defeated the British under Lord Cornwallis at Cooch's Bridge, near Wilmington, Del. A beautiful monument now marks this spot.

The national banner was first displayed upon an American warship by Captain Paul Jones, who later on conquered the "Serapis," a British vessel, and placed our flag above that of Great Britain, no longer the supreme ruler of the ocean. During the battle, when a ball had severed the flagstaff, Lieut. Stafford, of the American navy, sprang from his ship into the sea and amid shot and shell bore the rescued banner up the vessel's side and defiantly nailed it to

the mast-head. In recompense of this valiant deed, the flag was presented to him by Congress and was, until lately, in possession of his descendants, but is now in the National Museum at Washington.

France was the first foreign power to salute our colors when flying on the ship "Ranger" commanded by Captain Paul Jones, entering Quiberon Bay, France, the 14th of February, 1778.

It was General Sherman, I believe, who first suggested that our national banner should float from every schoolhouse in the land, and that the youth of the district, as they go back and forth beneath should be taught to salute it with uncovered head and reverent affection. For the school-boy of to-day will be the guardian of our flag in the future, and as youth is ever "wax to receive, and marble to retain" the impressions made upon it, the noble stanzas of our national anthem should be as household words to him, for if made familiar to his love in childhood, they will impress his manhood with fidelity to "The Star Spangled Banner."

In consequence of the admission of Vermont in 1791 and of Kentucky in 1792, an act was foolishly passed by Congress increasing the number of stars and stripes from thirteen to fifteen; as time went on and other

States were admitted, other alterations of the flag became necessary.

The permanency of our national banner was established by Act of Congress, April 14, 1818, as follows: "Section 1. Be it enacted, etc., that from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field. Section 2. And be it further enacted, that on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July, next, succeeding such admission."

In the war with Mexico the flag bore twenty-nine stars; during the Civil War it had thirty-five; since July 4th, 1896, upon the admission of Utah, it has born forty-five stars. And so it stands to-day. Let us thank God no sectional strife has been able to blot out a single one of these stars, and that no longer can the civilized world hurl at us the taunt that the stripes upon our flag represent the stripes of our slaves, but that this flag stands to-day for "all that is noble in humanity, progressive in civilization and glorious in liberty."

MARY HARRIS PEARSON.

June 14th, 1902.

REPORT OF STATE CONFERENCE HELD AT BELLEFONTE, OCTOBER 8, 9 and 10, 1902.

It was a very small band of the Harrisburg Chapter that started off that pleasant October morning for the State conference at Bellefonte, only six in all. In the train we found numerous Daughters who gave to us a most hearty welcome, among them being one of our own members whom we are always glad to greet, Mrs. Enoch Stanford. The journey proved a most delightful one and time passed rapidly away in pleasant talks and in the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, for the railroad winds along the thickly wooded banks of our ever lovely Susquehanna all the

way to Sunbury and from there in among the mountains whose exquisitely tinted foliage spread out before the eyes an always changing picture. When we arrived at our destination, we saw awaiting us the familiar faces of Mrs. Beaver, Mrs. Hastings and Mrs. Reeder, whose most cordial greeting, together with that of numerous other Bellefonte Daughters, until then unknown to us, made everyone feel very much at home, and this pleasant impression remained with us all through the delightful days of the conference, for the Bellefonte people seemed not only to

take us into their homes, but into their hearts as well.

The Bush House, chosen as the headquarters for the Daughters, was immediately across the street from the station, and thither two members of the Harrisburg Chapter repaired and struggled for rooms in the midst of an excited and not very patient crowd of patriotic women from all parts of the State. Of course, everybody was dissatisfied and everybody complained, but after we had all settled down into our proper places and were comforted with a most appetizing supper, our former good spirits returned and we spent the evening in delightful chats with numerous friends. Everyone watched anxiously for the arrival of the billigerent Philadelphian, who was said to be coming to hurl a bombshell into our midst by declaring this conference to be an illegal assemblage, but as the hours passed away and the last train arrived without her, we concluded that we might consider ourselves safe.

A perfectly ideal day greeted our waking eyes the next morning, and as the conference did not convene until 2 o'clock we had plenty of time for driving around to see the beautiful country and for calls upon old friends whose names are always associated in our minds with this delightful little mountain town.

The scenery of Bellefonte is famed, in every direction there is spread out before the eyes a beautiful view over hill and dale, which extends away off to the grand mountains in the distance. Every street has its own particular view, for every street has its hill. The numerous handsome and attractive homes form one of the most delightful features of this place, and whether they are the fine new, substantial buildings of the present day, or the dear, delightful old stone houses of the past, are equally impressive. Brilliant ampeolopsis and dainty clematis clambered over many of them, and from every residence of a Daughter there floated out upon the soft October breeze the Stars and Stripes.

"The sessions of the conference took place in Petriken hall, a large,

handsome building on the main street, admirably suited to the purpose. As we entered the imposing auditorium, young ladies acting as pages presented to each a very dainty program and politely requested us to sign the registry. The Harrisburg delegation sat together and very far front, so that we had about the best seats in the house. The hall was most tastefully decorated, the prevailing colors being blue and white; upon the stage a most artistic foreground was arranged with low tropical plants and delicate little ferns, while in the rear hung the beautiful silken banner of the United States together with the rich, dark blue emblem of our beloved Keystone State. At one end, an old spinning wheel reminded the Daughters of the origin of their insignia, while at the other a stack of timeworn muskets and drum spoke to us of 'the old Continentals in their ragged regimentals.'

"The Daughters were slow in arriving, and every one had so much to say to everybody else that it was almost 2.30 o'clock when the state regent let her gavel drop upon the table and declared the conference opened. Upon the stage were seated the State regent, Miss Susan Carpenter Frazer; the vice-president general for Pennsylvania, Mrs. James R. Mellon, of Pittsburg; the regent of Bellefonte Chapter, Mrs. Isaac Mitchell; the State secretary, Miss Crowell, and State Treasurer, Mrs. Enoch Stanford.

"As the whole assemblage rose with enthusiasm to the singing of 'America,' a fine body of women they looked so that the criticism of the Bellefonte 'News,' that 'the personnel of the visitors was away above the average,' did not seem exaggerated.

"Mrs. William Heitshu, chaplain of Donegal Chapter, read with great expression a portion of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, which was followed by her very impressive and beautiful prayer, concluding with the Lord's prayer, in which every one present joined.

"Mrs. Burnett, whom many of us have known as Miss Kate Curtis, sang with much feeling and power

two beautiful solos, 'The Fairest Flower That Blows' and 'I'm Wearing Awa' Jean,' which were received with much applause.

"Then came the address of welcome from Mrs. Mitchell, regent of Bellefonte Chapter, who, in the most cordial manner, in behalf of her chapter, extended to us a heartfelt welcome to their beautiful little town and to the central county of the State. She esteemed it especially fitting to have the privilege of welcoming the most representative body of Pennsylvania women to this building, Petriken hall, the existence of which was made possible by the liberality of a woman to her sex, a woman whose ancestors and kinsmen took part in every national struggle of our history. She then sketched for us the history of the neighborhood, beginning with the earliest records in 1740, told of the terrible struggles of the pioneers with the wily savages, of the wise Logan and the treacherous Bald Eagle, who have left their impress upon the names of beautiful streams and valleys in this region, of the 'Great Runaway' in 1778, when the settlers, to escape massacre by the Indians, fled in a body, Potter's Fort, to which the Bellefonte Chapter has erected a marker, being the sole stronghold in these parts which held out against the savage foe. She closed with a proud eulogium of Centre county's distinguished sons and spoke of the places they have held both in State and national history.

"The response to this most interesting address was made by the State regent in her usual winning and gracious manner. She assured Mrs. Mitchell that the Daughters of our State accepted with unfeigned pleasure the invitation of the Bellefonte Chapter to be their guests at this time of the State conference. She then went over the various needs of the society, spoke of the many women eligible who should be gathered into the fold to use their influence for patriotism, of the great duty of the Daughters to inculcate in the hearts of the children love of country and of the flag, of the last resting places of countless heroes of the Revolution which still remain un-

marked, of the care of the 'Real Daughters' who form the connecting link with the period and men it is our glory to honor, of Continental Hall, an object so near to the hearts of many of us. In a few feeling words she referred to the death of our first honorary State regent, Mrs. Francis Jordan, and paid a beautiful tribute to her memory.

"The report of the 'Julia K. Hogg' testimonial committee was read by Mrs. Mellon; as we all know the purpose of this testimonial is the presentation of a prize of fifty dollars by the Pennsylvania D. A. R. for the best essay forwarded to the State committee upon the subject, 'The History of What is Now the State of Pennsylvania Prior to the Penn Charter.' In offering this prize the Pennsylvania Daughters do honor to their first State regent by giving it her name. The competitors for the prize will be the senior class in the following colleges for women: Pennsylvania College for women, Pittsburg; Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr; Allentown College for women, of Allentown; Moravian Seminary and College, Bethlehem; Metzger College, Carlisle; Irving College, Mechanicsburg; Wilson College, Chambersburg. The object in offering the prize is to awaken an interest in Pennsylvania history among young women; to stimulate a desire for historical research; and to promote patriotism. The name of the successful competitor will be announced in the state regent's report at the Continental Congress next February.

"This was followed by the report of the State treasurer, who showed that the balance on hand at the present time was \$479.46. When this dry, but exceedingly necessary report was concluded, Mrs. Ammon, of Pittsburg, appeared upon the stage and in a particularly graceful and charming little speech, extended a cordial invitation to the Pennsylvania Daughters to hold their next conference in the Smoky City, which we Pennsylvanians are proud to look upon as 'the workshop of the world.' This invitation was immediately accepted.

"A beautiful bunch of roses which formed one of the adornments of the

stage had been sent to the conference by Mrs. Gross, who lives upon the site of that celebrated stronghold of the frontiers, Fort Augusta. The state regent directed that a letter of thanks be sent to the kind donor, after which we all separated to meet again in the evening, arrayed in our best gowns, at the delightful reception tendered to us by the Bellefonte Chapter, in the handsome armory. The interior of this building was most artistically decorated, the national banner prevailing and the colors of the society forming a charming contrast. The stage was arranged to represent a camp scene and immediately in front was a large emblem of the order, at least three feet in diameter, the points of which were electric lights. Over the main entrance of the armory was one of similar design. The space in front of the stage was divided from the main auditorium by a screen of evergreens cleverly constructed to represent a hedge and within this space a delightful collation was served to the guests, who were seated at small tables. A fine orchestra dispensed sweet music throughout the evening and the numerous beautiful gowns and elegant and costly jewels formed a display that was quite dazzling. It was quite a remarkable fact that among the ladies who received the numerous guests with such gracious cordiality, there were the wives of three ex-governors of our State, Mrs. Curtin, Mrs. Beaver and Mrs. Hastings.

"At the second day's morning session, after the Lord's prayer had been repeated and 'The Star Spangled Banner' sung, the three minute reports from the different chapters were heard. These were, in the main, exceedingly interesting. Almost all the chapters in our State are offering prizes to the pupils of our public schools for the best essays on historical and patriotic events, stimulating the boys and girls of the Commonwealth to make a study of the struggles of our forefathers in establishing liberty upon the western continent. Independence Hall Chapter has the proud distinction of having given more money to the Con-

tinental Hall fund than any other chapter in the United States, the amount being \$1,150. The Pittsburgh Chapter showed how they had prevented the desecration of Fort Pitt by a syndicate, which proposed using it for commercial purposes, by invoking the aid of the courts, which sustained them at every point. The Liberty Bell Chapter, of Allentown, told of the unveiling of a tablet upon the Reformed Church of that city, marking the place where the treasured Liberty Bell was kept in safety for some time during the Revolution, and so on through a long series of reports, until a very delightful interruption came in the shape of our president general, Mrs. Fairbanks, who was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm, everyone rising to receive her. The State regent came down to the floor of the house, and after a cordial greeting to the distinguished guest, accompanied her to a position on the stage and presented her to the conference. Mrs. Fairbanks, with the charming smile which seems ever to accompany her sunny countenance, told us how glad she was to be with us, and that she approved of the State conference; she considered it helpful, not only to the Daughters, but to the work of the national congress, for in these State meetings matters could be brought up for discussion and each Daughter give her own idea on the subject, thus indicating to their representatives at the congress how they were to vote. She spoke most eloquently of the wide field of usefulness before the society, of the work that had been and was to be done, of the duty of keeping fresh in the memory of a grateful people the brave and heroic deeds of their forefathers, of the men who had dedicated themselves and their all to the cause of freedom, to preserve the spirit of liberty and to bequeath it to future generations. She stated that this society did not foster the idea of aristocracy, but to try and induce the rising generations to emulate the virtues and noble deeds of their splendid ancestors. She gave an interesting little account of Continental Hall, the cost of which will be \$300,000, of which sum \$50,-

600 is already in the treasury, told of the spade which the Montana Daughters will present with which to dig the first shovelful of earth. This spade is composed of copper, silver and gold from Montana's mines, the handle of which was taken from the wood of a tree growing on the spot where Lewis and Clark crossed the Continental divide.

"At the close of her remarks, the question of adopting a permanent marker for graves was laid before the conference, which brought out a great diversity of opinion and was argued with much heat, but the debate was closed abruptly by a motion to adjourn for dinner.

"The afternoon session was one of great interest and a larger number was present than at any other time during the conference, about two hundred in all. The election of State secretary and treasurer resulted in the unanimous choice of the present incumbents, Miss Emma Crowell and Mrs. Enoch Stanford.

"After the singing of 'Hail Columbia,' which proved too difficult for most of the Daughters, a discussion arose as to the reduction of representation at the national congress which was ably opposed by Mrs. Ammon, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. McCartney, of Wilkes-Barre.

"There was great interest manifested over the question of making a suitable gift to the cruiser 'Pennsylvania,' proposed by the Pittsburgh Chapter, accompanied by the suggestion that all the other chapters of the State join with them. This was debated with considerable acrimony, and as it seemed rather cloudy as to where the money was to come from, the matter was shelved for the time being to be brought up again at the Pennsylvania meeting at the next congress.

"Mrs. Mellon delivered an address on The Memorial Continental Hall, stating the object of the building and making a stirring appeal for contributions. She pledged herself for \$500 if the chapters of our State will raise \$2,000. A member of Independence Hall Chapter pledged \$100 and various small sums were pledged by others, but the Harrisburg Chapter

did not respond, feeling it beneath the dignity of so large a chapter to pledge a small sum and not knowing the wishes of the chapter on the subject.

"A beautiful duet was sung by Mrs. Ambrose Schmidt and Miss Butts, then followed an extremely heated debate in relation to paying the various expenses of State officers and we all drew a free breath when a motion to adjourn was carried.

"In the evening there was an elegant reception given by ex-Governor and Mrs. Hastings at their stately and hospitable home, in honor of the president general, Mrs. Fairbanks. The house was beautifully decorated both outside and in with the national emblem, while a brilliant copy of our insignia, glittering with electric lights, hung over the main entrance. The spacious reception rooms and library were thronged with handsomely gowned women and, may I say it, snubbed-looking men, until a late hour; and to each and all Mrs. Fairbanks, with her ever attractive smile, said a few words of kindly greeting. The large dining room was arranged in so striking and artistic a manner, that I cannot forbear to mention it, the dainty handiwork was that of the hostess and Mrs. John N. Lane. The center-piece on the table was of an original and novel design, constructed like a drum with alternate bands of red, white and blue flowers, surmounted by a miniature cannon, while ribbons of the same colors extended from the chandelier in festoons to the four corners of the large dining table, on each corner of which was an elaborate candelabra with four candles, the shades being red, white and blue. The whole effect was indeed dazzling.

"The closing scenes of our conference next morning were both quiet and dignified and to us members of the Harrisburg Chapter were saddened by the death of our dear friend and regent, Dr. Jane K. Garver. The State regent mentioned her loss in a few appropriate words and Mrs. Alricks and Miss Miffin both made touching little addresses.

"The roll of the forty-one chapters of the State was called according to

the time of their organization, Wyoming Valley ranking first, while to Harrisburg is decreed the honor of possessing the fatal number thirteen.

"After the singing of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' the State regent declared the conference ended and we all repaired to the railway station, prepared to start on our delightful expedition to State College. By the courtesy of the Sons of the Revolution, a private car was furnished for the journey and some of them kindly accompanied us.

"Upon our arrival at this interesting and picturesque place, a most hearty greeting awaited us from all the students grouped together at the station. With the greatest enthusiasm they gave us their college 'yell,' ending with 'D. A. R.,' escorted by their excellent band, formed entirely of the students, we filed up to the chapel, taking time to observe the beautiful scenery stretching out in every direction, for surely no college in the United States has so enviable a location. The exercises in the chapel were short, but very interesting. Professor Buckhout, in the absence of the president, Dr. Atherton, made us welcome in a few well chosen words. To this the state regent responded, thanking the faculty and students for their kind feeling and expressing our great pleasure at being with them. Professor Gill made a very interesting address, the purpose of which was to refute the idea which has become widespread, principally among narrow-minded people, that because a State college is entirely non-sectarian, it necessarily is irreligious. He spoke eloquently of what the college has been in the past, of the merging from an entirely agricultural into an industrial insti-

tution, of the splendid men it has turned out, notably Gilbert White, renowned as an engineer the world over, of the hopes of the college for the future and the aims it is striving to accomplish.

"Mrs. McCartney, regent of Wyoming Valley Chapter, made an excellent address, giving the history of the college from its beginning and delighting both faculty and students by her kind words of praise and encouragement. In closing, she made a glowing appeal to the Daughters to petition the members of the Legislature from their respective districts to vote a large appropriation for this very worthy institution.

"At the end of these services, a most elaborate luncheon was served in the substantial armory, at beautifully decorated tables, the sophomore class waiting upon us in the most polite and courteous manner.

"Short but very appropriate speeches were made by Judge Furst and Colonel Coburn. After they had finished speaking, the band, which had played a number of beautiful selections during the repast, struck up 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Every one rose, and, after standing with reverent head until the last strains of our inspiring national anthem had died away, passed out on to the pleasant college campus, where we all seemed struck with rather a mournful silence and even the lightest hearted were subdued as we realized that the time had come for 'parting of the ways' and that among the many friends, both old and new, there were probably those whose paths would never cross with ours again."

MARY HARRIS PEARSON.

November 5th, 1902.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

The early history of this country was productive of heroines as well as of heroes. Deprived of ill-health of absolutely all the educational opportunities of her day, it might seem strange at first thought to class Abi-

gail Adams with the heroines of our land.

It is undoubtedly true that her nature never reached that full and vigorous development, which would have been the case had she been different-

ly situated. In later life she grieved much over her dwarfed capabilities. She felt within herself the power to command and to rule. The social eminence to which she was so unexpectedly exalted, demanded a tact and training in which she privately felt deficient.

But she offered no audible apologies or explanations. The girl who had never seen the inside of a school room, mastered the French of polite conversation, while she was superintending a farm, caring for four small children and doing her own housework.

She was influenced to take up the study of French, through the supreme affection which she bore her husband, her abounding faith in his ultimate success and her desire to be no detriment to him socially when the time of that success should arrive.

In that day a conversational knowledge of French was absolutely essential in the realms of polite society. Many French people of rank and wealth were in this country, giving a foreign tone to all social life. As Abigail Adams mastered the intricacies of the French tongue after she had become wife and mother, so, too, she took up many other studies, pondering over them sometimes while she paced the floor with a restless baby in her arms, or saying them softly to herself while she moved around her kitchen, preparing the meals for the farm hands. Knowing what she became despite the immense disadvantages which so hampered her, we cannot but speculate on what she might have become had she received the educational training given to her sons.

Instinct with her often supplied the place of knowledge. The deficiencies of her education were to a great extent counterbalanced by a clear judgment, keen perceptive faculties, and abundant common sense.

Abigail Smith was born in Weymouth in 1744, nearly 160 years ago. People then were too busy living history, and making it, to chronicle carefully the doings of everyday life. Therefore we are ignorant concerning many of the details of her bio-

graphy. Her father was a Congregational minister; so, too, was her grandfather, and despite the theoretic ideas of equality in the colonies, the Smiths considered themselves much superior to the majority of their neighbors. So when John Adams came wooing, Abigail's father looked upon him with scant favor, for, was he not that most ungodly being, a lawyer? Then, too, was not his father only a poor farmer without means or influence?

Notwithstanding her invalidism, which had tended to make her more or less dependent upon the wills of her parents, and notwithstanding, too, the many lessons concerning filial duty which had been duly instilled into Abigail's mind, she proved herself quietly but firmly tenacious of purpose when the question of rejecting this particular suitor arose. John Adams had a word to say, also, and he said it, doubtless, with that same force and eloquence which afterward won for us many coveted concessions from France.

The embryo lawyer and the New England maiden at length carried the day. They were married on the 26th of October, 1764. Abigail was then just 20 years old. In those days the marriage ceremony was generally followed by a bridal sermon. Abigail dreaded this ordeal, feeling that her father (who would of course be the officiating minister) would be very likely to utilize such an opportunity and to make remarks that would be decidedly unpleasant for the bridegroom. She secured her father's promise to use a text of her selection. There was no bridal sermon, for naturally the Rev. William Smith did not care to preach from the text chosen by his shrewd daughter: "For John came neither eating nor drinking and ye say he hath a devil."

Perhaps it was the spur of necessity which urged Abigail to unwonted exertion in her new home, and perhaps there was really a decided improvement in her health; be that as it may, the invalid bride assumed the arduous duties awaiting her as confidently and as serenely as if she had been the most robust and vigorous of damsels.

Ten years of quiet life followed this marriage. During all of this time Abigail Adams was faithfully and conscientiously performing the manifold duties that fell in those days to the lot of a colonial matron. Nothing in her home was neglected. At the same time she was ambitious both for her husband and her children. A daughter and three sons had come to bless the happy home atmosphere, and the mother endeavored to train herself, so that she might be competent to oversee their educations.

The life was quiet, healthful and wholesome. John Adams was winning his laurels at the bar and by steady perseverance was proving the trustworthiness of his wife's early faith in him.

Dissensions and disputes became frequent in the political world. Thunderclouds darkened the sky. There were gloomy forebodings, dread prophecies and the final ushering in of the days that tried men's souls as by fire. The ten years of quiet home life ended—ended forever. Never again did Abigail Adams have the same peaceful life, the same seclusion and the same happy days in which work, study and tranquillity were harmoniously blent. First, there awaited her long periods of loneliness, dreadful months of anxiety, weeks of anguish and despair. Then, when the family was once again reunited, she was forced to live in the glare of publicity. The old life had indeed passed away with the old life of the colonies.

In August, 1774, John Adams left his home in Boston with Samuel Adams, Thomas Cushing and Robert Treat Paine. These four men went as Massachusetts delegates to Philadelphia. At the Assembly held there the delegates discussed at length the weighty problems confronting the colonies and the best mode of solving them. John Adams was gone from home for two months. In all that time his anxious wife had but one letter from him. Not that he was forgetful of her, or neglectful of his duties, but there was absolutely no way for sending her messages more frequently. In these days of

wireless telegraphy, it is hard to comprehend such a condition of affairs.

Aside from bringing the colonies to a realizing sense of the importance of the troubles menacing them, this Assembly effected but little. The Colonial Congress met again in May, and John Adams returned to Philadelphia. Bancroft gives a graphic picture of Abigail Adams in the fall of that year, which I regret not having space to quote. Mrs. Adams was then in charge of Penn Hill, where their farm was situated; she had the entire management of it as well as of the four children; her hands were busy and her heart was full; she managed her home frugally though her doors were always open to the poor; she gave generously from her scanty means to those less fortunate than she; around her lurked a dreadful pestilence which we of to-day know was caused by ignorance of the most fundamental laws of sanitation; in those days, however, even the physicians knew little of sanitary requirements; the awful disease entered Abigail Adams' own house; her mother died, and according to the austere custom of that day, was buried without prayer. Her youngest son was only saved from death by her devoted nursing; two relatives, who were members of her family, died also; during all of this time John Adams was away from home. His wife was forced to fight death alone; to meet sorrow, grief and anguish without the support of his presence and his love. Winter came. Her youngest son was recovering, but three graves in the cemetery told of the havoc the death angel had wrought in her home.

She stayed alone on the farm with her four children. After the manner of all New England children they went to bed very early. After the house was quiet Abigail Adams spent the most dreary hours of her life, thinking of her dead—of her husband so far away—of the fierce ocean whose booming ever sounded in her ears, and of the enemy's artillery nearby at Boston. Yet she would not recall her husband.

The weak girl had become a woman who defied her own frailty and who

aided, encouraged and stimulated her husband even while she was facing the keenest of anxieties at home. She wrote to her husband: "I heard to-day the King's proclamation read. We cannot submit to his tyranny. This proclamation will now make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not to-day join in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our parent state—now a tyrant state—and these colonies. Let us separate. They are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them. Instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels and to bring to naught their devices." This was the first "Declaration of Independence," preceding by many months the one written by Thomas Jefferson.

Surely stronger, more soul-stirring words were not written by any patriot of those days. John Adams reached home in December to find his wife staunch and brave amid the sorrow that surrounded her on all sides, for the pestilence had wrought a fearful havoc, and in some families as many as four or five had died. In January John Adams was reluctantly impelled by his sense of patriotic duty to return to Philadelphia. Letters came but infrequently. Each time that she wrote his wife mentioned the attack on Boston which had been expected for so long.

One day she penned the words: "It has been said that to-morrow—and to-morrow the attack will come, but when that dreadful to-morrow will arrive, I know not." But even as these words were written her house shook from cellar to garret and the American guns rang out on the chill night winds. She left her letter unfinished. In the morning she walked to Penn's Hill, where she watched the British shells as they fell about the camps of her friends. Her home at the foot of the hill comprised all of her earthly wealth, yet her patriotism never faltered, even when shells from the American troops fell accidentally near her precious home.

In the early fall her husband returned; he had been absent nearly a

year, and he came now with the gloomy intelligence that he had been chosen to go to France. Should he take his wife and children? The privations of the voyage would be terrible; the British would try to capture the vessel on which he sailed; John Adams felt that his wife could not endure the fearful hardships of a journey, the accommodations of which were far inferior to the steerage quarters of to-day, while at the best the voyage must of necessity last two months. At length, however, it was decided that the oldest son should accompany John Adams in order that he might have the benefit of foreign colleges. It is utterly impossible to imagine the feelings of Abigail Adams in these days. Six months passed and she had received no word from her husband and son. Had the boat suffered shipwreck? Had the British captured it? Were her loved ones dead or living? The awful silence seemed more than she could bear. To-day, when our friends go to Europe we wait six days in great anxiety and then comes the reassuring cablegram. But then—six days became six weeks and then six months, and still another month had almost passed before the news of their safety reached her. She had no society save her children and the domestics; she was weather-bound for weeks at a time; a hostile army encompassed her country; her husband was three thousand miles away. Yet she so managed the tiny farm which they owned that it yielded her a good support, and became in after years the happy gathering place of her honored family.

After eighteen months John Adams returned, but shortly after he was ordered to Great Britain to negotiate a peace. His wife felt then that her cup of woe was full to overflowing. Two sons accompanied their father, and on the evening of their departure Mrs. Adams wrote despairingly: "My habitation—how desolate it looks. My table—I sit down to it, but cannot swallow food; Oh why was I born with so much sensibility, and why, since I possessed it, must I so often be called upon to struggle with it?"

The letters of Abigail Adams to her children deserve to rank for loftiness of their sentiments, the clearness of their language and the soundness of their advice among the best literature of our land. So highly were they esteemed in France that they were translated into French and published in French journals. Here is a brief extract from a letter which she wrote at this time to John Quincy Adams—her eldest son.

"It is a very difficult task, my dear son, for a tender parent to bring her mind to part with a child of your years. But you have arrived at a time when you are capable of improving the advantages which you will there be likely to have, if you do but properly attend to them. They are talents put into your hands, of which an account will be required of you hereafter; and being possessed of one, two or four, see to it that you double your number.

"Great learning and superior abilities, should you ever possess them, will be of little value unless virtue, honor, truth and integrity are added to these. You have entered early in life upon the great theater of the world, which is full of temptations and vice of every kind. You are not wholly unacquainted with history in which you have read of crimes which your inexperienced mind could scarcely believe credible. Yet you must keep a strict guard on yourself, or wickedness will lose its terror for you by becoming familiar."

When in 1783 John Adams went to Paris as one of the United States Commissioners to negotiate the treaty of peace, it was considered best, for reasons diplomatic and social, that Mrs. Adams should also go. She found the voyage quite as horrible as she had anticipated, but it was never her nature to complain, and since it seemed best for her to go to France, she would consider only the roseate side of it, the joy and comfort of being with her husband.

It must be acknowledged that Mrs. Adams did not enjoy the social life of France. Her Puritanical training precluded that. Neither John Adams nor his wife were adaptive. Franklin, one of the Commissioners of

Peace also, could read human nature like an open book, and he could be all things to all men. While Adams was scholarly he was cold. Franklin had tact, as well as immense learning. He showed no disgust at the frivolities of the French court. While Abigail Adams sat apart, oftentimes disdainful and shocked, Franklin was bantering witticisms with all the dames and winning their hearts. The women of that day ruled France, Franklin knew it. So he chose to control and please the women, and he thereby won for us many great concessions.

Imagine Abigail Adams one day at Franklin's home at Passy; there are a score of other guests, half being French and half Americans. In the midst of the conversation in rushes a large, elderly woman, she throws her arms around Franklin, kissing him repeatedly. The woman is Madame Helvetius, who practically controls De Vergennes of the Department of State in France. Through her Franklin won for America more than this nation will ever realize.

Abigail Adams had been gazing at this woman in cold horror. How could Franklin allow such scandalous proceedings! A little later, her feelings reached a climax. Madame Helvetius drew up a chair between Franklin and Adams and threw her arm carelessly around the neck of either. The situation was doubtless not very enjoyable for John Adams for the sense of humor which, for Franklin, made many things tolerable, was entirely lacking in him. On the whole, Mrs. Adams cannot be said to have enjoyed her French sojourn as much as might have been expected.

In 1789 our government was organized under the present Constitution. John Adams was elected Vice President. During his first year of office the seat of government was in New York; a year later it was moved to Philadelphia. Mr. Adams had his family with him in both of these cities. He had been too long separated from them to tolerate any further absence unless absolutely necessary. During this time Mrs. Adams

wrote to her sister of the gay life she led and of the many "drawing rooms" held by Mrs. Washington and to which she was of course invited. This life was a good training for the duties upon which she entered in 1797, when her husband was elected President of the United States. Her pride in him was intense as was also her feeling of new responsibility. She wrote to him: "You have this day to declare yourself the head of a nation. My thoughts and my meditations are ever with you, though personally I am absent to-day. My feelings are not those of pride. I am solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts and the numerous duties devolving upon you."

Mrs. Adams had been detained in Braintree by the death of her husband's venerable mother. For this reason she was not present at the inaugural festivities, but she joined her husband in Philadelphia a few weeks later, and in 1800, went with him to the new capital—Washington City. Poor Mrs. Adams had a doleful experience when she first entered her new home. There was not enough wood cut to enable her to keep the great house warm, and this, too, when forests hemmed them in on all sides. She remarked that "no one could be hired to enter the forests, cut down and cart the wood for them, so she presumed they must freeze." Her new establishment, she found, required the presence of thirty servants and she said with quiet sarcasm that perhaps this would be considered well proportioned to the President's salary. There were no bells in the immense house; no way of summoning the servants; the plaster was not dry and not a single apartment in the entire edifice was finished. In these days of coal famine we can appreciate something of Mrs. Adams' feelings when she despairingly wrote: "The severe weather is at hand; I have but $1\frac{1}{2}$ cords of wood for this great house in which I must keep up twelve fires constantly. Wood is now \$9.00 and even at that price we cannot get any." The vessel which carried her clothes and personal belongings from

Philadelphia was delayed for months; she did not have enough lamps to light more than four or five rooms; the house was damp; her china was broken and many of her things were stolen. It was the work of a day to return a single call; only one wing of the Capitol had been erected then and the road from the President's house to the Capitol was a deep morass covered with alder bushes; there were no sidewalks and no roads. The many inconveniences told upon Mrs. Adams' health so that in 1801 she returned to Massachusetts. She was in Washington less than six months yet she left an indelible imprint of her strong, pure personality there. She declared herself early in life an enemy to any but a cheerful countenance, and she endured war, pestilence, famine, hardships and sorrow with indomitable courage.

Her self-reliance was a supreme trait in her character. In her loneliness and perplexity she sought for no aid outside herself. Not Susan B. Anthony (much as we revere her) but Abigail Adams is entitled to honor as being the first woman suffragist in this country. In 1776 she wrote to her husband: "In your new code of laws remember the women and be more generous and favorable to them than were your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power in the hands of husbands. All men are not like you. And, remember, that every man would be a tyrant if he could. Give heed to the claims of women or we will foment a rebellion and we will not hold ourselves bound by laws in which we have no voice or representation. That your sex is naturally tyrannical, is a truth so thoroughly established as to admit of no dispute. Such of you as wish to be happy, willingly give up the harsh title of Master for the more tender and endearing one of Friend. Why, then, not put it out of the power of the vicious and lawless of your sex to exercise toward my sex cruelty and indignity?"

After seeing this letter, it is not at all surprising to hear of Abigail Adams' son standing on the floor of Congress and upholding the rights of

his mother's sex. In this brilliant speech he refers to the words of a conservative of his day who has just stated that the woman's sole duty lay in her home. John Quincy Adams exclaimed: "I admit that it is woman's duty to govern the home, but her duty does not end there. Women exhibit the most exalted virtue when they depart from the domestic circle and enter on the concerns of their country, of humanity and of their God. Look at sacred history and see the innumerable examples of women who took an active part in the politics of their day, and were honored for so doing. Was not Deborah a judge over Israel? The voice of this

new country speaks trumpet tongued of the heroism of women who won for us a nation and a government. Their rights? Their rights are as broad as humanity, as far-reaching as the winds of heaven."

On October 28, 1818, Abigail Adams entered a higher life, and no more beautiful tribute was ever paid any woman than was given to Mrs. Adams when her son wrote: "In every relation of life she was a pattern of conjugal, maternal and social virtue. Her life, if universally followed, would restore mankind to the state of paradise before the fall."

MRS. MABEL CRONISE JONES.

January 7, 1903.

REPORT

Of the Twelfth Continental Congress of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Memorial Continental Hall was the keynote of this congress, but unfortunately the Harrisburg delegation missed the first strains of the music, which could only be heard in the opera house at the very time they were still journeying towards the nation's capital.

Some time since, the Sons of the American Revolution of the District of Columbia presented to the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution a magnificent silk flag, but realizing that such a flag would soon be torn to ribbons if floated every day, Mr. Owen, a prominent member of the "Sons" presented to them a large bunting flag for every day use, the silk one to be reserved for special occasions. The purpose which this beautiful gift was intended to serve was to carry out a suggestion made by Mrs. Donald McLean a year ago that a flag should be unfurled every day over the site of Memorial Continental Hall until the building should be ready for occupancy. According to an account in *The Evening Star*, the ceremonies incident to the presentation of the flag in the opera house must have been most interesting and picturesque.

"About a hundred Sons of the American Revolution were escorted to the platform, and the Minute Men, Col. M. A. Winter, commanding, came in as a color guard and escort. General Edwin Warfield, of Baltimore, president general of the Sons of the American Revolution, made an address, in which he paid a high eulogium to Presidents Washington, Lincoln and McKinley, and portrayed the objects of the organizations for the commemoration of the patriots of the Revolution. He was followed by Col. M. A. Winter, General J. C. Breckinridge and Judge John Goode, of Virginia, all of whom eulogized the women. 'God bless them and the Flag.' After a brief speech by Dr. J. W. Bayne, president of the District of Columbia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, in which he spoke of the sympathy of purpose existing between the two organizations, the banner was unfurled and supported in full view of the immense audience by Mrs. Fairbanks and Dr. Bayne. The enthusiasm can be imagined, but not described. 'The president general then introduced to the audience a Daughter in whose patriotic heart, she said, the splendid

sentiment of the Flag daily flying over their property had originated." She then introduced Mrs. Donald McLean, regent of the New York City Chapter, whose address, according to some very intelligent and very unprejudiced Daughters, was the grand climax of the whole occasion, and it was easy to imagine the tremendous outburst of applause that greeted her masterly eloquence.

To return to the fortunes of the Harrisburg delegation. The train left Harrisburg so late that by the time we had finished our luncheon it was five o'clock, and as the program had announced that the Flag would be unfurled at four, it seemed almost hoping against hope to expect to witness the ceremony, but as we all wished to see the site of the building in which every loyal Daughter must feel a deep interest, we took a carriage and drove to Seventeenth and D streets, just south of the beautiful, new Corcoran Art Gallery. On this ground it is hoped there will be erected in the near future a building, which will not only delight the eye, but will be devoted to such noble purposes that it will be worthy to be near neighbor to the grand monument to the Father of his Country. Arrived upon this interesting spot, we found that instead of being too late we were far too early, the dilatory methods of the congress being in evidence upon the first day, so that uninitiated delegates of the congress might know from the beginning what to expect in this line during the whole week, and they were not disappointed in their expectations. The day was simply perfect, but the ground was very muddy and wet, so that numerous small boys, who knew that the Twelfth Congress would not be outdone in dilatoriness by any of its predecessors, did a rushing business by renting wooden boxes for five or ten cents, according to size, upon which people stood, while some of our party hired a bench covered with newspapers, their feet resting on the straw wrappings of champagne bottles to protect them from the wet ground. While waiting for the exercises to begin, we had pointed out to us the corner stone which

was laid last October with such impressive ceremonies. At length Mrs. Fairbanks appeared leaning on the arm of General Warfield, and followed by the national officers, a great number of the delegates to the congress, members of the Sons of the American Revolution and a detail of the First Regiment of Minute Men of Washington in their Continental uniforms. The procession marched through mud and mire to the spot where the historic flagstaff, which had been used at the reviewing stand for both of President McKinley's inaugurations, had been erected. This flagstaff, as well as the bunting flag before mentioned, was presented to the Daughters by Mr. Owen of the War Department. Everything being in readiness, Mrs. Fairbanks took hold of the rope and amidst enthusiastic cheers and hand clapping the beautiful banner soared aloft; just as it reached the top, the vast crowd joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner," and the beautiful ceremony was at an end.

The next important event was the full dress reception in the magnificent Congressional Library from eight to ten o'clock. This building, which is unique from the fact that it was finished within the allotted time and within the appropriation, was a fitting setting for a very brilliant pageant. The myriads of electric lights brought out the beauty of its marbles and frescoes even more perfectly than the daylight, and my hearers may rest assured that the toilettes of the Daughters were fully up to the standard of the two former receptions your delegate had attended. As for decorations and insignia of every description, if they are to be taken as a gage, the patriotism of the country is rising to the proportions of a tidal wave. After greeting old acquaintances and making new ones, our party joined the line, four abreast, which moved slowly towards the spot where Judge Day presented the guests to Mrs. Fairbanks. To state that wrists ached with holding heavy trains goes without saying, but when, after a long time we received the gracious and ever ready smile and touch of the hand of our presi-

dent general, life became less of a burden, and the remainder of the evening was spent delightfully in examining the beauties of the building in detail. The arrangements in regard to the calling of carriages was so systematic that there was not the slightest confusion; nevertheless one member at least vowed that having seen three such receptions, she would never attend another, which vow will very likely meet the same fate as those made by Rip Van Winkle in regard to drinking. The scenic effects of the first day of the congress were certainly perfect in every respect.

The sessions of the congress were held in the Grand Opera House on Pennsylvania Avenue, whither the Harrisburg delegation repaired on Tuesday morning sufficiently early to be present at the opening at ten o'clock. Sergeant Wintermeyer sounded "assembly" on his trumpet, the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung, and prayer offered by the chaplain general, Mrs. Smoot, of Virginia. The reading of the minutes by the official reader, Miss Janet Richards, consumed almost half an hour's time, and the talking and confusion was so great that Mrs. Fairbanks ordered the doors to be closed until the reading of the minutes was concluded. Of course, as soon as this summary order was carried into effect, the delegates, who had been gossiping in the lobby as though they were at an afternoon tea, were consumed by an ardent desire to hear the minutes, but they were obliged to remain outside. Indeed, one of the prominent features of the congress was the constant complaint of members sitting under the galleries of their inability to hear anything on account of the noise; Mrs. Fairbanks broke a rosewood gavel in her vigorous attempts to keep order, and then was obliged to use a plain iron headed hammer decorated with ribbons to disguise it, with which she struck upon a piece of copper a quarter of an inch thick; it is not to be wondered at therefore that when a regent showed to her friends a beautiful gavel of marble and gold, which she intended to pre-

sent to her chapter, the marble being a piece of the Washington monument, that a lady who was present should have exclaimed, "What this congress needs for a gavel is the Washington monument itself." And yet, having sat under the gallery two years ago myself, and not being able to hear a word for hours at a time, I can fully sympathize with those members who converse a little with their neighbors in misfortune, not realizing that a hundred such interchanges of opinion make confusion worse confounded. This year Pennsylvania was very fortunate in being seated very far front, and, as the demand of the assembly that the speakers should come to the platform and face the audience, was complied with, we heard everything that was said.

The first business taken up was the consideration of the amendments to the constitution, the one arousing special interest being the now famous "president general tenure of office" act, which was framed for the purpose of permitting the re-election of Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, who was considered to be barred from re-election under the constitution as it now stands. It was evident that the majority desired to adopt the amendment, and yet, in the minds of many there was a haunting fear that it might be construed to give a life tenure of the office; which would be very un-American, to say the least. Finally, Mrs. Weed, of Montana, offered an amendment to the amendment which read as follows: "Except the president general, who shall be eligible to this office two terms, regardless of her previous service on the National Board." There was an immense amount of debate over Mrs. Weed's amendment, but it was finally carried by a vote of 443 to 68. The next amendment was for the purpose of giving the treasurer general as many terms in office as the society desired, and the majority of the delegates, evidently realizing that any woman who filled this important office well should have it as long as she was willing to bear the burden of it, proceeded to pass it, when Mrs. Lockwood pointed out that the words "No person shall hold office for more

than two terms, except the treasurer general" would nullify the president general clause just adopted. Consternation was depicted on many faces at this statement, motion followed motion in regard to it, a vote was called for, and in the midst of taking it, before the negative had been put, Mrs. Weed moved to table it, which was adopted with a rush. This brought Mrs. McLean to her feet, who questioned the legality of the action, whereupon Mrs. Fairbanks appealed to the parliamentarian, Mrs. Sherman, of Chicago, who stated that "Robert's Rules of Order, under which the congress works, says, that a motion to table is in order when a vote is being taken, if the negative has not been put, and that the vote to table is regular." The congress accepted the decision of the parliamentarian, and it stood.

Apropos of Mrs. Sherman, it was really wonderful to see the way in which, without a moment's hesitation, she solved the most knotty parliamentary problems, but, as she assured me, when I congratulated her upon her skill, she had been obliged to study very hard for it.

The afternoon was devoted to the discussion of other amendments to the constitution, one of which states "and only one vice-president general from any State shall be nominated at the same congress, and said candidate shall be the choice of the majority of the delegates of her State in attendance upon the continental congress" was adopted by a vote of 303 to 114, the necessary two-thirds vote. Mrs. Park, state regent of Georgia, spoke remarkably well in regard to the latter part of her amendment, because, as she said, if a candidate is supported by delegates from her own State who know about her qualifications for office, it is more easy to decide for whom one should vote. Owing to the great amount of time being devoted to the amendments, Miss Batcheller, State regent of New Jersey, moved that the three minute reports of the State regents be not read, but printed in full in the American Monthly Magazine, the official organ of the society. I was quite sorry for this, for I recalled

with so much pleasure the beautiful reading of some of the reports two years ago, notably that of the state regent of Massachusetts, in which the great amount of work performed by the chapters of her State seemed to receive added weight and value from her perfect enunciation. The amendment on representation in the continental congress, which would apportion delegates on the ratio of one to every one hundred members of the national society was voted down, because it was clearly shown that as all regents of chapters are entitled to attend the congress, all chapters of less than one hundred would divide up, so that the congress would soon be four times as large as it is now, which as the present congress contained 930 accredited delegates, is a consummation not devoutly to be wished. The discussion upon this amendment gave the only light I received upon the question before us to-day in regard to limiting our chapter, but as Mrs. Draper, of the District of Columbia, was evidently opposed to increasing the number of small chapters, and as my admiration for her as a remarkably clear headed woman dates from the first congress I attended four years ago, her opinion has great weight with me.

The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to the discussion of several other amendments, which were all voted down. The congress took a recess at four o'clock to allow the State delegations to meet for the election of their State regents and State vice-regents.

The Pennsylvania delegation, according to time honored custom, met in the red parlor of the Ebbitt House, forty-eight delegates answering to roll call. Miss Frazer, the State regent, gave a brief report of the work performed by the chapters during the year, almost everyone of which has followed the example of our own chapter by the giving of prizes in the public schools, for the purpose of stimulating the study of American history in the rising generation. Miss Harvey, regent, I believe, of the Merion Chapter, gave a very interesting account of the work performed by her chapter in locating one hundred

graves of Revolutionary soldiers at Laurel Hill, Lower Merion and other cemeteries near Philadelphia, and of its gift of books to the youngest chapter in the society, which is the Alaska Chapter at Sitka. This chapter has its home in a log house built by the Russians in 1831; it has already offered a prize to the pupils of Sitka public schools for the best essay on a Revolutionary subject, and it has placed a tablet in the Russian cathedral at Sitka, to commemorate the fact that Empress Catherine the Great was the first sovereign to recognize American Independence. There was a report by Mrs. Mellon on the Julia K. Hogg Testimonial, which showed that a prize of \$50 for the best essay submitted to the committee had been awarded to Miss Pomeroy, of Irving College, Mechanicsburg, honorable mention having been given to two pupils at Bryn Mawr.

The report of the Manila Club House showed that \$10,000 are ready to be used for it, as soon as congress passes a bill to accept the money. It is expected that the building will be located upon government land, and that the government will erect the club house.

Mrs. Ammon, regent of the Pittsburgh Chapter, repeated the invitation she gave at Bellefonte for the State conference to meet in Pittsburgh on the 10th, 11th and 12th of November. She promised for the entertainment of the conference a concert by the celebrated Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, and a sight of the historic Block House, old Fort Pitt, which nothing but the untiring zeal and energy of this large chapter saved from destruction.

Miss Frazer was the only person nominated for State Regent, consequently her election was assured; her nomination was seconded by almost all the chapters represented. The persons who were nominated for the position of State vice-regents were Mrs. McCartney, of Wilkes-Barre, who, upon being called into the room, positively refused to let her name be used; Mrs. Cummings, Miss Mifflin, Mrs. Keim and Mrs. Reeder, of Bellefonte, who was elected. Mrs. Mellon was unanimously endorsed for re-

election as vice-president general for Pennsylvania.

As the State meeting did not adjourn until six o'clock, your regent and delegate did not reach Mrs. Fairbanks' reception to the congress until the crowd was perfectly dense, nevertheless after a while we managed to reach the hostess, and received the kindly greeting and pleasant smile that never seems to be wanting. The beautiful collation could not tempt us to destroy our appetite for dinner at the pleasant Arlington, although our friends assured us that the punch was excellent, so it was not long until two of the two thousand guests were rapidly driving away to their hotel. For the edification of lovers of dress I would say that Mrs. Fairbanks wore white broadcloth and lace, with diamonds.

In the evening, the opera house looked brilliant, the front of the galleries being festooned with bunting, while flags gracefully arranged and masses of exquisite roses decorated the stage; indeed the quantity of flowers carried by the delegates every day was a lovely feature of the congress. This session was the occasion for the display of many beautiful gowns, Mrs. Fairbanks being dressed as at her afternoon reception, and many ladies wearing evening dress. The guard of honor of six Minute Men who stood at parade rest behind the president general's chair and were relieved at regular intervals, added to the brilliancy of the scene, and also gave a feeling of security to those lovers of peace who were always on the watch for a storm. The evening was devoted to listening to the report of the committee on architecture, and to a stereopticon exhibition of the plans that have been selected by said committee; which if accepted by the congress, will make it possible to decide upon the architect to whom will be intrusted the work of preparing a design for the Memorial Continental Hall. Mrs. William Lindsay, vice-president general for Kentucky, was the chairman, and her report was quite as finely written and read as four years ago, when she was chairman of the committee which had se-

lected the beautiful badges for the founders of the organization which now numbers 40,000 women. At the conclusion of her report, Mrs. Cunningham, state regent of Kentucky, presented to Mrs. Lindsay on behalf of personal friends in Kentucky a most graceful silver pitcher, a beautiful gift, beautifully acknowledged and well merited. The view of the pictures was conducted in executive session, therefore we shall not describe it.

It was after eleven o'clock when the congress adjourned, and as we all hurried out into the lobby, we saw the Minute Men drawn up in line; in an instant they marched down to the entrance, and dividing into two lines, crossed swords, standing like statues until Mrs. Fairbanks came down the steps, leaning on the arm of a Minute Man, and bowing and smiling to right and left, passed under the crossed swords and entered her carriage, followed by the admiring plaudits of her loyal Daughters.

On Thursday morning three important amendments were taken up and discussed; they were of a kindred nature and intended to create some kind of a court of appeals, before which all troublesome questions and quarrels in chapters and States should be laid, instead of taking up the time of the congress with purely personal matters, and thereby bringing the whole organization into disrepute before the country. After much debate it was voted to appoint a committee of five, consisting of the three chairmen of the committees which had formulated the amendments, viz: Mrs. Coleman, regent of Chicago Chapter; Mrs. Morgan, vice-president general for Georgia; Mrs. Murphy, state regent of Ohio, and two other able women of the congress, who were to endeavor to harmonize the three amendments into one, which it was hoped would be acceptable to the congress. The crying need for such a board was forcibly demonstrated before the sessions closed.

During the morning, Mrs. Fairbanks introduced to the congress the board of lady managers for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and Mrs.

Horton, of Buffalo, in a fine address, stated the reasons why the Daughters of the American Revolution should lend assistance in accomplishing the success of the Exposition in 1904. Mrs. James Lawrence Blair, president of the board, an exceedingly handsome woman, elegantly gowned in gray panne velvet, invited the delegates to a reception at the New Willard on Thursday afternoon; at the same time she made an earnest request that as many as possible would attend the exposition which she designated as an exposition of processes, that is, the raw material is to be seen in one place and the finished product in another.

The afternoon session was devoted to the interests of Continental Hall. Mrs. Fairbanks prefacing her report of the committee by stating that the United States Congress had exempted the ground upon which Memorial Continental Hall is to be erected from taxation, thereby saving to the society about \$2,500 a year. This statement was received with applause, and a unanimous vote of thanks ordered to be sent to the National Congress. After Mrs. Fairbanks had finished her fine report, Mrs. Crosman, vice-president general for New York, in a very appropriate address, presented to the president general, in behalf of her co-workers on the committee, a very beautiful silver loving cup, suitably inscribed; Mrs. Fairbanks acknowledged the lovely gift most gracefully, and then said, "I am in a very receptive mood and am ready for contributions for the Hall, large or small, if you have only a dollar, spend it like a king." The money began to pour in in various amounts, \$1,300, \$1,200, \$875, \$750, down to \$1.42, the proceeds of a poker party. The whole amount given or pledged, as we were informed the next day, amounted to \$10,000. The State regent of New Mexico promised turquoise and onyx for decorative purposes, as owing to the small number of their members they were not able to give much money. Several States and chapters promised to give memorial windows, one of them a Nathan Hale window, the Independence Hall Chapter, of Philadelphia promised one decorated with a

facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, while the Philadelphia Chapter promised to give the key-stone for the main entrance. The enthusiasm was great the whole afternoon, so that the delegates from Pennsylvania, New England and a few of the Western States who had been invited by Mrs. Keim to a reception at the Ellesmere, her winter home, went there in fine spirits. Mrs. Keim was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Ammon, the able regent of the Pittsburgh Chapter, Mrs. Fairbanks, who also assisted, arriving a little late, but when she came she brought with her the "Loving Cup" which was carried around the room so that everyone could examine its beauties.

At the opening of the session on Thursday morning, Mrs. Tryphena Bartlett, of the Abigail Adams Chapter, sang splendidly "Gounod's Prayer," and, the minutes having been read, nominations for the officers of the national board were in order. As Mrs. Donald McLean had withdrawn from the race, Mrs. Fairbanks had no competitor, but that fact was not to be allowed to stem the tide of eloquence which was ready to be poured out in her honor. Mrs. Masury, State regent of Massachusetts, nominated Mrs. Fairbanks in an eloquent speech delivered in a voice that could be heard in the furthest part of the house, and it seemed to me that the prolonged applause which it called forth was as much due to the brilliancy of the speech as to its subject. The nomination was seconded by many able women representing a great many different States, the regent from North Carolina reminding the congress in her speech that her State was the first to vote for complete separation from Great Britain. Among these seconding speeches there were three which particularly interested me, one by Mrs. Park, state regent of Georgia, who two years ago worked so hard to place her favorite, Mrs. McLean, in the presidential chair, but who now paid a beautiful tribute to the impartiality with which Mrs. Fairbanks had presided over the organization which is not sectional, not political, but purely patriotic. Another one

was by Mrs. Tyler, of Tennessee, a daughter of Semmes, of the "Alabama," who two years ago delivered a brilliant speech in favor of the election of Mrs. McLean, appealing to her Southern sisters to vote for her in the name of the South, Mrs. McLean being a Maryland woman, telling eloquently of her noble work for a Southern city in its dire need. But to-day she spoke most forcibly in favor of Mrs. Fairbanks, honoring herself no less than the president general by this public tribute to her high character. Mrs. McLean began her speech by saying that "peace has her victories no less than war, and I speak in the interest of peace." But no one should attempt to quote Mrs. McLean, she is too eloquent, too brilliant, for cold print. The applause which greeted her as she came down the steps of the platform, carrying in one arm a magnificent bunch of roses, was enough to make any woman feel proud.

The nomination for the other national officers were quite tame in comparison with the universal enthusiasm over Mrs. Fairbanks, nevertheless they consumed a great deal of time, so that it was after five when we reached the New Willard to attend the reception given by the Lady Managers of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. We found such a great crowd in the hall waiting for the elevator, that we asked a maid to show us the stairway, but when she informed us that the reception was being held on the tenth floor, we concluded to possess our souls in patience and wait for the elevator too. Arrived in the big white ball-room, we found Mrs. Blair, dressed in white silk with lace and diamonds, standing at the head of the receiving line, and having paid our respects to these ladies, we had ample space in the two immense rooms to move about, look at the extensive view of the Potomac with the mountains of historic Virginia in the background and the highest monument in the world erected to one of the world's greatest and purest heroes in the foreground, listen to the delightful orchestra, and talk with old acquaintances or new, as one pleased, for there is a wonderful

freemasonry among the Daughters, and every one seems delighted to speak to everyone else, while a perfect stranger does not hesitate to ask a person she has never seen before to vote for her favorite candidate.

The evening session was tiresome in the extreme, for it was not until four minutes of eleven o'clock that Pennsylvania was called to deposit her vote in the ballot box. There were thirty tellers who remained at the Ebbitt House until 3.30, counting the vote, while those few who were obliged to fully complete the business did not reach their homes until 5.30.

The next morning the chairman of tellers announced the names of those who were elected to serve on the national board, when it was found that Mrs. Mellon and Mrs. Lockwood were a tie for the office of vice-president general. When this became known, the States decided to stand by each other as against the District, which was greedy of place and power, one New York delegate telling her friend that they must remain over until the next day even though it would cost them \$10 more, in order to vote for the lady from Pennsylvania, in the new election which seemed necessary. But, when by cornering Mrs. Lockwood, it was learned that in various positions she had served on the board twelve years, feeling ran so high, that she concluded to resign in favor of her opponent; consequently, Mrs. Mellon will continue to represent Pennsylvania as vice-president general.

At this point business was suspended, while Mrs. Fairbanks announced that President Roosevelt would receive the congress that afternoon at 2.30, consequently a large crowd, but by no means the one thousand expected, waited with more or less patience in the new corridor of the White House until our turn came to give our name and State to Mrs. Fairbanks who presented us to the President standing by her side, who in turn pronounced the name and extended his hand. That there were some Southern women present I can bear witness, in spite of all that has

been said to the contrary, for immediately around us there was a perfect bevy of South Carolina women, all wearing the palmetto badge of their State. As we were admiring the carving and tapestries of the State dining-room, a delegation of men entered, who were immediately followed by another, so that a whole afternoon of the man upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of this great nation, would be consumed in this profitless manner, and this was only one of many such afternoons.

This Friday afternoon session of the congress was spent in arguing about the report of the committee of five on the court of appeals, or State board of Arbitration, as it was called in the new combination amendment, and Saturday morning was devoted to the same subject. Many able arguments were made in favor of the amendment, nevertheless it was finally tabled.

Mrs. Lindsay then read her report of the Revolutionary Relics Committee, and presented a little book containing a complete list of these interesting articles, which are carefully preserved in the Smithsonian Institution, until such time as they can be removed to Memorial Continental Hall. Mrs. Morgan, of Georgia, added to the collection by the gift of a beautiful, hermetically sealed glass bottle, containing water from the celebrated Jasper Spring, the spot where Sergeant Jasper performed one of his most heroic achievements, in the rescue, with the help of a single comrade, MacDonald by name, of a party of American captives from British soldiers, whom he overpowered and made prisoners.

Amendment to change the time of the meeting of the congress from the 22nd of February to the week in which the 19th of April falls, was being discussed as we left the hall, and we have learned since that it passed, so that hereafter the congress will meet upon the anniversary of the day when the farmers of Lexington fired upon the King's troops.

CAROLINE PEARSON.

March 12, 1903.

REBECCA MOTTE.

In a collection of sketches edited by Mrs. Owen Wister, we find the following interesting account:

"In the oldest part of one of the oldest streets of Charleston stands a house so different from those around it, so exactly the counterpart of an old fashioned comfortable English home in some quiet cathedral town that the stranger pauses involuntarily to inquire how it came there, and while he glances from the ivy-matted brick wall that shuts off the garden to a wide spreading magnolia at the gate to dispel the illusion of his being on English ground is nowise surprised to learn that this house dates back to colonial times and that the massive stone work of the porch and windows, nay, even the old bricks of which it is built, were in truth brought from the mother country more than a century ago. Let us go through the long stone floored passage that extends from front to rear of the house, and take our seats in the arched piazza while we listen to the story which the whispering old garden and the echoing walls seem ready to pour into our ears. It is a story with no poetry in it but what the realities of a life nobly spent must always yield; and if time has already come to cast an illusive veil over its events, here at least, in the scene where much of it was passed, we may succeed in throwing aside the deception and may see for ourselves whether the old past in its nakedness is not even fairer than it seems through far-off mists. A hundred years ago this house was the home of 'Rebecca Motte,' a true heroine of the American Revolution."

Rebecca Brewton, the daughter of an English gentleman, was born in 1738. She was small, had oval face and arched eye-brows, blonde, curling hair, blue eyes and bright complexion. She possessed not only nobility of character, but the tact which comes from good feeling. In 1758 she was married to Jacob Motte, a planter. When the British took possession of Charleston, the house in which the Mottes resided was se-

lected as the headquarters of Colonel Tarleton. From this abode Rebecca Motte determined not to be driven, and presided daily at the head of her own table with a company of thirty British officers. The duties forced upon her were discharged with dignity and grace, while she always replied with becoming spirit to the discourteous taunts frequently uttered in her presence against her "rebel countrymen." In many scenes of danger and disaster was her fortitude put to the test, yet through all, this noble-spirited woman regarded not her own advantage, hesitating at no sacrifice of her convenience or interest to promote the general good. The family were allowed one room in the garret for their own use. One day when they had locked themselves in, on account of the unusual boisterousness of the officers some one knocked at the door, but they dared not open it. At first they would not even make any answer; but the knock was repeated again, with the half-whispered assurance that it was a friend who asked admittance. At length a black finger was thrust through the keyhole to convince them there was no reason to doubt this assertion; and they opened the door to find outside a faithful negro servant, who, when she got in, sank on the floor exclaiming: "Oh, missis, sich a time as I had to get to you. Then she called for a pair of scissors and raising her skirt, ripped open a patch made in it to conceal a letter which had been intrusted to her care and which with great difficulty she had succeeded in bringing through the enemy's lines and thus faithfully delivered."

A portrait of Mrs. Motte's brother, Miles Brewton, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is now owned by one of her descendants. It shows a bayonet cut made by one of the soldiers when the house was occupied by the British. The following is an interesting and characteristic letter from Mrs. Motte to her daughter, Mrs. Alston:

"I received your letter, my dear child, by Scipio, on Wednesday last,

with the shawl which is very handsome, and I shall wear it for your sake. Pray don't work any more cap cauls, for I have enough by me. I send by Scipio two pairs of socks for Mr. Alston and will send the others when done. Pray when you write, let me know if they fit him. Tell B. I am sorry to hear she is so lazy and indolent; you must let her come and stay with me for the winter, and I will endeavor to make her more active. I expect to be a good deal alone. I am glad to hear you all keep well. I hope it may continue. Kiss your little girls for me and tell them I have nothing to send them on this island, but when I go to town I will send them some goodies by a schooner.

Your aff. Mother.

Another daughter was married to Colonel Pinckney, a faithful and daring officer of the Revolution. It was in Colonel Pinckney's home that Major Pendleton once took refuge and concealed himself in a roll of carpet in the garret. The British searched the house but failed to find him. But Pendleton had one incurable weakness; it was for turkey giblets, and when from his hiding place he in an evil hour overheard the cook killing a turkey for dinner he lost all prudence and called out of the window, "Save the giblets for me." The soldiers heard him, flew up the stairs and bore off their prisoner in triumph.

After Mrs. Motte's widowhood she removed to her plantation, "St. Josephs," on the Congaree river, about eighty miles from Charleston. This was a typical Carolina plantation, where one might see green canes waving like billows in the wind, while upon either side of the avenue towered mighty cypresses and gum trees, almost every branch draped with moss. Clustered around their stately trunks were the holly, water oak and laurel with varied tints of green and among these, flitting in silence, were seen the gray mocking bird and the brilliant scarlet tanager. The house was situated on a high rolling plain, and commanded a considerable view of the surrounding country. For the second time Mrs. Motte was forced from her home by the British,

who occupied and stockaded the house, calling it Fort Motte.

The family took refuge in the overseer's cottage, upon a nearby hill. When the American forces, under Marion and Lee, decided to attack Fort Motte they took their position upon the height at the farmhouse where Mrs. Motte was staying. They first demanded the surrender of Fort Motte, and this being refused, there was nothing left but to fire the house. It would be a painful duty to propose to Mrs. Motte the destruction of her house, especially as they were intimate friends and had enjoyed her hospitality. To their great surprise she cheerfully acquiesced, for she had a patriotic desire to serve her country even by such a sacrifice. Her answer was: "Burn it, General Marion! God forbid that I should bestow a single thought on my little concern when the independence of my country is at stake." The mansion was covered with dry shingles and they decided to hurl ignited combustibles upon the roof by arrows, Mrs. Motte herself presenting them with a fine bow and arrows which had been sent her from the East Indies. An arrow from the hand of Nathan Savage, a private in Marion's brigade, winged its way, with lighted torch, towards the home. Instantly the roof was in flames, and the startled and panic-stricken enemy at once surrendered. By invitation of Mrs. Motte both the victorious and captive officers partook of a sumptuous dinner in her humble abode, while she presided with all the coolness and easy politeness for which she was remarkable when surrounded by friends in the enjoyment of peace. If ever a situation in real life afforded a fit subject for poetry by filling the mind with a sense of moral grandeur, it was that of Rebecca Motte contemplating the spectacle of her home in flames, and rejoicing in the triumph secured to her countrymen, the benefit to her native land by her surrender of her own interest to the public service. The plot of ground upon which that house stood is indeed classic ground and consecrated by memories which should thrill the heart of every true American.

Years afterward, when someone spoke to Mrs. Motte of her heroism she quietly replied: "Too much has been made of a thing that any American woman would have done." It is interesting to know that the case that held the historic arrows was afterward used by Mrs. Motte to hold her knitting needles. It was a long bamboo quiver, with figures in dark brown, carved upon the lighter brown beneath and is now in the possession of one of her descendants. Mrs. Motte was not only a patriot but a fine business woman. Her husband had become deeply involved by securities undertaken for his friends. She considered the honor of her deceased husband involved the responsibilities he had assumed, and determined to devote the remainder of her life to the task of paying his debts. Her friends protested against this hopeless task but steadfast in the principles that governed all her conduct, she persevered, triumphing over every difficulty. She not only paid the debts to the full but secured for her children and descendants a handsome and unencumbered estate. Such an example of perseverance under adverse circumstances for the accomplishment of a high and noble purpose, exhibits in yet bright-

er colors the heroism that shone in her country's day of peril. Her fame is indeed a rich inheritance, for of one like her the land of her birth may well be proud. There are now living more than a hundred descendants of Rebecca Motte, belonging to the most highly respected families of the South. Her death occurred in 1815, and she was buried in the churchyard of Old St. Philip's Episcopal church, in Charleston. On May 9 last a tablet to her memory was placed in the vestibule of the church by the Rebecca Motte Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. On the tablet is inscribed:

In Memory of Rebecca Motte,
Daughter of Robert Brewton and
Wife of Jacob Motte.

Died January, 1815, aged 76 years.
Distinguished for her civic virtues.

Among the women of Carolina,
Themselves distinguished for fidelity
to their Country,

This stone, a relic of her home, is
erected by Rebecca Motte Chapter,
Daughters of the

American Revolution,

In honor of

That patriotism which it is their ob-
ject to commemorate and inspire.

1903.

MRS. KEATS PEAY.

June 17, 1903.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

John Putnam, his wife, Priscilla, and three sons—Thomas, Nathaniel and John—came from Buckinghamshire, England, in 1634, and settled in Salem, Mass., casting in their lot with the heroic, self-denying Pilgrims, under the banner of the venerable Endicot.

Thomas married the widow of Nathaniel Veren, a wealthy merchant and ship owner, and had one son, Joseph, born 1670, who at the age of twenty years married Elizabeth, daughter of Israel Porter, and had twelve children; the eleventh child, General Israel Putnam, is the subject of this sketch. He was born in Salem, January 7, 1718; the house in which

he was born is still standing in good order, having been built of the best materials which the times afforded. It is an old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed house, two stories high, with dormer windows in the attic and painted yellow. It is at present occupied by a descendant of the General. A little above this house stands a locust tree, planted by one of the family to designate the spot where stood a one-story house which the General once occupied as a bachelor's hall.

Israel Putnam's opportunities for education were very limited; schools in the scattered settlements of the country were rare, and the advantages of education difficult to be

obtained. In his youth he was noted for physical strength and courage. A few incidents of his early life have been preserved and are in perfect keeping with the character which he exhibited in after years; the same fearless daring; the same insensibility to danger; the same generous, manly disposition and the same ready good humor which made him through life the boon companion and idol of his friends, as well as the foremost leader in all kinds of adventure.

There is one anecdote of his boyish days to which the charge of cruelty must not be attached, but must be set down to the heedlessness of youth, for his whole subsequent life shows that he had a kind, noble heart, keenly alive to the sufferings of others, and ready almost to a fault even to aid his enemies. Friends and foes alike accord him this praise.

He found great amusement in "bird's nesting," and on one occasion he, with a party of boys, discovered a fine nest on a frail branch near the top of a very high tree; but the branch would not bear the weight of any one of the number. Putnam, taking off his jacket, proceeded to climb the tree, although his companions tried to dissuade him from the mad attempt. He finally gained the limb nearest to that which had the nest, reached towards it, but before he could grasp it the limb broke and he fell, but his trousers caught in one of the lower branches and held him suspended in mid-air, head downward. "Put, are you hurt?" cried the boys. "Not hurt, but sorely puzzled how to get down." He knew that Jim Randall, one of the boys, had his rifle and was a crack marksman, and ordered him to shoot at the limb that held him, which he did, and Putnam fell to the ground severely bruised, but laughed it off. Not many days after Putnam returned alone to that tree, secured the nest and bore it in triumph to his companions. It was fool-hardy for a boy to twice hazard his life for such a prize, but it shows that indomitable spirit which was so often displayed amid the more fearful perils of his after years.

When he visited Boston for the first time and his rural appearance

excited uncomplimentary remarks from a city youth, twice his size, who chafed him in a way to which the country boy was not accustomed, the young Israel proceeded to amuse the Boston people, who even at that early day seemed to have had a keen eye for the champion's belt, by a thorough, if not a scientific, pounding of his antagonist.

In 1738, at the age of 21 years, Mr. Putnam married Hanna Pope, of Salem, aged 17 years. About this time many were emigrating to Eastern Connecticut, and Israel Putnam purchased of Jonathan Belcher, Colonial Governor of Massachusetts, a tract of land called "Mortlake," in the ancient and beautiful township of Pomfret, and here, with his wife, he made his home and devoted himself to the cultivation of his farm. He also gave special attention to sheep raising. By this time all the wolves in the neighborhood seem to have been slain, save one old female that for some seasons more went on ravaging the farm yards, and one night killed seventy-five of Putnam's finest sheep. He, with his neighbors, decided to destroy the animal, whose den was about three miles from the house of Mr. Putnam. The aperture of the den was about two feet square. Then an oblique descent of fifteen feet; then it runs horizontally about ten feet more, then ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any place more than three feet in width. After fruitless efforts to drive her out of her den, by burning brushwood, straw and sulphur, Putnam entered the cavern with a torch in one hand and a musket in the other; proceeded cautiously onward, and finally found her at the extremity of the cavern, and shot her as she was on the point of springing upon him. Mr. Putnam then seized the wolf by the ears, gave a hearty kick upon the rope fastened around his leg; his friends responded to the signal and he was drawn heavily but exultantly out, dragging his victim after him, when he was received with a shout that made the old woods of Pomfret ring.

It seems curious that the family crest had been a wolf's head! Mr. Putnam's untiring industry and prudent husbandry during the ten or twelve years that intervened before the French War, placed his affairs on a sound basis, and secured for him a comfortable independence for life.

In 1755 on the outbreak of the French War, when Connecticut was called upon for 1,000 men to defend the northern approaches to New York, Putnam was assigned a company under Major General Lyman, and rendered much service to the army in the neighborhood of Crown Point. He was present at the battle of Lake George in which Sir William Johnson won his baronetcy by defeating Dieskan. For the purpose of securing the country from the incursions of the enemy, General Johnson erected a fort at the place of his encampment, which he named Fort William Henry. Soon after Putnam arrived in the camp, he and Captain Rogers were sent out to obtain an accurate knowledge of the position of the enemy and the state of the fortifications at Crown Point; the fort was so situated that it was impossible to approach with their whole party near enough to effect the purpose of their mission without being discovered; so the two leaders left all their men in covert with orders to remain until their return. Then, they crept forward under cover of the darkness till they were near the fortress, where they remained all night; early in the morning they examined the defences from several points of view; when, having obtained all the information desired, they were about returning to their covert, Rogers suddenly encountered a stout Frenchman who made a desperate effort to stab him, when Putnam sprang upon the Frenchman, administered a heavy blow upon his head with the butt end of his musket, and laid him dead at his feet. Expecting pursuit, they flew to the mountain, joined their party in ambush and returned to camp.

Putnam became one of the leading members of the famous band of Rangers, that did so much to annoy and embarrass the enemy during the next two years.

At one time Putnam was ordered to reconnoitre the enemy's camp at the "Ovens," near Ticonderoga, and took as a companion in the enterprise Lieutenant Robert Durkee. It was the custom of the British and Provincial troops to arrange their camp fires along the outer lines of their encampment, but the French and Indians kindled their fires in the center, lodged their men circularly at a distance, and posted their sentinels in the surrounding darkness. Ignorant of this arrangement the bold scouts approached the camp, creeping upon their hands and knees with the greatest caution, until to their utter astonishment they found themselves in the thickest of the enemy. The sentinels seeing that someone had passed stealthily, without challenge, gave the alarm and fired. Durkee was slightly wounded in the thigh. There was no alternative but instant flight. Putnam being foremost and scarcely able on turning away from the glare of the fires to see his hand before him, soon plunged into a clay pit. Durkee, limping along, tumbled into the same pit. Putnam, supposing him to be one of the pursuing enemy, was about striking him down, when Durkee inquired whether he had escaped unhurt. Instantly recognizing the voice of his friend, Putnam dropped his weapon and, both springing from the pit, made good their retreat under a shower of random shot. Having reached a place of safety they remained there all night. Before sleeping, Putnam, knowing he had a little rum in his canteen, offered to share with his comrade, but on examining the canteen, which hung under his arm, he found the enemy had pierced it with their balls; and there was not a drop of liquor left. On inspecting his blanket the next day it was found to have been pierced in fourteen places. This surely was a remarkable escape!

In 1757 he was made major. Among the incidents illustrating his personal bravery about this time, those most quoted are, his rescue of a party of soldiers from the Indians, by steering them in a bateau down the dangerous rapids of the Hudson, near Fort Miller. Also, his saving the powder magazine of Fort Edward,

containing fifteen tons of powder, at the burning of the barracks, and at the imminent peril of losing his life in the flames. His face, hands, arms and almost his whole body were blistered from the intensity of the heat to which he had been exposed, and when he pulled off his second pair of mittens the skin from his hands and fingers followed them. Several weeks elapsed before he recovered from the effects of this exposure.

In a still more terrible way he was brought into peril from fire. In August, 1758, General Abercrombie at Fort Edward ordered Major Putnam with sixty men, to Wood Creek. When in a sharp skirmish there he was taken prisoner. After some preliminary tortures his savage captors decided to burn him alive. He had been bound to a tree, and the flames were searing his flesh, when a French officer, Captain Mohang, came rushing through the crowd, scattered the blazing brands, and took the victim to his quarters. He was taken to Ticonderoga, then to Montreal, where through the influence of an English officer, Colonel Peter Schuyler—for whom he named his youngest son—he was exchanged.

In 1759 he was made lieutenant-colonel, and put in command of a regiment. In 1760 he accompanied General Amherst in his march from Oswego to Montreal. During the progress an incident occurred showing his peculiar ingenuity. In descending the St. Lawrence it became desirable to dislodge the French garrison from Fort Oswegatchie; but the approach to this place was guarded by two schooners, the larger of which was mounted by twelve guns, and was capable of making serious havoc among the English boats. "I wish there were some way of taking that infernal schooner," said Amherst. "All right," said Putnam, "just give me some wedges and a mallet, and a half dozen men of my own choosing, and I'll soon take her for you." The British general smiled incredulously, but authorized the adventurous Yankee to proceed. In the night Putnam's little party in a light boat, with muffled oars, rode

under the schooner's stern and drove the wedges between the rudder and the stern-post so firmly as to render the helm unmanageable, and then going around under the bow, they cut the vessel's cable and rowed softly away. Before morning the helpless schooner had drifted ashore, where she struck her colors. The other French vessel then surrendered, thus uncovering the fort, which Amherst soon captured.

In the rupture between Great Britain and Spain, in January, 1762, a formidable expedition against Havana was committed to the charge of Lord Albemarle. It was composed in part of provincials from New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, who were commanded by General Lyman, and the Connecticut regiment was under Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam. After frightful sufferings they succeeded in capturing Havana and about one-fourth part of the island.

Soon after this event the French, finding that war with Great Britain, whether by land or sea was only a losing game, proposed terms of peace, which removed the dark cloud that had so long hung over the prospects of the colonies.

In 1764 Putnam commanded the Connecticut regiment in Bradstreet's little army, sent to relieve Detroit, which Pontiac was besieging, but Pontiac, overawed by the superior numbers of his enemy, soon proposed conditions of peace.

At the end of the year Putnam returned home and settled down to farming, after ten years of rough campaigning, with the full rank of colonel. Little is risked in saying that for "audacity, intrepidity, ingenuity, for an imprudence which concealed the very genius of prudence, for sagacity, intuition, presence of hostile manoeuvre, for leadership in woods and boats and swamps, no single man who entered into that conflict was the superior of Israel Putnam."

In 1765 his home was visited by the severest of earthly bereavements, the death of his wife—leaving the youngest of their ten children an infant about one year old.

For the next ten years his life was uneventful. During a part of this time he used his house as an inn, swinging before the door a sign-board on which were depicted the features of General Wolfe. This sign is now in possession of the Connecticut Historical Society of Hartford.

He was a prominent member of the Connecticut Sons of Liberty. In 1763 England passed the stamp act, and Jared Ingersoll, of New Haven, was appointed Stamp Commissioner; but upon receiving a visit of about five hundred of the "Sons" he was compelled to resign his commission "of his own free will and accord." It was the Governor's place to appoint another man, and Putnam was sent as a deputy to call upon him. After a controversy as to what he should do in case the papers were sent him, Putnam said, "You will deliver them up to us or your house will be level with the dust in five minutes," the result of which was, the stamped papers never got into Connecticut.

Colonel Putnam married for his second wife, Deborah, widow of John Gardner, and daughter of Mr. Avery, of Pomfret. She accompanied him in most of the campaigns of the Revolutionary War and died at his headquarters in the Highlands in 1777.

On hearing of the battle of Lexington, April 19th, 1775, Col. Putnam left his plough in the field, and without a coat, in his shirt sleeves and an old white felt hat, rode one hundred miles to Cambridge in eighteen hours and his age was sixty years. He was soon appointed major-general in the Provincial army. Immediately after General Gage, the British commander-in-chief, heard of this, he privately conveyed to his old friend Putnam, an offer of a major-generalship in the British army, together with a great pecuniary reward; but Putnam spurned the proposal.

In May of that year he led a battalion of 300 men to Noddle's Island, burnt a British schooner, captured a sloop, and killed and wounded many of the enemy.

Then came the battle of Bunker Hill, which was the first real battle of the American Revolution. "There has been great controversy as to who commanded the American troops at

Bunker Hill, and there is apparently no reason why the controversy should not be kept up, as long as the question is, at bottom, one of rivalry between Connecticut and Massachusetts." It was Putnam who "superintended the construction of the humble fortifications, who cautioned the patriots to hold their fire and to husband their powder; he offered his stalwart body as a target for British balls from the beginning to the end, upon the hill, in the field and in the highway, in the assault, in urging reinforcements, and in the final withdrawal." "It was to this courage and conduct the United States are particularly indebted for the advantage of that day; one of the most brilliant in the annals of this country." A very significant evidence of the part taken by Putnam is found in a colored portrait of the General, on paper, published by "C. Sheppard, September, 1775," only three months after the battle and on its margin are the words "Israel Putnam, Esq., Major-General of the Connecticut forces and Commander-in-Chief at the engagement on Bunker's Hill, near Boston, 17th of June, 1775." This picture can be seen in Hartford at the present time.

"We won the victory of that fight,
We knew we should for we were
right.

Old Putnam led the men that night
At Bunker Hill, at Bunker Hill."

Here is an amusing incident, relating to "Connecticut Blue Laws," which family tradition hands down as a fact. This was given me by a great-great-granddaughter of General Putnam's, Mrs. Bullard, General Putnam, before the war, was a very devoted member of the Congregational Church in the Brooklyn parish, over which "Old Priest Whitney" was pastor. After the battle of Bunker Hill a soldier came home and reported to Priest Whitney that he had heard General Putnam swear during the battle. "Keep still," said the parson, "and when he comes home we will attend to it." General Putnam soon came to visit his family, and was notified that on such a day he must appear before the church

and answer the charge brought against him of swearing. The church was filled and after a long and solemn prayer, followed by a sermon probably much longer and more tedious, on the sinfulness and bad example of using profane language, Priest Whitney addressed General Putnam and asked him what he had to say for himself. Arising, the general said: "I have but little to say, but what I have to say is this, there is not a man in this house, had he been there, but would have sworn, to have seen how damn mean those British acted." This brought down the house, and amid cheers, Priest Whitney said: "General, we will excuse you for this time."

Colonel Abercrombie, who commanded the British Grenadiers at Bunker Hill, received his death wound in front of the redoubt. He had been a personal and very warm friend to General Putnam in by-gone days, and so dear was Putnam to him as a soldier, patriot and friend, that, dying, he remembered him, and enjoined on his countrymen who surrounded him, "If you take General Putnam alive, don't hang him, for he is a brave fellow."

Congress was now in session in Philadelphia, and after appointing Washington commander-in-chief of all the American forces, appointed four major-generals—Putnam, Ward, Lee and Schuyler. But as Putnam was the only one unanimously elected, he received his commission before the others, ranking him a senior major-general, second in rank to Washington.

General Washington arrived in the camp at Cambridge, July 2d, 1775, and took command of the army. General Putnam commanded the center of the army at Cambridge, while Ward commanded the right wing at Roxbury, and Lee the left wing stretching to the Mystic River; both the army and our people were anxious to get possession of Boston. Congress suggested an attack, but appearance among the British troops indicated an intention, on the part of General Gage, to evacuate. As soon as this report reached Cambridge, several regiments under command of General

Putnam were embarked in boats, and dropped down the river to watch and take advantage of their movements. But it was soon ascertained that the fleet had sailed. A detachment was ordered to take possession of the town, which they did by landing on its western shore, another detachment marched in from Roxbury at the same time, all under command of General Putnam, who, amid the cheering welcome and hearty congratulations of the citizens, proceeded to take formal possession—in the name of the Continental Congress—of all the fortified posts, military stores and other property, which had been abandoned by the retreating foe.

After the evacuation of Boston, General Putnam received orders from Washington to go to New York and erect fortifications there. He took full command April 5th, 1776, with "orders to open all letters addressed to Washington, and act according to his best judgment." On Sunday, the 25th of August, as General Greene, who commanded the works on Brooklyn Heights, had been seized with a fever, General Putnam was placed in command there. "For the disastrous defeat of the Americans, two days afterwards, he can in no wise be held responsible. He was censured at the time for not posting on the Jamaica road a force sufficient to check Cornwallis' flanking march, but this criticism is simply silly, since the flanking force on the Jamaica road outnumbered the whole American army. There is no need in blaming any one in order to account for the defeat of 5,000 half trained soldiers by 20,000 veterans." After the army had crossed to New York, Putnam commanded the rear division, which held the city, until the landing of the British at Kip's Bay, obliged it to fall back upon Bloomingdale. However, during the various operations that followed on the Hudson, and through the retreat across New Jersey, Putnam was energetic in his assistance to Washington; and during November was put in command of Philadelphia.

In January, 1777, he was sent to Princeton, where he remained in command till the middle of May, when he

was intrusted with the defense of the Highlands of the Hudson, with headquarters at Peekskill. While here occurred the tragical incident of the hanging of the British spy, a lieutenant in the loyalist's regiment. Tryon, the Royalist Governor of New York, threatened Putnam with vengeance, should he dare to injure the person of the King's liege subject, Nathan Palmer. Putnam wrote this pithy reply:

"Headquarters, Aug. 7, 1777.—Sir: Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your King's service, was taken in my camp as a spy; he was tried as a spy; he was condemned as a spy, and he shall be hanged as a spy.

"Israel Putnam.

"P. S.—Afternoon. He is hanged."

To Putnam chiefly belongs the merit of having selected West Point as the true key of the Highlands. Colonel Humphreys, who was on the spot at the time, says that "to Putnam belongs the glory of having chosen this rock of our military salvation." General Putnam was sent to Connecticut to hasten the work of recruiting the army for the next campaign, which Washington thought would open early. During the years 1778-79, General Putnam's headquarters were at Redding, in the western part of Connecticut; he was co-operating with the force in the Highlands and protecting the country adjoining the Sound. While visiting his men on an outpost at Greenwich, more familiarly known as Horse-neck, which was guarded by 150 men and two cannon, he was attacked by 1,500 men, headed by Governor Tryon. Putnam, with his little party, took their stand on the brow of a steep declivity, resolved to do the enemy what mischief they could and then retire. As they advanced they received several well-directed volleys that told with good effect on their line; upon which the dragoons, supported with a corps of infantry, prepared to charge. Putnam immediately ordered his men to escape through a swamp inaccessible to cavalry, and secured his own safety by riding his well-trained horse at full speed down a declivity of over one hundred stone steps; when at the bot-

tom he turned and waved his sword at the dragoons, who stood wonder-struck at the top. One bullet passed through his hat. Governor Tryon was so delighted with his courage that on the next day he sent him a new hat with his regards. The place has since been called "Putnam's Leap."

When the army went into winter quarters at Morristown in December, 1779, General Putnam made a short visit to his family at Pomfret. While on his return to camp he had a stroke of paralysis from which he lost the entire use of his right side. This ended his military career, though he survived the attack eleven years. His mental faculties, his elish for social enjoyment, and more than all, his love of country, he retained undiminished to the last. Happy in possessing the friendship of his fellow officers, who often visited him, his home was noted for its hospitality. There is a letter now in existence in General Washington's own handwriting to General Putnam, part of which is as follows: "Headquarters, June 2, 1783. Dear Sir: Your favor of the 20th of May I received with much pleasure; for I can assure you, that among the many worthy and meritorious officers with whom I have had the happiness to be connected in service through the course of this War, and from whose cheerful assistance in the various and trying vicissitudes of a complicated contest, the name of Putnam is not forgotten; nor will it be, but with that stroke of time which shall obliterate from my mind the remembrance of all those toils and fatigues through which we have struggled, for the preservation and establishment of the rights, liberties and independence of our country."

On the 19th of May, 1790, ended a life spent in defending the land of his birth. His funeral took place on the 21st, at which the Eleventh Regiment, a corps of artillery, and military companies from adjoining towns attended. It was a most imposing ceremony, befitting his character, rank and distinguished public services. The eulogy was pronounced by Dr. Albigeance Waldo, a surgeon in his regiment and a brother Mason,

when all that was left of this patriot and hero was laid in the silent tomb, amid the discharge of volleys from the infantry and minute guns from the artillery.

The famous inscription upon his tomb was written by his intimate friend Dr. Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, is as follows:

"Sacred be this monument to the memory of Israel Putnam, Esquire, Senior Major General in the Armies of the United States of America; who was born at Salem, in the province of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, A. D. 1718, and died on the 20th day of May, A. D. 1790. Passenger, if thou art a soldier, drop a tear over the dust of a hero, who ever attentive to the lives and happiness of his men, dared to lead where any dared to follow; if a patriot, remember the distinguished and gallant services rendered thy country by the patriot who sleeps beneath this marble; if thou art honest, generous and worthy, render a cheerful tribute of respect to a man, whose generosity was singular, whose honesty was proverbial, who raised himself to universal esteem, and offices of eminent distinction by personal worth and a useful life."

I cannot close this paper without referring to the work of different chapters in Connecticut, showing how, after all these years—113—his memory is still revered.

The "Elizabeth Porter Putnam Chapter," of Putnam, purchased ninety acres of woodland, within whose borders the famous "Wolf Den" is situated; had new approaches made to the "Den" and signs placed on the highway at Pomfret Station, and upon the main road and all paths leading from the entrance to the den. Marking the entranceway is a low wall of stone, ending with great stone square posts with flat cappings. Covered with clinging vines, it is a gateway of great grace and beauty.

This chapter also has had painted and presented to the public schools, a fine oil portrait of General Putnam.

The "Putnam Hill Chapter," of Greenwich in 1900 dedicated a monument in imitation of a boulder, weighing four tons; in the center of the stone is embedded a bronze tablet on which is inscribed, "This marks the spot where, on February 26, 1779, General Israel Putnam, cut off from his soldiers, and pursued by British cavalry, galloped down the rocky steep and escaped, daring to lead where not one of the many hundred foes dared to follow."

They also bought "Putnam Cottage," a valuable land mark in the town which at one time during the Revolutionary War, General Putnam had for his headquarters. They will keep this cottage for a chapter home.

The "General Israel Putnam Chapter," of Danvers, has placed a tablet to mark the birthplace of General Putnam.

The "Mary Draper Chapter," of West Roxbury, is raising money for a public fountain to be placed between West Roxbury, Boston and Dedham, Mass., on the road traversed by General Putnam and his troops when coming from Connecticut to the aid of Washington and his army in Cambridge, in 1775. The road was near the farm of the Draper's, where Mrs. Mary Draper and her family fed Putnam's troops as they straggled wearily along for three days.

In Brooklyn, Conn., an equestrian statue was dedicated to his memory. The statue was of bronze and the pedestal of granite, on the ends of the pedestal is a wolf's head in bronze, and on the two sides, a bronze frieze of oak and laurel leaves encircling the tablets which bear the original inscription of General Putnam's tombstone written by President Dwight, of Yale College.

MISS ELLA ELIZABETH FAGER.
October 7, 1903.

REPORT OF THE SEVENTH ANNUAL STATE CONFERENCE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Mrs. R. J. Haldeman read the following comprehensive report of the seventh annual State conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution held at Pittsburg, November 10, 11 and 12, 1903.

Preliminary work of the conference began for us the very moment of boarding the train, where we were at once button-holed and our opinions sought upon such leading questions as delegated representation, candidates for offices, &c.

Since the conference is not a delegated body, each member in attendance constitutes herself a delegate. The majority of these delegates arrived the day previous and located at the Hotel Schenley, which became headquarters during their stay in the city of Pittsburg. Everyone was most graciously welcomed by members of a reception committee; and the Monday evening and Tuesday morning previous to the opening of the conference were most delightfully spent in the exchange of greetings and some sight-seeing.

The sessions of the conference were held in the Hall of the Conservatory of Music, commodious and most admirably adapted for the purpose, which was magnificently decorated, American flags, Southern smilax, American Beauty roses, chrysanthemums and palms combining an artistic display. The Stars and Stripes formed of red, white and blue electric lamps, on which "Liberty" was emblazoned in black, at the back of the stage, was a decoration to inspire bursts of patriotic zeal, immense clusters of roses and chrysanthemums were the gifts of the Pittsburg Sons of the American Revolution and the Dolly Madison Chapter, Daughters of 1812.

The conference was called to order at something past the appointed hour, when "America" was sung with great fervor, followed by an invocation by Dr. Rich. S. Holmes, chaplain of the Pennsylvania Society, Sons of the American Revolution, and a scriptural reading by Dr. W.

A. Stanton, the historian of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Samuel A. Ammon, regent of the Pittsburgh Chapter, who is known and admired throughout the National Society for her splendid work in connection with the famous Block House, welcomed the members of the society to the hospitality of the city, and was responded to by Miss Susan Carpenter Frazer, State regent of the Pennsylvania Society, who paid special tribute to Mrs. Julia K. Hogg, an honorary State regent, present on the stage.

In the roll call of chapters, 43 out of 47 chapters in the State were found represented, and about 75 members present from chapters other than the Pittsburgh.

When the Quaker City Chapter was called the death of its regent, Mrs. George W. Kendrick, Jr., within the year, was feelingly mentioned by the presiding officer, and a memorial resolution was introduced and unanimously adopted.

The election of a State conference secretary and treasurer was deferred to the closing day.

Among the reports of interest presented during the day was that on the Manna Club House by Mrs. Getchell, vice-regent of the Philadelphia Chapter. Ten thousand dollars have been collected by that organization for the club house, which will be erected by the government for the American enlisted soldiers in Manila. The club house will bear the inscription "Work of the Pennsylvania D. A. R. and their friends through the Philadelphia Chapter."

A mark of the widespread appreciation of this magnificent movement by our Philadelphia sisters was the prompt passage by Congress of a special act authorizing the government of the United States to accept the sum and with it erect a club house, the government pledging itself to make provision for its maintenance.

The treasurer's report presented at this session showed the conference's

finances in a most healthy condition, giving receipts for the year, \$754.09, expenditures, \$441.34, net balance, \$312.75, a good showing upon the right side of the ledger.

Reading of the State secretary's report was deferred to a later session.

The report of the committee on state organization, presented by Mrs. Amelia S. Quinten, of the Independence Hall Chapter, was made at this session. It being one of the most important subjects to be presented at this conference, discussion and final action was deferred to a later session.

With adjournment of the session, attention and interest turned to the special complimentary concert by the Pittsburg orchestra, to be given that evening in Carnegie Hall, followed by an informal reception and private view of the eighth annual collection of pictures in the art galleries, which marked the first of many delightful social functions, arranged for our entertainment as guests of the Pittsburgh Chapter, and was a brilliant conclusion of the first day of the conference.

As may always be expected when Victor Herbert accords the rare privilege of a special concert the program was one of unusually high character. Though great variety was exercised in the selection of the numbers, which ranged from the solemn grandeur of the overture to Wagner's "Rienzi" to the weird and faerie Norse strains descriptive of imps pursuing the hero of Greig's "Peer Gynt," everyone was a masterpiece and the "American Fantasy" by Herbert himself was a superb finale. The violin solo, "Polka Mazurka," by Sedzik, was a notable feature, in which Concert Master L. von Kuntz surpassed himself.

The serious business of the second day was accorded one session in the morning, which was made notable by an address by Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, president general National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, upon the subject of the proposed Memorial Continental Hall.

The president general is a charming and fluent speaker, as well as a brilliant woman, and the sentiments

expressed in her address were heartily approved and applauded.

The erection of the Continental Memorial Hall in Washington, for which the corner stone will be laid on April 19 next, was spoken of as the noblest and most momentous undertaking in the history of the National Society, as it would perpetuate the virtues of patriotism, and do honor to the splendid ancestry from which the organization springs.

Upon a motion to reconsider the previous question of a donation of a complimentary souvenir to the U. S. cruiser "Pennsylvania," there was precipitated a chaotic discussion before the question was ever put. When order was obtained, the question was put and resulted in a tie vote, which the chair decided in the affirmative and for an indefinite discussion. There was no dissenting voice as to the gift, for last year's conference had voted unanimously for it, but the question was "What should it be?" As every member had the privilege of suggesting what to her mind would be a suitable offering to the vessel, it is not surprising that shortly there seemed no two of a like mind. The Stars and Stripes, a bronze, a portrait of William Penn or some equally celebrated State hero of Revolutionary times all had their quota of advocates; when a halt was had and final action went over till next day, the result of a message from Mrs. Samuel A. Ammon, the regent of the hostess chapter, who was to entertain the State and national officers, together with the chapter regents and conference officers.

Mrs. Ammon's luncheon, which was mentioned in the program as a conference of chapter regents at the Kenmawr, was one of the most delightful events of the day, in which business had no part. The tables, nine in number, were arranged in the breakfast room, and a section of the dining room adjoining was also screened off and used for the private party. Yellow chrysanthemums in plateaus were used profusely in the exquisite decorations, and the mantel in the small room was a solid bank of green, on which reposed the magnificent silver loving cup presented to

Mrs. Ammon last April by the Pittsburgh Chapter in recognition of her untiring efforts in behalf of the Block House.

The afternoon was given to sight-seeing, the principal feature of which was a visit to the old Block House, the redoubt of Fort Pitt, now the property of the Allegheny County Chapter, given them for protection and preservation from the vandal hands of commercialism. Many availed themselves of this opportunity to view the historic spot, where rough men at arms stood years ago in a fight that made a nation, and where Washington, Jumonville, Bouquet and other great men kept guard.

Later the Daughters were entertained at a tea given them by the president and members of the Twentieth Century Club at their club house, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, and gave further opportunity for meeting between the visitors and their lavish Pittsburg entertainers.

In the evening there was a reception tendered by Mrs. James Ross Mellon, vice-president general National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, assisted by the Pittsburgh Chapter in honor of the Pennsylvania Daughters, held at the Hotel Schenley, at eight o'clock.

This proved the culminating event of a day made most agreeable and which left a charm that is a delightful memory of the conference held in Pittsburg.

Thursday, the third and last day of the conference, broke with full promise of a hard day's work.

Reading of the reports of chapter regents and other matters had been dispensed with at the previous sessions before the resistless debate upon the proper donation to the cruiser "Pennsylvania," and yet it remained to be decided. Of far deeper concern was the question raised by the report of the committee on state organization—whether or not the Pennsylvania Daughters of the American Revolution should remain an undelegated body or accept a rule of order whereby each chapter should be represented by a limited number of delegates. Heretofore, each woman at the conference has been her

own representative, with power to vote. She may or may not be representing the prevalent opinion of her chapter, and on the other hand no action of hers binds her chapter.

The delegate method proposed and reported by the committee was representation of each chapter by the regent and one delegate for every 25 members and fraction thereof; and no matter how small the chapter, it is always entitled to delegates, the regent and one other. As the discussion waxed livelier, collapsable chairs and polished floors proved treacherous and more than one climax to a telling speech was lost by the sudden downfall of a too eager listener who had unconsciously tipped her chair forward.

Many arguments were presented pro and con—some from smaller chapters claiming that their voice would be as naught in such a case, and some from large chapters that no business could be properly transacted without representation in proportion to the membership, while many again claimed the right of individual votes.

Good-natured sparring over the question at issue consumed an unconscionable amount of time. An amendment was offered and lost making the representation one delegate to 50 members for the large chapters of 100 members or over, and one to 25 for the smaller.

The final vote on the proposed representation was lost by 58 to 59, showing how close was the division of sentiment—so close that threats were made to reconsider the question after the noon recess when certain absentees supposed to be favorable to the proposition could be present, but in the afternoon the order of the day was called for, and the matter remained as decided, and the organization still stands an undelegated body.

At the opening of the session, Miss Kate E. Courtney, of the Pittsburgh Chapter, was introduced by Mrs. Samuel A. Ammon as a lineal descendant of Edward Ward, who was engaged in building the first fort in Pittsburg when the Americans were surprised by the French. Miss Courtney contributed a piano number.

After the reading of the minutes,

as a special order of business, the gift to the cruiser "Pennsylvania" was again taken up, and the motion of Miss Julia Morgan Harding, of the Pittsburgh Chapter, to present a bronze bas relief of William Penn, was adopted, and the chair appointed as a committee to receive contributions for and order the gift: Miss Julia Morgan Harding, Chairman; Mrs. R. J. Haldeman, Harrisburg Chapter; Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, Brookville Chapter; Mrs. C. A. Bruce, Quaker City Chapter, and Mrs. Samuel A. Ammon, the local regent.

The election of State secretary and treasurer for the ensuing year resulted in the unanimous election of Mrs. William C. Anderson, of the Pittsburgh Chapter, and of Mrs. William de B. Brusstar, of the Berks County Chapter, to the respective offices, Miss Emma L. Crowell, who had served three terms, and Mrs. Enoch Stanford, both declining a re-election.

An address — subject, "Valley Forge," by Mrs. H. C. Pennypacker, Cuester County Chapter; and discussion upon the subjects—"which division of historical work will best hold interest of chapter,—local, State—national?" and "are social entertainments necessary in the work of chapters of the National Society, D. A. R.?" were led by persons to whom the subjects had been assigned, and elicited many different opinions which were very instructive.

The Liberty Bell was made a con-

spicuous feature in the discussion of subjects presented by chapters, with the presentation of a resolution endorsing the petition of the citizens of Philadelphia to councils protesting against the removal of the Liberty Bell from Independence Hall for any cause whatever. This was strongly advocated by different speakers, because of the great danger of injury to the precious relic in these frequent junketing trips about the country, and the resolution was unanimously passed.

With a short speech by Mrs. Samuel A. Ammon, bespeaking the great pleasure of the Pittsburgh Chapter and of the people of Pittsburgh in general in entertaining the Pennsylvania D. A. R., the seventh annual conference was declared adjourned, after the unanimous adoption of resolutions containing expression of appreciation for the welcome tendered the visiting Daughters and the courtesies extended from all sides; and with an expression of sympathy for the Pittsburgh Chapter in the death of its honored member, Mrs. Mary E. Schenley, and paying a suitable tribute to the honored woman.

As no invitation for next year was forthcoming before the close of the conference the matter will rest until the meeting of Pennsylvania's officers in Washington, early in the new year.

MRS. RICHARD J. HALDEMAN.

December 9, 1903.

THE MASSACRE AT WYOMING.

(Taken chiefly from an article written by Miss Rockwell, of Wilkes-Barre.)

Historians tell us that Friday, the third of July, 1778, was a warm cloudless day; and early in its afternoon a band of three hundred men, two hundred and thirty of whom were Continental militia—the rest civilians—chiefly old men and boys—marched from the log-stockade called Forty Fort (near the present village of Kingston) to attack a force of British and Indians occupying a fort several miles up the river. The Wyoming Valley, extending about twenty-

five miles along the north branch of the Susquehanna, picturesque at all seasons, wears in June its crown of beauty; and as yet the summer heats had not shrunk its stream nor embrowned its foliage. On either side of the gently flowing, winding river, with its fringe of trees, lay the plains from which its name is taken; rich, alluvial ground, well timbered and watered, rising soon into rougher, but not barren tracts and enclosed by ranges of wooded hills, thro'

which, the stream broke its way by narrow gorges;—an Indian paradise, abounding in game and wild fowl; shut off by nature it would seem, from war, and war's alarms. However, the dwellers in the valley found it anything but the abode of peace; for, since its settlement in 1742—it had been the scene of endless small wars, and unsettled dissention. The charter of Connecticut, granted by Charles the Second, in 1662—gave that Colony a westward extension to the Pacific Ocean. This was also within the limits of the charter of 1681, by which the Pennsylvania colony had been founded. Explorers brought to the settlers on the rugged soil of Connecticut, glowing accounts of more fertile lands westward; and in August, 1762, a large number of adventurers entered the Wyoming Valley, selected land, planted corn, built a log-house and cabins, and returned to their homes in November. The next spring they reappeared, bringing their families, cattle and household goods, for permanent settlement.

A busy, peaceful summer passed; but at harvest time, the Indians, who had appeared most friendly and kind,—with no previous warning, descended upon them. Thirty men were killed in the fields; the rest, with possessions seized and houses destroyed, were driven out to perish; or surviving, only by toil and hardships to regain their former homes. Six years later, a larger company, with greater capital, was organized to make a second settlement. But one month before the new settlers arrived,—the Pennsylvania colony had advanced its claim, and occupied the ground. From that time, to the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle, war, as bitter and as persistent as on the Scottish border, or between the factions of Medival Italy, prevailed. Four times the Connecticut settlers were driven out, but like the Guelphs of Florence, they knew the art of coming back, and in 1774 the General Assembly of Connecticut, formed the disputed territory (five thousand square miles in extent) into a town named Westmoreland, forbidding the entrance of other settlers.

Zebulon Butler and Nathan Denison

were appointed Justices of the Peace, with power to call a town meeting to elect other officers. Both were brave and generous, large-minded and courteous; destined, as such men ever are, to be heroes in action, and leaders of the people. Of course the proprietors of Pennsylvania did not concur in this order of things, but the keenness of private contest was lost in the great enthusiasm pervading the colonies in 1775, in which Pennsylvania, Virginia and Massachusetts, took a leading part; so, after one fruitless attempt to overpower the settlement, the Pennsylvanians withdrew. Fortwoyears prosperity reigned, and the population of the Valley increased to three thousand, gathered in several pleasant hamlets, each with its log-stockade, or so called fort, schools, churches, and all the characteristics of New England thrift. Tho' far from the field of active hostilities, and apprehensive of Indian attacks, these people took an eager interest in the struggle for freedom, raising in 1776, two companies, of eighty-two men each, attached to the Connecticut regiments,—primarily for defence of their own homes against the Indians, but subject at any time to the call of Congress. In the calamitous season following, when after the defeat of Long Island, and loss of Ft. Washington, the Continental army retreated through New Jersey, these companies, reinforced by volunteers, were summoned to join the forces of Gen. Washington, and rendered efficient service at Brandywine, Germantown, Millstone and Mud Fort. The summer of 1777 was an anxious one to the inhabitants of the scattered and defenceless villages on the Susquehanna. Burgoyne drew to his ranks disaffected colonists and hostile Indians; endeavoring, by invasion from the north, to separate the New England colonies from the others, effecting a junction with the main army on the Delaware. News of the surrender at Saratoga, encouraging to the general cause, increased rather than lessened fears, as the disbanded Indians spread farther south, stirring up their fellow savages to fresh inroads. There was

still another element of danger. The loyalty of the Connecticut settlers was unquestioned; but, in defiance of the prohibition of the assembly, men had come in from the Hudson valley. Unwelcome and distrusted intruders, suspected of Tory sympathy, and soon arrested and expelled from the community. Designing revenge, they joined the British at Niagara (a Tory gathering place), disclosed the defenceless position of the settlement, urging an attack.... Early in 1778, from scouts and Indian stragglers, rumors reached the valley that an invasion was planned by the British and Indians, so an earnest appeal was sent to Congress for aid. The reply was a direction to enlist and equip a fresh company for defence; an order in the reduced condition of the settlement, difficult to execute, if not impossible; equal to a refusal of assistance. A second entreaty was made, showing their defenceless position, and urging that their own companies, enlisted at first for self-protection, should be sent home. The disregarding of this request shows either that the Colonial army was in great straits, or the conditions not fully understood. The soldiers themselves were unable to resist the appeals coming from their households; several officers resigned, and twenty-five men left the army without orders. Finally, the Board of War, realizing the necessity, uniting the remnants of the companies into one, gave leave to return. Permission so anxiously waited for, but coming too late. The last of June, Col. John Butler took the warpath from Tioga Point, his own rangers, reinforced by a regiment of Johnston's Greens and a band of Senecas. These twelve hundred warriors glided down the beautiful stream in canoes, landing a few miles above the valley. A scouting party discovered their approach, and the militia assembled at the largest stockade called Forty Fort (from the forty original settlers). At other forts a few men were left to protect the women and children of the several villages who were sheltered in these frail defences. The evening of the second of July, the enemy entered

the valley by a defile in the mountains; took Fort Jenkins, murdered the garrison, and occupied Wintermoot's Fort, a mile below. The following morning a demand for surrender was sent to Forty Fort, which was refused, and a council of war hastily summoned. Fortunately, Col. Zebulon Butler was at home on a furlough, and by common consent was the leader. Having fought the French and Indians at Ticonderoga, he was acquainted with methods of both British and savages; and in council, as in battle, was a tower of strength to the people. With him were Col. Denison and Lieut. Col. Dorrance, who the previous year defeated a detachment of Tories and Indians on the Wyalusing. These agreed that being far outnumbered by the enemy, the wiser course was to remain in the shelter of the fort, confine themselves to defence, awaiting the arrival of help from the army, believing it could not be long delayed. The younger men, led by the bold ranger, Capt. Lazarus Stewart (a very Hotspur, whose wild adventures still live in tradition), urged that against an enemy marking its path by fire and "murder most foul" the only safety lay in bold resistance. Aid was uncertain, and if they would save their families from death or captivity, they must "trust in God and their own right arms!" So vehement their invectives, so passionate their appeal, that the leaders, stung by imputations of over cautiousness, consented to leave the fort, and attack a foe thrice their number, skilled in strategem and elated by success. By three in the afternoon they were on their way: the pallor of stern courage on every face; a gleam of desperate energy in every eye! Shortly after their line was lost to sight by the winding of the river path, three horsemen, faint with fasting and hard riding, reached the fort, bearing word that Capt. Spalding and his company from the army, were but forty miles away. Had they come one hour earlier there might have been no tragedy at Wyoming! As the valiant little band drew near the enemy's fort they saw it abandoned and in flames; no troops were visi-

ble, all was silent; presumably the foe had withdrawn. Butler, experienced in Indian warfare, fearing an ambush, advised going no farther, as the position occupied was favorable; but again his prudence yielded to the impetuosity of his comrades, and he gave the order to advance. Arriving at the burning fort (which stood on a bank twenty feet high, on each side of which stretched level ground), they found the enemy prepared to receive them. "Col. John Butler and his rangers occupied the banks of the river, and all the black, marshy plain, stretching to the mountains, was alive with savages under the command of Queen Esther (mad with fury over the death of her son). Indian marksmen stood at intervals along the line, and Johnson's Royal Greens formed on Col. Butler's left. The Butler's had chosen their own battle-ground, a level plain, covered with scrub oaks and yellow pines, breast high." Col. Zebulon Butler at once arranged his forces; aided by Maj. Garratt he led the right against the British rangers, while Col. Denison, with Lt. Col. Dorrance, commanded on the left, facing the Indians. Col. Butler rode to the front, lifting his hand, with voice ringing like a trumpet, he spoke: "Men, yonder is the enemy. We came out to fight, not for liberty, but for life itself; to save our homes from the torch; our families from the tomahawk. Stand firm the first shock, and the Indians will give way. Every man to his duty!" The opposing forces, as they stood in line, seemed not ill matched. The pomp and blazonry of war was absent (even the British commander put off his brilliant uniform, wrapping his head in a black handkerchief), but the spirit of battle was there! The Americans fired first, advancing a step at each volley; and the British wavered and fell back before them. There was fierce fighting on both sides, till the Americans, brave as they were, began to feel the power of numbers. Still, desperately they held their ground, until, with loud warwhoop, a detachment of Indians, armed with tomahawks, fell on their rear. Col. Denison ordered them to fall back

and wheel about to resist this new attack; but in the turmoil the order was mistaken, and the word "retreat" went hissing through his ranks. It flew like fire from lip to lip, striking a panic as it fell, and all was confusion! In vain Butler plunged into their midst, riding like a madman through a storm of bullets, entreating them to rally—"Don't leave me, my children! One blow more,—a bold front, and the victory is ours!" Many stood firm, but in vain. The captains were slain to a man. Col. Dorrance fell wounded with the words still on his lips by which he strove to arrest the flight. Major Garratt and Capt. Stewart were left on the field. But the day was lost; disaster turned to tumult, flight became general, and the Indians, pressing on, either struck down the fugitives or bore them away for a fate more dreadful. Two bands, led by Butler and Denison, escaped; taking refuge respectively at Ft. Wyoming and Forty Fort. But more than half the party were left on the field; some pierced with stone-headed lances, others slaughtered among the stones which smoked with the warm blood poured over them. Scores were dragged back prisoners, to be tortured to death during the night that followed; a night of savage orgies and blood-madness, from the details of which one turns aside with horror. Thus was the second anniversary of Independence celebrated in the Wyoming Valley. At Forty Fort all through the afternoon the women listened anxiously to the report of guns, at first regular, but soon broken and drawing nearer. At sunset, Col. Denison and his fugitives arrived. Sentinels were posted, and precautions taken for defence should the dread enemy appear. Still later Capt. John Franklin came with thirty-five fresh men, and it was decided to send to Ft. Wyoming for the cannon, and concentrate their strength at Forty Fort. Col. Butler soon received a message from the British commander, demanding surrender of the forts, and the yielding of himself and men prisoners of war as Continental soldiers. Col. Denison was hastily summoned, and agreed that to

hold the fort was impossible. Realizing the fate of prisoners, to Col. Denison was left the arrangement of surrender; and, urging the soldiers to flee for their lives, Col. Butler took horse, placed his wife on the saddle behind him, escaping before night from the valley, finally reaching a Moravian settlement on the Lehigh river. From this place he made a report of the battle to the Board of War. "A simple and manly statement, censuring no one, and showing great modesty and bravery." Returning to the fort, Col. Denison signed articles of capitulation, the settlers agreeing to surrender their forts and arms, take no farther part in the war, leaving the Tories unmolested; on condition that their lives and property should be assured to them. The gates were then opened, the victors marching in with colors flying; the whites led by Col. John Butler, the Indians by their queen, Esther (the reputed daughter of the famous Frontenac), the Fury of the last night's massacre. The British soldiers seized the arms piled up in the centre of the fort; the Indians, over whom Butler had no control, plundered and burned all the houses, but no more lives were taken.

Several days later, when Butler left the valley, most of them followed, bearing scalps of their victims, and spoil from the settlements—the squaws bedecked in gowns and bonnets taken from the women....Most of the settlers fled, and the vale of Wyoming was for a time abandoned. Great suffering attended the flight. Women and children perished of starvation in trying to cross the swamp, which has since been known as the "Shades of Death."....A year later, after Gen. Sullivan's victory over the Indians, some of the settlers returned, rebuilt their homes, passing the rest of their lives in safety.

Driving over the battlefield at early morning of the brightest of summer days, pausing to note records and inscriptions on monument and stone, one felt that the memory of these brave men lives throughout the fair region they fought at such cost to defend! And, as the beauties of mountain, river, and rich farmland extended before us, we paraphrased the ancient curse, exclaiming: "May the sun *ever* shine on the Valley of Wyoming!"

MISS CORA LEE SNYDER.

Feb. 22, 1904.

